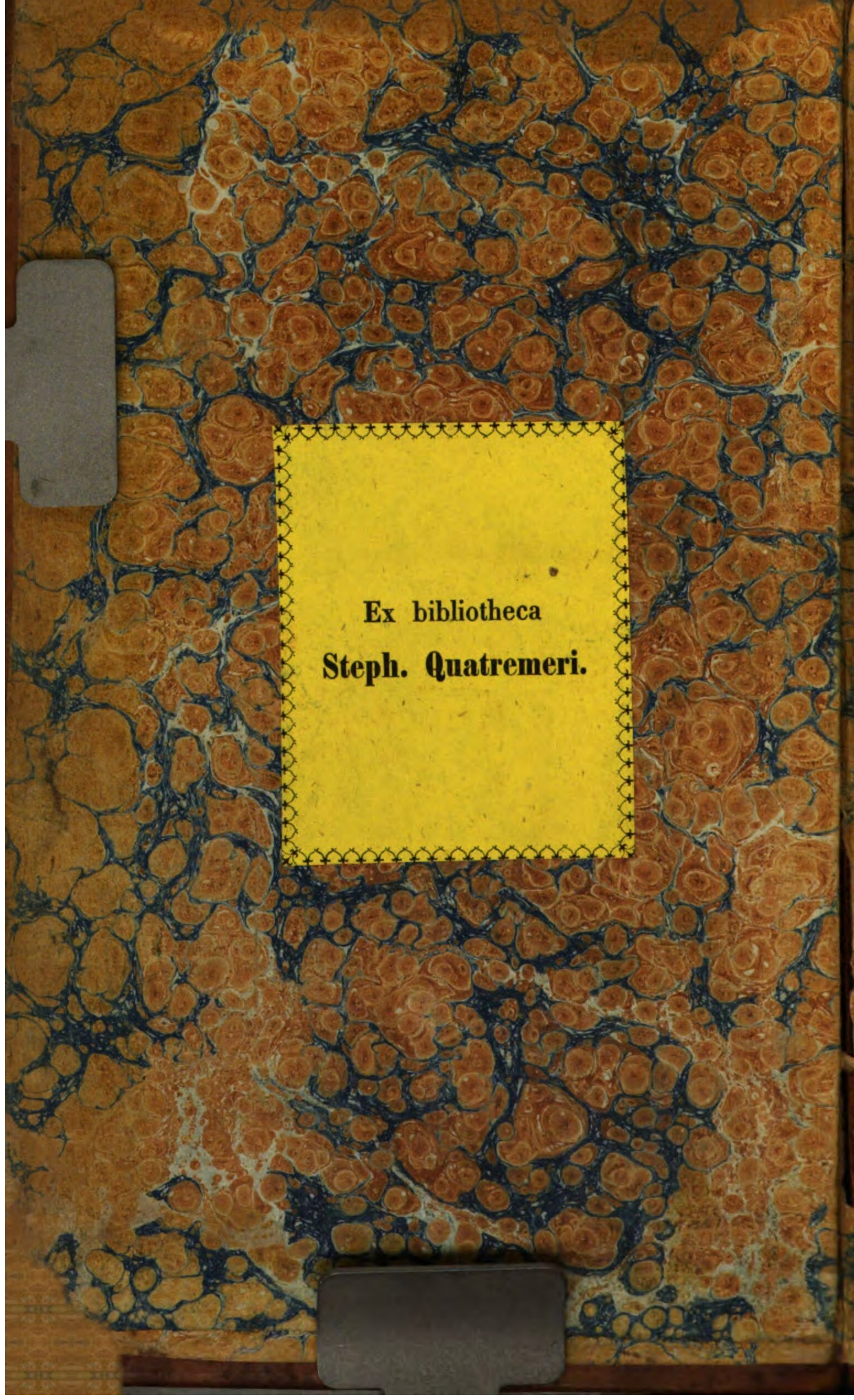
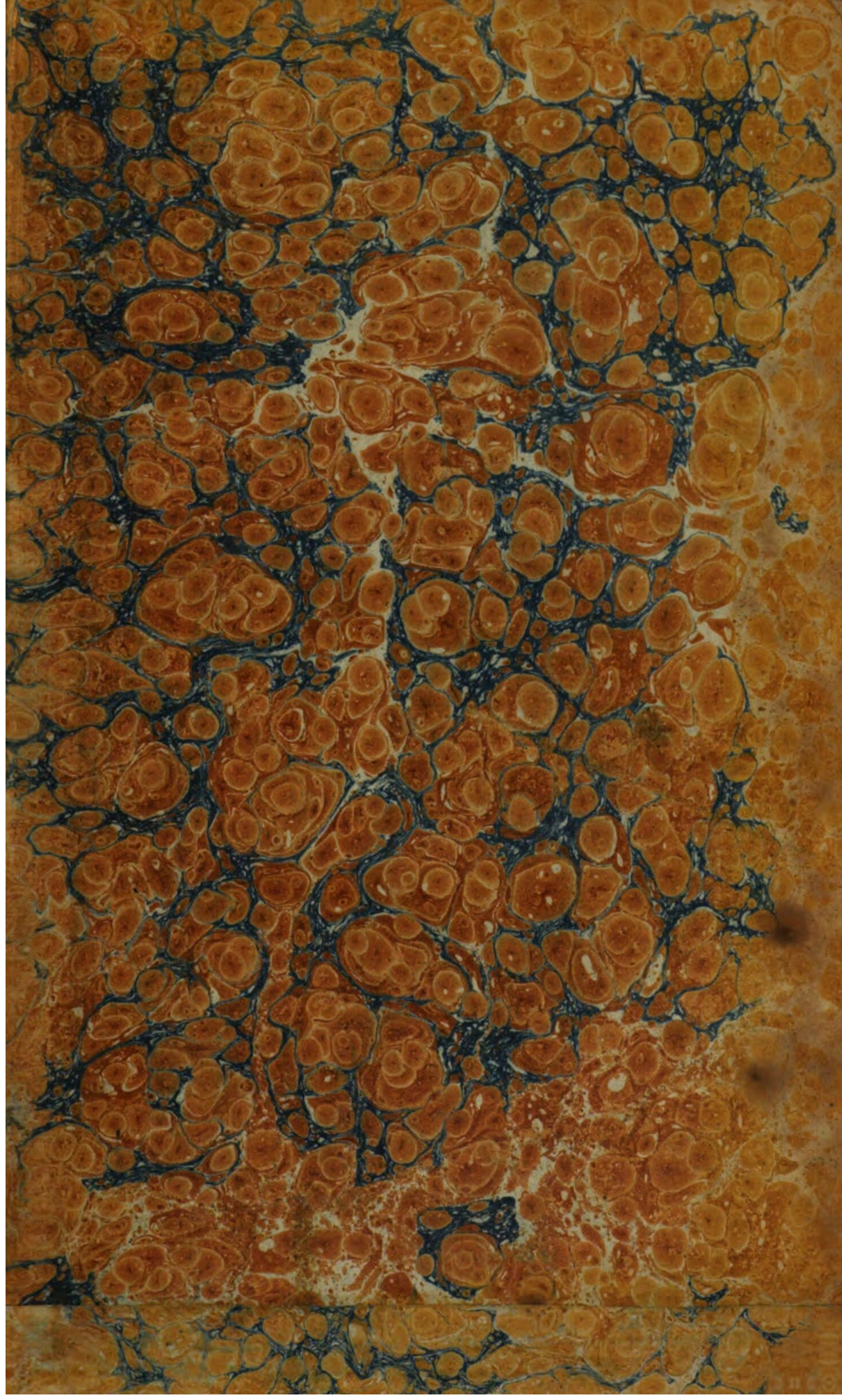


The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring large, irregular, brownish-gold spots separated by a network of dark blue veins. A rectangular yellow paper label is pasted in the center of the cover. The label has a decorative border consisting of a repeating black star-like or cross pattern. On the label, the text "Ex bibliotheca" is printed in a small, black, serif font, and "Steph. Quatreméri." is printed below it in a larger, bold, black, serif font. Two greyish, rectangular tabs are visible on the left edge of the cover, one near the top and one near the bottom.

Ex bibliotheca
Steph. Quatreméri.



Biogr. 5485 80

Hume (D.)

manuscript of Hume p. 131

Macpherson's copy published by him
in 1760 p. 137-140

DAVID HUME, Esq.

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LIFE
OF
DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Strahan and Preston,
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DAVID HUME
Esq.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
DAVID HUME, Esq.

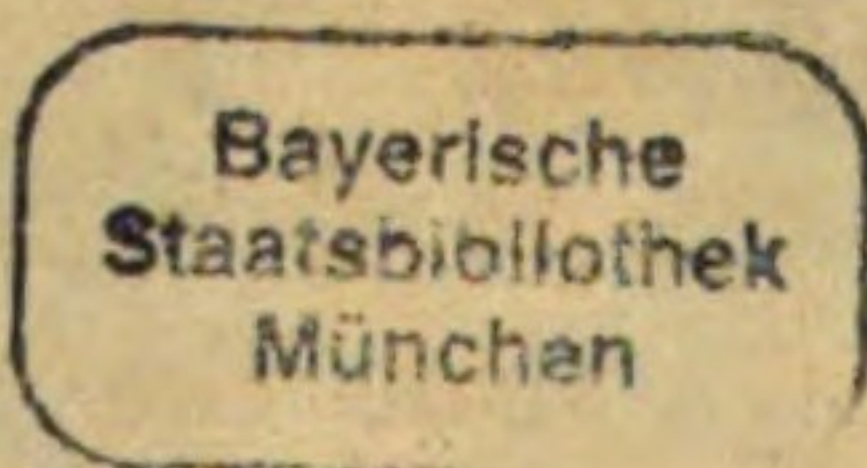
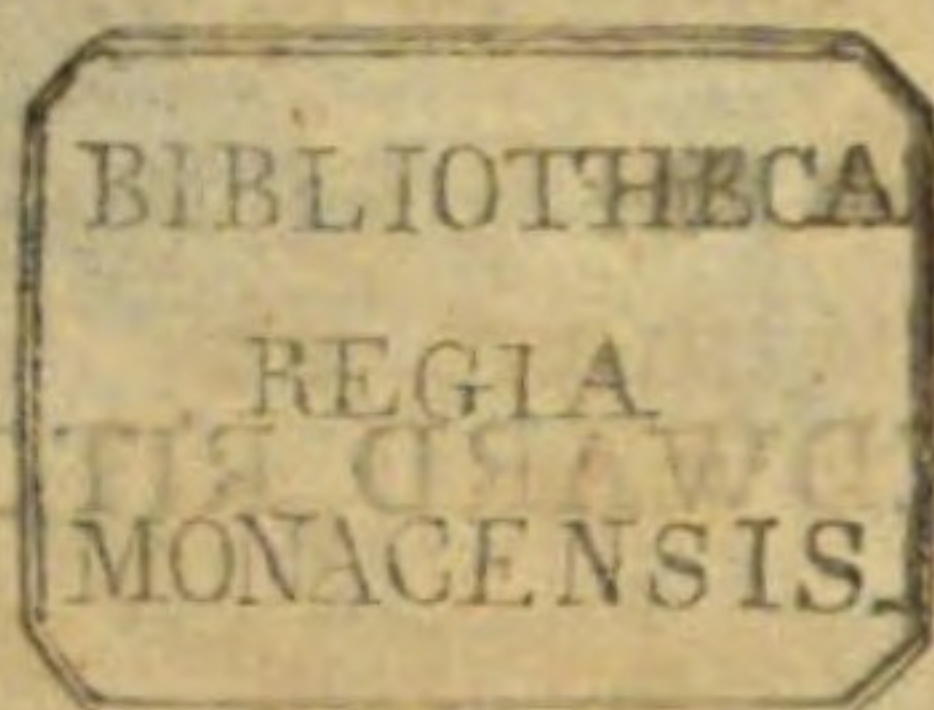
BY
THOMAS EDWARD RITCHIE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1807.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
DAVID HUME, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1773.

vi

IN the following work I have introduced Mr. Hume's epistolary correspondence into the narrative, instead of relegating it to the appendix. The *letters* of a man, eminent for his learning and talents, form an interesting part of his biography; yet, when a collection of them is given without any connecting detail, every one must feel, that their value is considerably diminished: few indeed have perseverance to peruse them. By the plan I have adopted, the volume still remains the same in point of size; but the reader becomes progressively acquainted with the literary connections of Mr. Hume, the habits of him and his friends, and numberless traits in their characters, which could not be easily or advantageously compressed into history.

In

IN the biographical sketch, drawn up by Mr. Hume previous to his death, and intitled MY OWN LIFE, he has passed over unnoticed two very important incidents. The first of these is the complaint presented to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, against the metaphysical writings of our author and Lord Kames; an occurrence which derives additional importance from a late discussion of a like nature before that venerable body. The other is the dispute between him and Rousseau, which it was the more necessary to relate at considerable length, as an opinion, unfavourable to Mr. Hume, prevailed very generally, and even still prevails, among the literati in foreign countries. A sentiment of delicacy seems to have restrained him from alluding to these transactions, but such a motive cannot influence a stranger; and a similar omission in a Life of Mr. Hume, written by another person, would certainly render the work very imperfect.

R,

Belhaven Barracks, Dunbar,

March 1, 1807.

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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
DAVID HUME, Esq.

DAVID HUME, the second son of Joseph Hume, Esq. was born at Edinburgh on the 26th of April, O. S. 1711. His ancestors, for several generations, had been proprietors of a small estate called Ninewells, lying on the river Whit-water, about five miles to the east of Dunse, in the county of Berwick; and this estate is still enjoyed by their posterity. At a short distance from Ninewells, stands the mansion-house of Kames, which belonged to the late Henry Home, who, under the title of Lord Kames, officially assumed by him as a lord of session, or judge of the supreme court of justice in Scotland, is so well known in the republic of letters, as a philosopher,
B a lawyer,

a lawyer, and a man of taste. His lordship was the contemporary and intimate friend of our historian.

The family name of Hume's mother was Falconer. She was the daughter of Sir David Falconer, who was appointed a lord of session, by the title of Lord Newton, on the 11th of June 1676, and six years afterwards raised to the chair of president of that court. Sir David died in 1685, and was succeeded in his office by Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath. The title of Lord Halkerston devolved by succession on his eldest son; and it may also be mentioned, that Mr. Hume's father claimed his descent from the noble family of Home*: a circumstance which derives its importance solely from the family pride, or, more properly speaking, from the vanity of our author, who, during the whole course of his life, valued himself not a little on this double connection with nobility.

It is a common practice with biographers to push their researches, with much avidity and perseverance, into the earlier periods of the lives of those whose transactions they relate. This industry may, perhaps, be occasionally rewarded by the discovery of some fortuitous incident worthy of

* The family of Ninewells seem, from our author's last will and testament, to have spelt the name *Home* instead of *Hume*: but as David was remarkably pertinacious in writing his name *Hume*, his relations have since followed his example.

being

being commemorated; but it is beneath the dignity of maturer age to record the frivolities of childhood. The juvenile years of Hume were not marked by any thing which can attract our notice. His father died while our historian was an infant, and left the care of him, his elder brother Joseph, and sister Catharine, to their mother, who, although still in the bloom of life, devoted herself to the education of her children with a laudable assiduity.

Under this maternal superintendence, aided by the instruction which a country school could afford, Hume spent his first years. If he had, on attaining manhood, cultivated poetry with success, instead of attaching himself to the severer studies of the philosophical historian, a credulous biographer, yielding to the surmises of fancy, would have traced a final cause to the sequestered scene of our author's youthful days; for the pleasures of Arcadia were not unknown to the country surrounding Ninewells, notwithstanding the sterility to which it had been condemned according to the fate of those tracts of land which border hostile states. The valley and the mountain's side still resounded with the notes of the shepherd's pipe: every streamlet was immortalized in our national songs; and every height and every heath had been the scene of battle between the armies of the two rival kingdoms, or of the more sanguinary exploits of the lawless marauders.

After the preparatory rudiments of a school education, Hume was removed to the college of Edinburgh; but our gleanings respecting his earlier years are particularly scanty *. From the early appearance of his inclination to letters, his friends were induced to form an opinion, that the law would be an eligible profession for him. We are uncertain whether he served an apprenticeship with an attorney, or confined himself to the prosecution of his studies at the law classes in the university; but, indefatigable as his industry was, even to the very close of his life, in all matters connected with literature, his dislike to the law as a vocation, or civil employment, daily increased. He himself tells us, that he felt an insuperable aversion from every thing, except the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and while, says he, “my friends fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors *which* (whom) I was secretly devouring †.”

The law is, perhaps, the only profession which affords to those who closely apply to it a kind of

* In the hope of being enabled to fill up any chasm in this narrative, I applied to a near relation of Mr. Hume, and was told, that if the work was to advance his fame, and a copy of the manuscript furnished to the family, the information wanted would, perhaps, be supplied. With such conditions I refused compliance, chusing rather to remain satisfied with the little I had otherwise obtained, than to fetter my sentiments, and subject myself to so laborious a task, in return for what was probably of little importance.

† See *My Own Life*, prefixed to the later editions of the History of England.

certainty of acquiring wealth. Yet it may be easily conceived, why a young mind, uninfluenced by pecuniary considerations, should ardently seek to escape from the tiresome drudgery of perusing special cases and precedents, to pursuits of a less disagreeable nature. It will not, however, be so readily granted, that the Justinian code, the source of all that is valuable in the ancient polity of European nations, should be contemned, in behalf of any poetry which ever emanated from Rome. Among men of letters a fashion has long prevailed of decrying the writings of civilians, the usual magnitude of whose works is certainly not calculated to render them inviting. This scorn they inconsiderately endeavour to extend to the *Corpus Juris* itself, the influence of which in promoting the advancement of civilization does not seem to have been fairly appreciated. To the pages of that immortal collection, mankind were chiefly indebted for those delicate and logical distinctions of right and wrong, and those invaluable maxims of distributive justice, which ameliorated the condition of the inferior ranks in society, and opposed a barrier to the baneful effects of feudal institutions, during the barbarism and violence of the middle ages.

It is probable, that the mere circumstance of directing his attention, although in a superficial degree, to the Roman code and the municipal laws of his own country, gave a slight bias to his studies, which, being seconded by favourable events, sug-

gested, at a future period, the project of compiling his History: a task which he undertook, not from a wish to detail battles, and exhibit a tedious succession of political broils, but for the more dignified purpose of tracing the progress of legislation and civility.

As Hume was a younger brother, his patrimony, according to the custom of his country, was very slender; and this, combined with his disinclination to the business of a lawyer, and the representations of his friends, induced him to repair to Bristol in 1734, with a design to engage in the commercial line. He carried with him letters of recommendation to several eminent merchants of that city; but from his confirmed love of literature, or some other cause now unknown, he found himself, in a few months, totally unequal to the bustle incident to his new situation. He therefore abandoned it, and went to France.

His motive for this journey, as he himself informs us, was to prosecute his studies in a rural retreat; but that was an object which he might have attained more readily and completely by continuing in his own country. It is believed, that he did not chuse to return to Ninewells, as his relations must, by this time, have regarded him as young man, whose habits of indolence were repulsive to all their exertions in his behalf. The cheapness of living in France suited the smallness of the fortune he inherited; and this seems to have been, if

if not the inducement, at least the excuse for his retiring into that country. Hume was, at an early period, sensible of the inadequacy of his income to support the easy enjoyments of a literary life; and he, at the same time, formed a resolution to remedy this misfortune, as far as he was able. After mentioning his journey to France, he adds, in the biographical sketch formerly alluded to,—
 “ I there laid that plan of life, which I have steadily
 “ and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a
 “ very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of for-
 “ tune, to maintain unimpaired my independency,
 “ and to regard every object as contemptible, ex-
 “ cept the improvement of my talents in literature.”

On his arrival in France, he established his residence at Rheims, but soon afterwards removed to La Fleche in Anjou. During his abode there, he completed his Treatise on Human Nature, the plan of which he had formed while at the University of Edinburgh; and after spending three years in these agreeable labours, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the French language, he returned to London in 1737. In the end of the following year he printed and published, in octavo, the two first volumes of his work under the title of *A TREATISE OF (ON) HUMAN NATURE: being an Attempt to introduce the experimental Method of Reasoning into Moral Subjects* *.

The

* This work bears the year 1739 in the imprint. It may be necessary to apprise the reader, that booksellers generally set

The first volume of this performance treats of the Understanding, and the second of the Passions. From a diffidence in his own abilities, or from a wish to hear the opinion of the public before he acknowledged himself to be the author of the work, it was published without his name. The third volume, which comprises the subject of *Morals*, did not appear until the year 1740. It was sold by a different bookseller; a circumstance owing probably to the discouraging reception of the two first. Annexed to the last volume is AN APPENDIX, *wherein some passages of the foregoing volumes are illustrated and explained.*

Mr. Hume, it has been stated, formed the plan of his Treatise, while he was at college; and although, from the very imperfect manner in which it was executed, a severe critic might be inclined to condemn the presumption of a stripling in thus venturing to enter the lists with a formidable body of metaphysicians, whose elaborate works were the matured productions of advanced life, it must be confessed, that the boldness of the undertaking was worthy of the future reputation of the author. That a lad of only twenty-seven years of age should fail in accomplishing a task, which had baffled the labours of so many philosophers, eminent for their erudition and sagacity, cannot excite surprise. It

down the ensuing year in the title-pages of all books ready for sale in or after the month of November. Hence a work actually printed during that month in the year 1738, will bear, in the imprint, the date of 1739.

would

would indeed have been a rare instance of early precocity, if he had succeeded in a branch of science in which even the primary rules of investigation have not yet been satisfactorily settled.

On the fate of this performance our author is extremely candid. "Never literary attempt," says he, "was more unfortunate than my Treatise on Human Nature. It fell *dead-born* (still-born) from the press, without reaching such distinction, as even to excite a murmur among the zealots."

In reviewing this first essay of Mr. Hume's talents, and inquiring whether the neglect it experienced was warrantable on the part of those literati who interest themselves in metaphysical discussions, it is necessary to premise, that he afterwards melted down his Treatise into two other tracts, which he successively published. To a new edition of these he prefixed an advertisement, in which, after alluding to the early period of life when he wrote and published his Treatise on Human Nature, he informs us, that, not finding his work successful, he was sensible of his error in going too soon to press. Under this impression he thought proper to new-model the whole, and in doing so to correct *some negligences* into which he had fallen in his former reasoning, and particularly the inaccuracies in his language. He complains, that several writers, who had honoured his philosophical tenets with answers, had directed all their efforts against his juvenile and anonymous production, and affected to triumph

umph in their imaginary advantages. This conduct he condemns as inconsistent with candour and fair-dealing, and as a striking instance of the polemical artifices, which a bigoted zeal thinks itself warranted to employ. He concludes with desiring, that his two last tracts only shall hereafter be regarded as containing his philosophical sentiments and principles.

These expressions are obviously dictated by peevishness; for as ten years elapsed between the publication of his unfortunate *Treatise on Human Nature*, and the *Enquiry concerning the Human Understanding*; and as the *Enquiry concerning Morals* did not appear until three years afterwards, how was it possible for writers, who animadverted on his doctrines, to notice, during the intervening period, any other than those in the *Treatise*, which was the only performance in existence?—And did not Mr. Hume himself, by re-casting that work, and so amply curtailing it, virtually acknowledge that the metaphysical opinions it contained were untenable? In his *Enquiries*, he did not even allude to any former work by him on the subject: he did not intimate an adherence to, or retraction of former sentiments; but left every one, acquainted with his first performance, to conclude, that the two last productions were merely supplementary to it. The reprehension, therefore, which he bestowed on his opponents, was unjust; and the vagueness of his language does not authorise us to suppose, that his censure was intended to apply to authors
8
whose

whose writings were posterior to the appearance of his two last mentioned tracts, but who disregarded the amendments they contained, and recurred to the first incorrect and defective treatise. In fine, until Mr. Hume announced the wish expressed in the concluding sentence of the advertisement, blame was not imputable to a controversialist, who was left at liberty to refer to any of our author's works indiscriminately, for opinions which he had not publickly contradicted.

It must also be confessed, that something like uncandid obstinacy appears in the language of this advertisement by Mr. Hume. The faults in his treatise, as will afterwards be shewn, were numerous and gross; and his subsequent corrections of them were important, or rather consisted in a prudent and very general abandonment or omission of his prior opinions. Yet, instead of applying to these the term *errors*, he employs the softened expression of *some negligences*; and thus betrays a stubborn refusal to acknowledge the very mistakes which he has endeavoured to rectify.

Not to interrupt the narrative of events by a prolonged criticism on Mr. Hume's philosophical doctrines, our remarks on them are postponed to the latter part of this work; and in these it will be sedulously avoided to represent any tenets in the Treatise as his final and approved sentiments, unless they have been retained by him in his two subsequent publications. And here we will be pardoned

done for observing, that a distinguished philosopher and biographer has quoted liberally from Mr. Hume's Treatise on Human Nature, without putting the reader on his guard as to our author's general dereliction of the doctrines maintained in that work ; but this is to be ascribed to inadvertency, and not to the remotest view of injuring Mr. Hume, for whom the erudite metaphysician alluded to uniformly shews a more ardent esteem, than we can coincide with him in expressing.

In estimating the qualifications necessary for an undertaking like that of Mr. Hume, a succinct enumeration of his more eminent predecessors, whose labours have illustrated this important branch of general science, will not, it is hoped, be reckoned either a tiresome or an unprofitable digression.

At an early period in the history of mankind, the philosophy of the human mind began to engage the attention of the learned, or, to speak in a style more appropriate to a rude age, the attention of those men who were more intelligent than their contemporaries. Among the various branches of the sectarian philosophy of the Greeks, the Socratic was the most eminent ; and from it originated the Academic and Peripatetic sects. Plato and Aristotle, the founders of these two schools, are the only ancient authors, whose writings on the abstruse subject of metaphysics have reached modern times ; and from the puerile fancies with which they are replete, and the unintelligible language in which they

they are conveyed, it would not have been an essential loss to posterity, if the metaphysical works of these philosophers had been permitted to sink into oblivion. From Greece, philosophy migrated to Rome; for credulity itself must now cease to trace the continuation of the Italic school from the days of Pythagoras, to the flourishing epoch of the republic.

After the destruction of the western empire, Europe seemed to revert to that state of rudeness and ignorance from which the labours of so many great men had contributed to raise it. The Christian fathers, strongly attached to Platonism, which was the prevalent system during the existence of the lower empire, confined their researches to the idle chimeras of mysticism. But the purer systems of former times found refuge among a people, whose warlike habits and intolerant religion might justly have been considered, at a distance, as threatening their inevitable destruction. Prior to the establishment of Islamism by Mahomet, and for some time after it, philosophy was unknown to his followers. With the commencement of the Abassidean dynasty in the eighth century, the light of science began to dawn on the Moslem nations. Under Al-Mamon in the following age, learning of every kind was cultivated with avidity. Schools were instituted, and long continued to flourish at Bagdat, Bassorah, and other places. The benign influence of knowledge was extended, with the Saracen empire, to the western realms; and Rasi, Averröes, and Avicenna, are

are names which merit the respect and gratitude of later ages.

On the extinction of Alexandrian Platonism among the Pagans, about the seventh century, we can trace its remains among the oriental Christians only, and chiefly among the monks, in whose communities the doctrines of Aristotle were still preserved. The Peripatetic philosophy now began to revive, and from the recess of the cloister to spread through the east. This was principally effected by the labours of John Damascenus, who employed the Aristotelian dogmas in aid of theology, and who may not improperly be considered as the harbinger of the scholastic philosophy. But the task of diffusing it so extensively as to ensure its permanence, was too great to be accomplished by an individual; and after his time, barbarism prevailed till the eighth century, when learning, encouraged by the attention it received under the Emperor Michael, irradiated for a time the setting glories of the successors of Constantine.

In the meanwhile, and during the eighth and ninth centuries, Bede, Rabanus, Eginhard, Erigena, Abelard, and others, flourished in the west. The memorable controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, which engrossed the discussions of the literary world in the following ages, sprung from the lectures and writings of Anselm, Berenger, Lanfranc, Roscelin, and their contemporaries, whose lives and labours were unprofitably wasted in dialectic

lectic subtleties. Their systems, if an assemblage of incoherent notions can deserve that appellation, were compounded of opinions derived from polemic theology and the Aristotelian philosophy as taught by the Arabians. Yet, with all their absurdities, some of their leading tenets still demand our assent; and the very names of Nominalists and Realists were epithets, which did not owe their origin to the sarcastic fancy of opponents, but actually characterised the dogmas they inculcated.

From the time of Roscelinus and Peter Abelard to the revival of letters, we find the scholastics divided into various other sects, besides the more celebrated branches of Nominalists and Realists, such as the Albertists, Thomists, Scotists, Accamists, &c. so termed from their respective leaders.

We now enter on a more auspicious period. To the fall of the Constantinopolitan empire in the middle of the fifteenth century, may be ascribed the dissemination of the Greek language in the west, and, consequently, the introduction of a taste for the writings of the ancients. Attempts were made to restore and correct the sectarian metaphysics of the Grecian schools. Poets satirized, and learned men refuted, the dogmas of the scholastics, and thus paved the way for the reformation of philosophy. Under the patronage of Cósimo di Medici, John Argyropulus translated Aristotle's Physics and Ethics, and added commentaries. On these he read lectures at Rome with

with the sanction of the pope, who granted him a regular salary. Plato, Epictetus, and other moralists, were illustrated by the talents of Politian. Aristotle, however, appears to have still been the favourite of the scholar. His Rhetoric and several other pieces were translated by Hermolaus Barbarus, and his Categories, with Porphyry's Introduction, by Manettus, a Florentine, who wrote many original treatises on mind, the universe, truth, and other abstruse subjects. His Ethics and Politics were commented on by Donatus Acciailius, a pupil of Argyropulus; and his tract *De Anima et Analytica Posterior* was explained by Apollinaris Offred. Pletho of Constantinople, whose protracted life extended beyond a century, was a keen and industrious Platonist. The doctrines of the Academic were defended by Bessarion, bishop of Nice, and afterwards patriarch of Constantinople, but latterly a member of the conclave under Eugenius IV. Bessarion is known as the obscure translator of Xenophon's Memorabilia, the Metaphysic of Aristotle, and that erroneously ascribed to Theophrastus. His antagonist was George Trapezuntius, or George of Trebizond, who translated part of the writings of Plato and Aristotle, and taught rhetoric and philosophy at Venice and at Rome. Paleologus, Franciscus Philelphus, Georgius Scholarius, Theodore Gaza, Marsilius Ficinus, Laurentius Valla, and other eminent literati, adorned the court and times of the Medici, who could also boast of a Dante, a Petrarch, a Boccace, and an Aretin. The literature of these times has been lately de-
veloped

veloped and illustrated by Mr. Roscoe and other writers, with much perseverance of research, elegance of style, and classic erudition.

The reformation of religion, by stimulating the zeal, and calling into action the talents of the learned, formed a memorable epoch in the history of literature and philosophy. Erasmus, Vives, Nizolius, and other satirists, exposed to ridicule the dogmatism of the scholastics. Luther, Melancthon, Faber, Agricola, the indefatigable Camerarius, and their contemporaries, laboured with assiduity to correct metaphysical errors. It is strange, that the chimeras and confused jargon of both the Stoic and Peripatetic philosophy should have still maintained a strong footing in the schools. In fact, the literati of that age were so wedded to antiquity, that they revived the different Grecian sects, and ranged themselves under the standards of the ancient masters. Picus, who had formed an uncouth mixture of the Cabbalistic doctrines and the tenets of Plato and Pythagoras, was followed by Reuchlin, Venetus, Agrippa, and Henry More. On the contrary, Patricius, Gale, Cudworth, and others, rejecting the notions of the mystics, endeavoured to restore Alexandrian Platonism. Honoratus Faber, who has been already mentioned, Lobkowitz of Madrid, and Ricciolus the Athenian Jesuit, taught a compound system of Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy; while the purer doctrines of the Peripatetic were prelected on by Gaza, George Trapezuntius, Scholarius, C Melancthon,

Melancthon, Niphus of Calabria, Pomponatus of Mantua, his pupil Simon Porta, and Sonerus of Nuremburg, the follower of Galen in medicine, and the zealous advocate of Socinianism. Aristotle also found an able partizan in Hermannus Conringius, who was one of the most illustrious ornaments of the German schools, and to whose prolific pen the world owed a diversity of tracts in theology, medicine, law, policy, and philosophy. He was a violent opponent of the Cartesian system.

If we had not indisputable proofs of the childish veneration, which was so long and universally paid to the Aristotelian philosophy, we should reject the accounts of it as fabulous: even the most devious fancy could not have furnished the extent and force of its influence. To illustrate and diffuse it seem to have been the sole object and labour of the scholar; and, from the subjoined list of commentators and scholiasts on the writings of the Peripatetic, an opinion may be formed of the lamentable perversion of genius, and the extreme waste of toil and of time bestowed on them. It is not meant, however, to give a complete list: their number amounted, perhaps, to six times as many as are inserted; and all his editors are omitted, for whose names recourse may be had to the *Bibliotheca Græca* of Fabricius. The catalogue was compiled to gratify the writer's own curiosity, and is introduced here to impress on the reader a sense of the contempt, which a future age bestows on the

the ill-directed pursuits of men, however respected by their contemporaries for knowledge and talents *.

Whilst

* A list of some of the commentators and scholiasts on Aristotle's philosophical works.

Aristotelis Ethica, cum commentar. Donati Acciaoli et Volateran. published in folio at Venice, 1576. *The same*, cum comment. Acciaoli et ex interpretatione Joan. Argyropoli, Lugd. 1567, & Franck. 1596.

Johannis de Guevara commentarii in Aristotelis mechanicas, Rome, 1627.

Alexandri Aphrodisiensis in Topica Aristotelis—by Aldus, Venice, 1513.

Baptistæ Flavii Paraphrasis in Aristotelis Meteorologica, Venet. 1597. Franc. 1581.

Theinistius in lib. Aristot. octo auscultation. tres de anima, unum de memoria et reminiscencia, somno et vigilia, insomniis et divinatione in somno, ex recens. Hermolæi Barbari.

Aphrodisiensis in libros de anima ex interpret. H. Donati, folio, Paris, 1528.

Joan. Grammaticus in primos quatuor Aristotelis de naturali auscultatione commentar. fol. Venice, 1535.

Olympiodori in Meteora Aristotelis comment. scholia Philoponi in primum Meteorum Aristotelis—by Aldus at Venice, 1551, folio.

Joan. Grammaticus in libr. de anima, ib. 1535.

Luculli Philalthæi in Aristotel. de anima comment. folio, 1579, Aug. Taur.

Joan. Grammatici comment. in priora Analytica Aristotel. printed in Greek by Aldus 1536, folio; and also at Venice in 1560, interprete Alexandro Justiniano.

Ib. in posteriora resolutoria, ib.—et Idem per Theodosium, at Venice, 1553.

Philoponus in Aristot. de Physica auscult. 1534, folio—et Idem, at Venice 1559, Joanne Rasario interprete.

Baptista Flavius in Aristotelis Meteorologica, Fani 1581, 4to.

Whilst Ficinus was reviving Platonism in Italy, and Faber disseminating the Aristotelean philosophy in

Alexandr. Aphrodisiensis com. in priora analytica, interprete Bernardo Feliciano, &c. folio, 1560, Venice—Paris, 1542.

Ejusd. comment. in Aristotelis libros Elenchorum, interprete Gaspare Marcello, folio, Venice, 1546; and in Greek, 1520, Aldus—& Florence, 1521.

Augustinus Niphus in eisdem, folio, Venice, 1551.

Ludov. Buccaferrei prælectiones in Aristot. de physico auditu.

Franc. Vicomercati commentarii in Aristotelis Meteorologica, fol. Paris, 1546—et Venice, 1565.

Aristotelis Ethica, cum commentario Petri Victoris, 1583.

Petrus Victor in Aristotelis Rhetoricam, Basil, 1549.

Augustinus Niphus in Aristotelem de cælo et mundo, Venice, 1540. 1553. 1554.

Ammonius in quinque prædicabilia Aristotelis.

Eustratii et aliorum Peripateticorum commentaria in libros decem Aristotelis de moribus ad Nicomachum, Venice, Aldus, 1536, folio.

Simplicii commentarii in quatuor Aristotelis libros de cælo, 1526.

Idem in Aristot. de anima.

Aphrodisæus in librum de sensu et sensibili.

Simplicius in decem categorias, Venice, 1499.

Idem in octo Aristotelis libros de auscultatione, 1526.

Mich. Ephesius in librum de memoria et reminiscencia; de somno et vigilia; de somniis, de divinatione per somnium, de motu animalium, de longitudine et brevitate vitæ, de juventute et senectute, et vita ac morte, de respiratione, de gressu animalium, 1527.

Ammonius et Margentinus in Aristot. *περί ἑρμηνείας*.

Pfelli in eundem paraphrasis.

Ammonius in decem prædicamenta, Ald. 1503; etiam, 1541 and 1544.

Idem in Porphyrii institutionem, Aristotelis categorias, et librum

in France, Reuchlin professed and taught a mystical system, compounded of Platonic, Pythagoric, and

librum de interpretatione, Joanne Baptista Rasario interprete, Venice, 1559.

Alex. Aphrodisiensis in meteorologica, Joanne Baptista Camotio interprete, Venice, 1556.

Ejusdem quæstiones naturales et morales de fato, Venice, 1551.

Pfellus in physicam, interprete Joanne Baptista Camotio, Ald. 1554.

Philoponus in metaphysica ex versione Francisci patritii, Ferrariæ, 1583, folio.

Eustratius in secundum librum posteriorum Analyticorum, et innominati auctoris expositiones in eundem Andrea Gratiolo interprete, Venice, 1542.

Ammonius in librum de interpretatione Bartholomæo Silvanio interprete.

Olympiodorus et Philoponus in Meteora, interprete Joan. Bapt. Camotio, Venice, 1551.

Porphyrus in prædicamenta, et

Dexippus in ead. Arist. Bernardo Feliciano interprete, Venice, 1546, folio.

Philoponus in libros de generatione et corruptione, interprete Hieronymo Bagotino, Venice, 1526, 1543.

Michael Ephesius in libros 3 Aristot. de partibus animalium.

Alex. Aphrodisæi quæstiones de anima.

Joan. Grammatici Philoponi in libros de generatione et interitu, Ald. 1527.

Magentinus in priora Analytica Aristot.

Alex. Aphrodisæus in duodecim libros de prima philosophia; interprete Joanne Genesio Sepulveda, Venice, 1561.

Joannes Breverus in physicam, Lovan. 1567.

Georgii Pachymerii in universam Aristotelis philosophiam epitome, interprete Philippo Bechio—at Basil in 1560.

Simplicius in Aristotelem de physico auditu—at Paris, 1544—Lucilio Philaltheo interprete.

and Cabbalistic doctrines. He was the author of several profound treatises in philosophy, although strangely

Simplicius in prædicamenta Aristotelis—at Venice, 1550.

Idem in quatuor libros Aristotelis de cælo,—at Venice, 1544, cum nova versione lat.

Anonymus in Aristotelis Rhetorica,—at Paris, 1539. From the royal press.

Averroës in Aristotelis opera omnia in 13 vols. 8vo. Venet. apud Junctas, 1562.

Taurelli Synopsis Metaphysices Aristotelis ad normam Christianæ religionis, Hanov. 1596—*Taurellus is the author of Cosmologia adversus Peripateticos, et Triumphus Philosophiæ.*

Francisci Toledi introduct. ad dialecticam Aristot.

Joannis Velcurionis in physicam Aristot. comment.—at Tübingen, 1542.

Obertus Giphanius in Ethica Aristotelis.

Idem in Aristotelis politica.

Joach. Perionii observat. in Aristot. polit. Basil, 1549.

Jacobus Schegkii in Topica Aristot. 1585.

Aristot. Rhetorica cum comment. Portorum, Spiræ, 1598.

Ead. et poetica cum comment. Anton. Riccoboni, Venice, 1579.

Arist. de anima cum comment. Pacii, Franck. 1596.

Georgii Trapezuntii comparationes Aristotelis et Platonis, Venet. 1523.

Petri Rami animadversiones Aristotelicæ, Paris, 1556.

Idem in physica Aristot.—at Paris, 1565.

Marc. Ant. Zimaræ tabula dilucidationum super Aristotelem et Averroëm, Venet. 1576, 1564.

ALPHARABII, *vetustissimi Aristotelis interpretis, opera omnia*, Paris 1638.

Symphorianus Champerius de philosophia, medicina et theologia, secundum Aristotelem et Platonem.

Julii Pacii in octo lib. Aristot. naturalis auscultationis comment.

Barnardini Donati differentia Platon. et Aristot. philosophiæ, Venice.

Georgius

strangely interlarded with his peculiar notions.
Cornelius Agrippa, a man of great industry and
genius,

Georgius Diaconus in logic. Aristot. Paris, 1547, cum versione Joannis Rasarii.

Grynæi scholion in Aristotelem de mundo, Basil, 1533.

Franc. Patritii discussiones Peripateticæ, Basil, 1581.

Maioragii Paraphrasis in Aristotelis libros de cælo, item generatione ac interitu; Basil, 1554.

Septalii comment. in Aristotelis problemata.

Petri Victorii comment. in lib. Rhetoric. Arist. 2 vols. 1579.

Ejusd. comment. in lib. politicorum Arist. 1576.

Ammonius et alii in Analytica Aristot. 1503, Aldus.

Joannes Cottunius in octo lib. Aristotelis de physico auditu.

Andr. Cæsalpini Quæstiones Peripateticæ.

Alex. Aphrodisæus in Aristotelem de prima philosophia, interprete Sepulveda, Paris, 1536.

Aristot. politicorum lib. prim. et sec. cum comment. Montecalini. He comments also on Plato de rep. et de legibus, Ferrara, 1594.

Aristot. Politica et Œconomica cum commentariis Jacobi Fabri Stapulensis.

Simon Simonii comment. in Aristot. de sensuum instrumentis, et de his quæ sub sensum cadunt.

Ib. in librum de reminiscentia et memoria, apud Joan. Crispin. 1566.

Bessarionis Metaphysicorum Aristot. xiv. Aldus, 1516.

M. Ant. Flaminii Paraphrasis in duodecimum Arist. librum de prima philosophia, 1536, Venice.

Julii Cæs. Scaligeri comment. in Arist. de plantis.

Hier. Balduini expositio in libros aliquot physicos Arist. et Averrois, Venice, 1573.

Porphyrîi introduct. in dialecticam, folio, Lovan. 1560.

Philoponus in libros Arist. de anima, 1535.

genius, was, like too many of the literary characters of that age, strongly tinctured with mysticism.

Ludovicus Buccaferreus in IV. Meteor. Arist. 1563, Venice.

P. Pomponati dubitationes in IV. meteorologicorum, Arist.

Augustini Niphi comment. in octo libros Topicorum Arist. 1542, Paris apud Wechel.

Antonii Scayni paraphrasis in Aristotelem de anima, &c. 1599, Venice.

Librorum X. Arist. moralium tres conversiones, Argyropoli, Aretini, et antiqua, by Hen. Stephan, 1516, Paris, who printed and edited Bessario's and Argyropylus's comment. on the Metaph. of Aristotle and Theophrastus.

Pauli Benii in Aristot. libros de eloquentia commentarii.

Camil Baldus in physiognomica Aristotelis.

Ammonii Hermæ in Aristot. prædicamenta comment. interprete Bartholomæo Silvanio, Paris, 1542.

Bascianus Landus in Arist. libros de anima, Venice, 1569.

Fr. Vicomercati in Aristotelem de naturali auscultatione, 1567, Venice and Paris, 1550.

Mazonii in Platonis et Aristotelis philosophiam præludia, 1579, Venice.

Augustini Niphi comment. in phys. auscult. Arist. lib. 8, Venice, 1549.

Martini Borrhæi comment. in Arist. rhetorica, Basil 1551.

Alex. Aphrodisiensis in lib. de prima philosophia, interprete Sepulveda, 1527, Rome.

Simplicii comment. in octo Aristot. libros de auscultat. Venice, apud Aldum.

Alex. Aphrodisiensis in Arist. priora Analytica, Aldus, 1520.

Joan. Philoponus in Metaphysica Aristot. interprete Patricio, 1583, Ferrar.

Simplicius de physica Aristot. interprete Philalthæo.

Aristot. Mechanica, cum comment. Monantholii.

Antonii

cism. Powerful attempts were made to introduce new methods of philosophising. Among the more

Antonii Ruviorodienſis comment. in Ariſt. libros de cælo et mundo.

Zabarella in Ariſt. phyſica, de generatione, et meteora.

Ariſtotelis ethica explicata, et collata cum S. Scriptura per Petrum Martyrem et Ande. Hyperium.

Jo. Baptiſta Monlorius in priora analytica Ariſtotelis, Franc. 1593.

Dilucidationes 3 libror. Ariſt. de anima per Vincentium Quintianum, Bonon. 1575.

Anton. Ruviorodienſis comment. in Ariſt. dialect. 1534, Colon.

Platonis cum Ariſtotele comparatio per Jac. Carpentarium, 1573, Paris.

Porphyrus in Ariſt. Categorias, in Greek, at Paris, 1549.

P. Athanaſii Ariſtotelis ſententiæ de anima explicatio.

In Ariſtotelis univerſam naturæ philoſophiam Theod. Melochitæ paraphraſis, Baſil, 1562.

Ariſtotelis Ethicorum explicatio per Jo. Camerarium, 1578, Franc.

Dion. Lambini annotation. in lib. x. Ariſt. de moribus, Paris, 1558.

Nicol. Gruchius in eoſdem, Paris, 1566.

Franc. Toleti comment. in Ariſt. logicam, Colon. 1596.

Theodori Methochitæ in Ariſtotelis phyſica paraphraſis Latine per Gentianum Hervetum, Baſil, 1559.

Th. Gianninii diſput. Ariſtot. de ſubſtant. cæli et ſtellarum efficientia.

Joan. Hamiltonii præludia in Organum Ariſt. 1580, Paris.

Petri Martyris Vermilii comment. in ethica Ariſtotelis, Tigur. 1563.

Jac. Carpentarii lib. xiv. Ariſt. de ſecretiore parte divinæ ſapientiæ ſecundum Ægyptios, 1571, Paris.

Syriani in 2, 12, & 13 Ariſt. libros metaphyſicos commentarius Latine, per Bagolinum, Venetiis, 1558.

Lud.

more celebrated of modern sceptics, Sanchez, Hernhaym, Vayer, Huet, and Bayle, may be noticed with distinction. A sect of scriptural philosophers arose, among whom were the names of Alsted, Burnet, Whiston, Comenius, and Bayer; and who, despairing of being able to arrive at truth by the aid of common sense, had recourse to their bibles, and endeavoured to rear a new philosophic structure, chiefly on the Mosaic cosmogeny.

In the mean time another class, who had been denominated Theosophists, disdaining to employ the understanding in their metaphysical researches, boldly laid claim to divine illumination. This fanciful pretension owed its origin, in several instances, to imposture and knavery; and, in others, to the disordered imagination of the visionary. Paracelsus, who certainly possessed a stupendous and universal genius, was at the head of this sect during his bustling but short life; and his disciples

Lud. Buccaferreæ explanationes in primum physicorum Aristotelis, Venice, 1559.

Fr. Vicomercati in 3 lib. Arist. de anima, Venice, 1566.

Problemata Aristotelis et Aphrodisiensis, interprete Theod. Gaza, apud Aldum.

Th. Aquinas in octo libros physicorum Aristotelis, 1557, Venice.

Id. in libros de cœlo et mundo.

Id. in lib. Arist. *περί ἑρμηνείας* et posteriorum Analyticorum, 1552, Venice.

Zaffiti comment. in posteriora analytica, 1561, Venice, &c. &c. cum multis aliis antiquis interp. Aristot. oper.

were

were numerous. It was also followed by Fludd, Boehman, Helmont, and Poiret; and the famous system of the Rosicrucians partook deeply of its characteristic tenets.

The common sense of mankind, however, opposed an effectual obstruction to the diffusion of these ridiculous opinions. The true eclectic method of improving philosophy began to be prosecuted, not indeed that followed by the Alexandrian school, but that which, by renouncing prejudices of every kind, subjected the sentiments of others to the rigid scrutiny of reason, and admitted no conclusions, excepting those deducible from principles founded in the nature of things, and discovered by experience. Cardan, Bacon, Campanella, Hobbes, Descartes, Leibnitz, Thomas, and Wolfe, were among those who cultivated philosophy in general in this manner. But learned men had now found it necessary, from the progress which science had made, to attach themselves to particular branches of it in order to promote its further advancement. Accordingly we find logic and metaphysics illustrated by Peter Ramus, Arnold, Spinoza, Mallebranche, Tschernhausen, Locke, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Berkeley, and Butler; while natural philosophy or physics engrossed the attention and labours of Copernicus, Tycho-Brahe, Kepler, Gallileo, Bayle, and Newton.

From

From this rapid but superficial sketch of the history of metaphysics, it will appear, that Mr. Hume's undertaking was of a gigantic nature, whether he wished merely to display his erudition by detailing the sentiments of others, and his judgment in adopting their best founded opinions; or aimed at obtaining the character of an original thinker. A vast body of science was already in the possession of the public; and unless he could, by condensing its essence, facilitate the means of acquiring a knowledge of it, correct former errors, and establish as indisputable the first principles of metaphysics, no serious advantage could result from his labours. He has not, however, accomplished any of these objects; while by neglecting to acknowledge the sources from which the doctrines he supports were derived, he has given to them the appearance of originality at the expence of his candour and learning. On this point, he is no less faulty in the two Enquiries, which he afterwards substituted in place of his Treatise; although in many of his literary and political essays, he is extremely lavish of references to ancient authors.

After publishing his Treatise, our author retired to Ninewells, where his mother resided, and where he found his brother very successfully employed in cultivating the family estate. In the statistical account of Scotland*, this gentleman is

* Vol. xiv. Parish of Chirnside.

mentioned

mentioned in honourable terms, for having set the example of agricultural improvement in that part of the country.

The self-complacency of a young writer is ever ready to discover reasons, and contrive excuses, for the want of success in his earlier undertakings; and David, being naturally of a sanguine temper, gradually recovered from his chagrin *. Even his literary

* I have here adopted the account, which Mr. Hume gives of his own feelings upon this occasion, and in which he tells us, that he was naturally of a cheerful and sanguine temper. In the *London Review*, vol. v. p. 200, (anno 1777,) edited by Dr. Kenrick, there is a note on this passage in our author's biographical narrative, entitled, *My Own Life*, rather inimical to the amenity of disposition claimed by him. The reviewer says,—“so sanguine, that it does not appear our author had acquired, at this period of his life, that command over his passions of which he afterwards makes his boast. His disappointment at the public reception of his *Essay on Human Nature*, had indeed a violent effect on his passions in a particular instance; it not having dropped *to dead-born* from the press, but that it was severely handled by the reviewers of those times in a publication entitled, *The Works of the Learned*; a circumstance which so highly provoked our young philosopher, that he flew in a violent rage to demand satisfaction of Jacob Robinson, the publisher, whom he kept, during the paroxysm of his anger, at his sword's point, trembling behind the counter lest a period should be put to the life of a sober critic by a raving philosopher.”

Kenrick's Review was held to be rather an illiberal production, and not over-nice as to the correctness of its assertions. It is now impossible to ascertain, whether this anecdote be true or false. The review of Hume's *Life* is signed W, a very common signature, and, I suspect, that of Kenrick himself, whose

literary ardour was not abated by the bad reception, which his last production experienced ; and during his abode at Ninewells he laboured with so much assiduity, as to be able to usher into the world, in 1742, two small volumes of *Essays Moral and Philosophical* *. These tracts, which form the first part of his *Essays*, as now collected, were more propitiously received by the public ; and this compensated, in some degree, for his former disappointment, and even effaced the recollection of it.

To the industry of Hume so auspicious a circumstance gave a new stimulus. If he had suffered his bad fortune to repress all future efforts ; if, discouraged by neglect, he had remained inactive in obscurity, we should not have possessed that historical work, which now bears its author's name in triumph through the world. The example is favourable to the hopes and exertions of the juvenile scholar, who may sooth himself with the recollection, that Hume experienced reiterated defeats ; yet, like Antæus, gathering strength by his fall, he finally obtained the wreath of immortality.

whose name was William ; though he usually signed K, when he openly acknowledged, or was indifferent as to the notoriety of what criticisms were of his own composition. His son William Shakespeare Kenrick was the assistant of his father, and, on the latter's death, the professed editor of the *London Review* during the short period of its existence.

* Printed at Edinburgh, 18mo.

These

These Essays, the occasional productions of his vacant evenings, embrace a multiplicity of subjects, but without any regard to a connected plan of disquisition. All of them display much acuteness of remark, and extent of reading; and those on moral and literary topics will not lose by being compared with the similar performances of our most celebrated essayists. Even where we dissent from his conclusions, we are constrained to acknowledge the ingenuity of his arguments, and the forcible manner in which he employs them. Mr. Hume, it is true, does not rest his reputation on his Essays; but little discernment was necessary to presage, that, from so promising a specimen, nothing but industry and a popular subject were required to enable him to attain the character of an eminent and enlightened writer.

In an advertisement prefixed to the first volume, he intimated that most of the Essays were written with a view of being published as WEEKLY PAPERS, and intended to comprehend the designs both of the Spectators and Craftsmen. "But," continued he, "having dropt that undertaking, partly from laziness, partly from want of leisure; and being willing to make trial of my talents for writing, before I ventured upon any more serious compositions, I was induced to commit these trifles to the judgment of the public. Like most new authors, I must confess I feel some anxiety concerning the success of my work; but one thing makes me more secure, that the reader may condemn

demn my abilities, but, I hope, will approve of my moderation, and impartiality in my method of handling political subjects; and as long as my moral character is in safety, I can, with less concern, abandon my learning and capacity to the most severe censure and examination. Public spirit, methinks, should engage us to love the public, and to bear an equal affection to all our countrymen; not to hate one half of them under colour of loving the whole. This party rage I have endeavoured to repress, as far as possible; and I hope this design will be acceptable to the moderate of both parties; at the same time that perhaps it may displease the bigots of both. The reader must not look for any connection among these Essays, but must consider each of them as a work apart. This is an indulgence that is given to all essay-writers; and, perhaps, such a desultory method of writing is an equal ease both to author and reader, by freeing them from any tiresome stretch of attention and application."

This advertisement has been omitted in all the subsequent editions of the Essays; but, indeed, no two editions of any part of Mr. Hume's works, published in his life-time, ever agreed, as he was constantly occupied in making additions or omissions, in occasionally incorporating the notes with the text, or relegating them to their original station. It cannot be said of him, as Pope averred of an eminent poet,

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

The

The subjects of these Essays were the following * :

IN VOLUME I.

- Essay I. Of the Delicacy of Taste and Passion.
 II. Of the Liberty of the Press.
 III. *Of Impudence and Modesty.*
 IV. That Politics may be reduced to a
 Science.
 V. Of the Principles of Government—*now*
 intitled, Of the First Principles of
 Government.
 VI. *Of Love and Marriage.*
 VII. *Of the Study of History.*
 VIII. Of the Independency of Parliament.
 IX. Whether the British Government in-
 clines more to absolute Monarchy or
 a Republic.
 X. Of Parties in general.
 XI. Of the Parties of Great Britain.
 XII. Of Superstition and Enthusiasm.
 XIII. *Of Avarice.*
 XIV. Of the Dignity of Human Nature—
 now intitled, Of the Dignity or Mean-
 ness of Human Nature.
 XV. Of Liberty and Despotism—*now intitled*,
 Of Civil Liberty.

* Those marked in Italics, though inserted in the edition of 1760, in 4 vols. were omitted in the future octavo editions: they are published in the Appendix to this work.

IN VOLUME II.

- Essay I. *Of Essay-Writing.*
 II. *Of Eloquence.*
 III. *Of Moral Prejudices.*
 IV. *Of the Middle Station of Life.*
 V. *Of the Rise and Progress of the Arts
and Sciences.*
 VI. *The Epicurean.*
 VII. *The Stoic.*
 VIII. *The Platonist.*
 IX. *The Sceptic.*
 X. *Of Polygamy and Divorce.*
 XI. *Of Simplicity and Refinement—now in-
titled, Of Simplicity and Refinement
in Writing.*
 XII. *A Character of Sir Robert Walpole.*

As Mr. Hume has thought proper to mention a trifling instance of his laborious application to letters, it may be likewise noticed in this work. In the ordinary course of education he had learned the Greek tongue, but afterwards neglected to make any effort to preserve his knowledge of it. He now availed himself of the tranquillity of his rural retreat to recover and cultivate his acquaintance with that language.

In this state of lettered ease, he spent more than three years at Ninewells. His station in life secured him from the danger of want; yet, as he
had

had no settled pursuit, and was a younger brother without a profession, his prospects were not the most brilliant. The reputation, which he had acquired, was too feeble to serve by itself as a sufficient recommendation to public notice; but he was prepared to improve opportunity. The friends of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman whose unfortunate state of mind and health required the superintendence of another, pitched on our author as a proper person to undertake that charge; and, accordingly, in 1745, he was invited by the Marquis to come and reside with him in England. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Hume continued with him about a year. The salary allowed him made a considerable addition to his small fortune, which he had husbanded with the most persevering frugality. It would, perhaps, have been fortunate for the Marquis, if he had retained his literary companion; as, in that case, it is probable, that the latter part of his life would not have been involved in the mysterious gloom, in which it was enveloped.

In 1746, the British ministry, having planned an expedition against Canada, conferred the command of it on Lieutenant-General James St. Clair, who appointed Mr. Hume to be his secretary. He accordingly left the Marquis, and joined the General; but the destination of this expedition was altered to a cold and unimportant incursion on the coast of France. In 1747, Hume was again invited by the General to accompany him in his

embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. He held, on this occasion, the station of secretary, and, by mingling in the gay world, familiarized himself with the manners of the great.

It was formerly mentioned, on the authority of Mr. Hume himself, that his sanguine turn of mind, ever ready to bend itself towards the bright side of things, had ascribed the want of success, which his *Treatise* experienced, to too precipitate an appearance before the public; and that the manner in which the work was executed, rather than the doctrines it supported, was the rock on which he had struck. Impressed with this notion, he employed the leisure, which his present fashionable mode of life afforded, in retouching the first part of that performance, and transmitted the manuscript from Turin to London, where it was printed under the new title of an *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding*.

The reception, which this production met with, was not calculated to confirm him in the opinion he entertained of the cause of his former bad fortune. In fact, it attracted as little notice as his *Treatise* had done; and he himself tells us, that, on his return from Italy, he had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton's *Free Inquiry**, while his

* Dr. Conyers Middleton's *Free Inquiry into the miraculous Powers, which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church*, was published in 4to. in 1749. It forms the first of the five volumes of his *Miscellaneous Works*.

own performance was entirely overlooked and neglected.

In 1748, and immediately prior to the publication of the Enquiry, his Essays, Moral and Political, were re-published at London*; but, according to his own account, they were received with as much indifference as his new work had been. It is not now easy to ascertain, whether this edition, which contained four additional essays, was the second or the third: it was probably the latter; and if this opinion be correct, a third edition in the space of six years ought to have afforded consolation to Mr. Hume on his recent disappointment. Perhaps, on perusal of these pieces, the reader will be inclined to think, that they had a better fate, than their merit entitled the author to expect. †

The additional Essays were,

1. Of the Origin of Government.
2. Of National Characters.
3. Of Tragedy.
4. Of the Standard of Taste.

So many discouragements, as he had encountered by the untoward fortune of his literary productions, would, doubtless, have had their full influence on a more timid mind. But our author's temporal circumstances were now easy;

* In 12mo. price 3s.

and being totally independent of the sales of his works, he did not look to his pen for support : he sought only the reputation of a man of letters. No sense of the necessity of labour, no privations, no clamorous wants, obtunded his powers. In so favourable a situation, he could give full reins to his inclination : there was no call of haste, no urgency to toil ; and he was not constrained to sit down, *invitâ Minervâ*, to his cheerless task. Every new performance, therefore, matured in the bosom of tranquillity, may be regarded as a fair criterion of his talents at the time ; and from his unremitting perseverance, he seems to have imbibed the true *cacoëthes scribendi*.

In 1749, he retired to his brother's house at Ninewells, where he resided two years. During this period he composed the second part of his Essays, which he styled *Political Discourses*. He likewise wrote his *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, which, as has been already noticed, originally formed part of his treatise on Human Nature, but which he now thought proper to new-model. It was published in London, in November 1751 *, by Andrew Millar, the well-known bookseller in the Strand. This production stood highly in the author's favour, who, during the whole of his life, manifested a strong predilection for it ; and he frankly tells us, that, in his own opinion, it was, of all his writings,

* In 12mo. price 3s.

historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best: yet, like all his former labours, it came [†] unnoticed into the world.

Mr. Hume left Ninewells in 1751, and established his residence at Edinburgh, where his *Political Discourses* were printed in one volume, 8vo. and published in the following year. This performance was the only one, which met with a flattering reception on its first appearance; and in the short space of two years, it reached a third edition, which was published at London, with additions and corrections*.

These Political Discourses were on the following subjects:

1. Of Commerce.
2. Of Refinement in the Arts.
3. Of Money.
4. Of Interest.
5. Of the Balance of Trade.
6. Of the Jealousy of Trade.
7. Of the Balance of Power.
8. Of Taxes.
9. Of Public Credit.
10. Of some remarkable Customs.
11. Of the Populoufness of ancient Nations.
12. Of the original Contract.

* The first edition was published at Edinburgh in the month of January 1752, price 4s. 6d. the second by Andrew Millar in 1754.

- 13. Of Passive Obedience.
- 14. Of the Coalition of Parties.
- 15. Of the Protestant Succession.
- 16. Idea of a perfect Commonwealth.

In 1753, the eleventh Essay, viz. that on the Populoufness of Ancient Nations, was attacked by Dr. Robert Wallace, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in an octavo volume intituled, *A DISSERTATION ON THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES: with an Appendix, containing additional Observations on the same Subject, and some Remarks on Mr. Hume's Political Discourse on the Populoufness of Ancient Nations* *. The Rev. Mr. Adams likewise published at London, in 1753, *An Essay on Mr. Hume's Essay on Miracles*. This last Essay is the tenth in our Author's Enquiry concerning Human Understanding.

In the same year, in which Mr. Hume's Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals appeared, Mr. Henry Home, who was then at the bar, but afterwards better known as Lord Kames, published his celebrated *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* †. This work, although anonymous, attracted great attention by the boldness of its research. It was attacked in

* Published at Edinburgh.

† They were published in the month of March 1751, 12mo. A new edition appeared in 1758, with alterations and additions.

various pamphlets, the first of which was published at Edinburgh under the title of *A Letter occasioned by the Essays on Morality and Natural Religion*. In December 1756, appeared *Objections against the Essays on Morality and Natural Religion examined*; and in May 1758, *Remarks on the Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion: in a Letter to a Minister of the Church of Scotland*, by Mr. J. Edwards, President of the College of New Jersey. Some other tracts in answer to his Lordship will be afterwards mentioned.

But the most zealous, and certainly the most dangerous of all his assailants, was Mr. George Anderson, a probationer of the church of Scotland, who wrote an octavo volume on the subject, and gave it the name of *An Estimate of the Profit and Loss of Religion, personally and publicly stated: illustrated with References to Essays on Morality and Natural Religion*. It was published at Edinburgh in November 1753. In the month of March that year, Mr. Hume's tenets had been attacked by an anonymous writer, in a small volume, intitled, *A Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality: with Reflections on Mr. Hume's Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*. Of this work a second edition appeared in February 1763, with an *Appendix concerning the Office of Reason in Morals, and the Superiority of that Principle to Sentiment*. It was the production of Mr. James Balfour, a Scottish barrister.

On

On the publication of the last mentioned tract, which was the only answer Mr. Hume condescended to notice, he wrote the following letter, addressed "To the Author of the Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality," and left it with the bookseller.

"SIR,

"When I write you, I know not to whom I am addressing myself: I only know he is one who has done me a great deal of honour, and to whose civilities I am obliged. If we be strangers, I beg we may be acquainted, as soon as you think proper to discover yourself: if we be acquainted already, I beg we may be friends: if friends, I beg we may be more so. Our connection with each other as men of letters, is greater than our difference as adhering to different sects or systems. Let us revive the happy times, when Atticus and Cassius the epicureans, Cicero the academic, and Brutus the stoic, could all of them live in unre-served friendship together, and were insensible to all those distinctions, except so far as they furnished agreeable matter to discourse and conversation. Perhaps you are a young man, and being full of those sublime ideas, which you have so well expressed, think there can be no virtue upon a more confined system. I am not an old one; but, being of a cool temperament, have always found, that more simple views were sufficient to make me
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act in a reasonable manner; *νηθε, και μεμνησο απιστειν*; in this faith have I lived, and hope to die.

“ Your civilities to me so much over-balance your severities, that I should be ungrateful to take notice of some expressions which, in the heat of composition, have dropped from your pen. I must only complain of you a little for ascribing to me the sentiments, which I have put into the mouth of the Sceptic in the Dialogue. I have surely endeavoured to refute the sceptic, with all the force of which I am master; and my refutation must be allowed sincere, because drawn from the capital principles of my system. But you impute to me both the sentiments of the sceptic, and the sentiments of his antagonist, which I can never admit of. In every dialogue no more than one person can be supposed to represent the author.

“ Your severity on one head, that of chastity, is so great, and I am so little conscious of having given any just occasion to it, that it has afforded me a hint to form a conjecture, perhaps ill-grounded, concerning your person.

“ I hope to steal a little leisure from my other occupations, in order to defend my philosophy against your attacks. If I have occasion to give a new edition of the work, which you have honoured with an answer, I shall make great advantage of your remarks, and hope to obviate some of your criticisms.

“Your stile is elegant, and full of agreeable imagery. In some few places it does not fully come up to my ideas of purity and correctness. I suppose mine falls still further short of your ideas. In this respect, we may certainly be of use to each other. With regard to our philosophical systems, I suppose we are both so fixed, that there is no hope of any conversions betwixt us; and for my part, I doubt not but we shall both do as well to remain as we are.

“I am, &c.

“Edinburgh, March 15, 1753.”

The office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates becoming vacant by the resignation of the learned Ruddiman, Mr. Hume, in January 1752, was chosen to fill it; a station from which he derived little emolument, but which compensated this want by placing an extensive library at his command. In the same month his friend Henry Home was appointed one of the lords of session by the title of Lord Kames; and his illustrious antagonist, Dr. Reid, was translated from the pastoral charge of the parish of New Machar to a professorship of philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. Adam Smith had been made professor of logic at Glasgow in January 1751; and, in April 1752, he succeeded Mr. Thomas Craigie, as professor of philosophy at the same university. The vacant chair of logic became the subject of competition. The candidates were Mr. James Clough, and

and the celebrated Edmund Burke; and the former gained no vulgar laurel, when he beheld his rival retiring discomfited from the contest.

Gerard, another opponent of our author, was, in the month of July of this year, appointed a professor of philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. Blair was, at this time, one of the ministers of the Canongate of Edinburgh; but it was not until the year 1756, that Robertson received a pastoral charge in the capital. It is impossible to contemplate so bright a constellation of talents with indifference; and while we yield to an impulse of generous feeling, let us endeavour to impress on the remembrance of the present race of Scottish literati, that to preserve the reputation, which their country has already attained, is no easy task. But it is the part of posterity not merely to emulate, but to excel their predecessors, else science must become stationary. We enjoy the benefit of the learned labours of the last generation; and vast as these were, let us console ourselves with reflecting, that a well-directed industry will still carry us beyond them. Formidable, therefore, as the list of distinguished Scotsmen was at the period to which we allude, to outdo them is worthy of the noble daring of liberal minds.

So vast a range of literature, as the library of the Faculty of Advocates presented to Mr. Hume, seems to have emboldened his industry; for he
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immediately formed the resolution of compiling a history of England. At this time, Rapin de Thoyras, a French refugee, was the only reputable writer on the subject. His work, however, was esteemed chiefly as a faithful chronicle or register of facts; for, as was to be expected from the production of a stranger writing in a foreign tongue, it could not boast of elegance of language, and was unadorned with those political reflections which constitute the philosophy of historical composition, and of which Thucydides and Polybius have transmitted valuable examples. The history of Rapin was a work of labour, but not of taste. Hume had been accustomed to disquisition; and he carried with him to his new undertaking the bold and liberal spirit of inquiry, which he had displayed in his former writings. Intimidated, however, by the magnitude of a work, which was to contain a narrative of English affairs during a period of 1700 years, he selected, for his first essay, that portion of it which commences with the accession of the House of Stuart, and forms a most important epoch in the British annals.

Other motives seem likewise to have influenced his choice. The historian of those times, when the gloom of feudalism darkened Europe, has little else to relate but the sanguinary disputes of semi-barbarians, and the fatal consequences of family feuds. The contests between rival candidates for the throne are not susceptible of much ornament in
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point of language ; while the ferocious manners of warlike but illiterate chieftains, and their followers, do not promise much gratification to the inquisitive mind, in point of legislation and useful policy. But society, like the individual, is progressive : the invention of printing, and the gradual diffusion of knowledge among all ranks of men, spread their benign influence throughout Europe ; and the peasant and the artizan rose, as it were, in the scale of being. They learned to inquire, to calculate their own value, and to probe, with daring hands, the civil and ecclesiastical impostures of former days. Such were the happy effects resulting from the blaze of science, which, at the time of the Reformation, illumined Christendom : effects fortunate indeed when compared with that ignorance, torpor, and abasement which formerly oppressed it. The castellated mansions of the nobility ceased to display the standards of rebellion ; and the sovereign, in his turn, was constrained to cultivate, in his administration, that liberality which accorded with the popular sentiment, and to consult the wants and wishes of his subjects in preference to his own caprice and selfish interests. It is this conflict, and the glorious result of it, that constitute a subject of research, which can repay the labours of the philosophic inquirer.

The political events under the dynasty of the Stuarts appeared to Mr. Hume to form the æra most worthy of the exertion of his talents ; and as he flattered himself with a belief of his own impartiality,

partiality, he fancied that he was destined to free that portion of our history from the misrepresentations of party. This idea stimulated his diligence, and great were his expectations of success. Devoting himself wholly to the recluse habits of a literary life, he laboured with unceasing perseverance until he had accomplished part of his undertaking; and accordingly, in the month of October 1754, the first volume of his History of Great Britain, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was published at Edinburgh *.

A more convenient opportunity to inquire into the merits of this volume will hereafter occur: suffice it, at present, to observe, that the sanguine hopes, in which our author had indulged himself, were completely disappointed. The sale of the work was extremely dull, infomuch that he felt it necessary to hold a consultation with his bookseller, the late Mr. John Balfour of Edinburgh, as to what should be done to lessen the load of expence he had incurred. The indefatigable Andrew Millar was then taking the lead as a bookseller in London, and his name and extensive correspondence with the country dealers were sufficient to buoy up, in some degree, the character of a book, and facilitate its circulation. Mr. Balfour urged the necessity of obtaining the aid of Millar, in order to push the work into notice; and this advice was prudently followed.

* In 4to. price 14s. boards.

Another incident had lately occurred, which not a little chagrined our author. The professorship of Moral Philosophy, in the university of Edinburgh, having become vacant by the death of Mr. William Cleghorn, Mr. Hume appeared as a candidate for the chair, which is in the gift of the town-council. But the interest of his friends proved unsuccessful: his philosophical opinions were misrepresented, his character was traduced, and so great an outcry raised by the religious zealots as to endanger his personal safety. The clergy were particularly active on this occasion, some of whom represented Mr. Hume's principles to be those of an atheist, while others charitably branded them as the dogmas of deism. Their remonstrances succeeded; but the event gave rise to a rooted antipathy on the part of Hume towards the Scottish clergy, although at this time he lived, and continued afterwards to live, in the strictest intimacy, and most cordial friendship, with Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, Carlyle, and a few others.

The election took place on the 28th of August, and the office was conferred on Mr. James Balfour of Pilrig, advocate and sheriff depute of the county of Edinburgh. Mr. Balfour was the author of the *Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality*, written in opposition to Mr. Hume's *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*; and from this pious specimen of his erudition, it must be acknowledged,

known, that he was a *safer man* than our historian, in the chair of Moral Philosophy. The *Delineation* is a work not destitute of sound argument, though its prolixity is tiresome; and as Mr. Balfour attacked propositions in the *Enquiry*, which were unfounded in fair reasoning, and exceptionable in point of morality, he had, in every way, the better of Hume in the dispute. From the observations on the philosophical and ethical writings of the latter, inserted in the concluding part of this biography, the reader, who bears in his recollection that Hume's reputation rested as yet on these only, will, perhaps, join with us in thinking that the university was no loser by the issue of the contest.

Confirmed as was Mr. Hume's philosophic habit of bearing up against disappointment, a kind of despondency began, at this time, to ruffle the usual serenity of his mind. He himself tells us, that he was prevented only by the war, which had broken out between Great Britain and France, from retiring to some provincial town in the latter kingdom, where he might, under a borrowed name, spend his days at a distance from his native country. This scheme of a solitary retreat was, however, no longer practicable; and as he had made considerable progress with the second volume of his *History*, and been invited by some persons of respectability, among whom he enumerates, with just satisfaction, Dr. Herring, archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Stone,

Stone, the primate of Ireland, to proceed in completing his work, he plucked up courage, and resolved to persevere.

As our author acknowledges, and had serious reasons to regret, the cold neglect and languid sale which his History met with, one is rather surprised to find him employing, in the narrative of his Own Life, a language calculated to deceive us into an opinion, that his performance burst on the world with uncommon attraction, and that it was the general and sole topic of public discussion. Speaking of the applause, which he expected from his historical labours, he adds—"but miserable was
" my disappointment: I was assailed by one cry of
" reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation.
" English, Scotch, and Irish, whig and tory, church-
" man and sectary, free-thinker and religionist,
" patriot and courtier, united in their rage against
" the man who had presumed to shed a generous
" tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of
" Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their
" fury were over, what was still more mortifying,
" the book seemed to sink into oblivion."

Janfenism and the Bull Unigenitus did not excite a greater flame, than the awful description, given in the preceding quotation, might lead us to infer to have been produced by the first volume of his History. Yet it is not easy to conceive, how a work could engage universal notice, and meet with such ardent and general reprehension, without being

in the hands of every one. Mr. Hume, however, discloses a secret fatal to the warm representation, which he has given of the tremendous tempest he had raised ; for in the very next sentence he tells us, that Millar sold only *forty-five* copies of it in a twelve-month.

In the mean time a storm of a more alarming tendency threatened the spiritual and temporal interests of our historian. It is in vain to conceal, that deism, or a religious creed approximating to it, had begun to spread among the literary circles at Edinburgh ; and Lord Kames and Mr. Hume, being the only persons who had ventured to commit their philosophical tenets to writing, were considered as the grand apostles of infidelity. What rendered this more dangerous in the opinion of the puritanical party was, that both these authors were men of great amenity of manners ; and not only was their acquaintance valued and sought by most of the eminent characters in their neighbourhood, but they lived in habits of the strictest intimacy with the more respectable clergymen of the city.

The rigid notions of Calvin and John Knox were not yet in disrepute, and the prevalence of science had not altogether effaced the ancient intolerant spirit of the clerical profession. In the General Assembly, which is the supreme ecclesiastical judicature of the Scottish church, two great parties had long subsisted, the one professing more liberal
and

and moderate principles than the other. The zealots, in the warmth of opposition, affected to take great offence at many of their opponents for cultivating the friendship of Kames and Hume, in whose writings they now began to discover the most noxious doctrines; and finally resolved, by attacking these, to expose their enemies to popular obloquy, if not to defeat.

In taking this step they were encouraged by an event, which had lately happened in England. Towards the end of the year 1754, the learned world beheld with astonishment, indignation, and dismay, the presentment of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical works, and of David Mallet, their editor, by the Grand Jury of Middlesex. The singularity of this precious relic of intolerance will apologize for its insertion here; after which will be related the powerful attempt made by the puritans in Scotland to imitate, in reference to Mr. Hume and Lord Kames, the disgraceful conduct of the high-church faction in England.

The presentment was as follows: "We the grand jurors of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, the city, borough, and town of Westminster, &c. being impannelled and sworn at this present general quarter-sessions of the peace, held at the town-court house near Westminster-hall, on Wednesday the 16th day of October, before Thomas

Lediard Esq. chairman, &c. and also to hear and determine divers felonies, trespasses, and other misdeeds done and committed within the said liberty: Being sensible that every insult upon the religion is a violation of the laws of our country; and that though the liberty of the press is the distinguished character of British freedom, yet it becomes a nuisance when it is employed in propagating licentiousness of principles: Having within our own breasts the clearest conviction, that the credibility of all evidence in our courts of justice depends upon the belief of the truths of Christianity and a future state; and that every attempt (whether made by writing, or by debating in publick assemblies, which are equally impious as they are illegal) to unsettle that belief in the minds of the people, tends to subvert every principle of regulated government and of civil society: Alarmed likewise, as we are, by the prevailing degeneracy of morals, which is encouraged, nay defended from the press; and convinced that the more celebrated the name of an author is, the more extensive is the mischief which his writings may effect, when employed to the purposes of irreligion: we are desirous to give this testimony of our abhorrence of an insult upon the majesty of God, in a country where the majesty of the King is held so deservedly sacred. We are sensible that liberty is never so much endangered as when it is abused; and that whatever private opinions any man may entertain, such opinions ought not to be carried

carried into an open contempt and avowed infringement of the established religion, that is, the established laws of his country.

“ Moved by these and many other considerations, while we censure the indecency, we assert the dignity, of the press ; and by curbing its licentiousness, we vindicate its liberty. Nor can we discharge our consciences of the high trust reposed in us, without presenting to the censure of this court, for the sake of prevention as well as example, and we hereby do humbly present, a book published in this city and liberty, entitled, *The Philosophical Works of the late Right Honourable Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke*, in five volumes ; tending, by the general scope of several pieces therein contained, as well as many particular expressions which have been laid before us, to the subversion of religion, government, and morality, and being against his Majesty's peace. And we do farther present David Mallet Esq. as the editor, and Dr. Morris of Stable-yard, Rider-street, Westminster, as publisher of the said book.”

The proceedings against our two Scottish authors were carried on in the church judicatories. The General Assembly having convened at Edinburgh on the 22d of May, 1755, under the presidency of Lord Cathcart as his Majesty's commissioner, and of the Rev. Mr. George Reid, minister of St. Quivox, as moderator, a pamphlet, the author of which is unknown, appeared on the

following day, and was circulated with much industry. It was intitled, *An Analysis of the Moral and Religious Sentiments contained in the Writings of SOPHO and DAVID HUME Esq. addressed to the Consideration of the Reverend and Honourable Members of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.* Sopho was the fictitious name, under which Lord Kames had published his obnoxious essays.

On the 28th of May the proper committee transmitted the following motion, or, as it is styled in the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland, overture, which was, on the same day, unanimously passed into an act.—“ The General Assembly of the
“ church of Scotland being filled with the deepest
“ concern on account of the prevalence of infidelity and immorality, the principles whereof have
“ been, to the disgrace of our age and nation, so
“ openly avowed in several books published of late
“ in this country, and which are but too well
“ known amongst us ; do therefore judge it proper and necessary for them, at this time, to express the utmost abhorrence of those impious
“ and infidel principles, which are subversive of
“ all religion, natural and revealed, and have
“ such pernicious influence on life and morals ;
“ and they do earnestly recommend it to all the
“ ministers of this church, to exercise the vigilance,
“ and to exert the zeal, which becomes their character, to preserve those under their charge from
“ the contagion of these abominable tenets, and to
“ stir

“ stir up in them a solicitous concern to guard
“ against them, and against the influence of those
“ who are infected with them,”

The usual shortness of the session prevented the Assembly from taking any farther notice of the matter, which was accordingly postponed to their next meeting. An affair of superior magnitude had engrossed the deliberations of that venerable body ; for at this time the Scottish church was thrown into a general ferment by an attempt to introduce the reformed music. In accomplishing this, the most indecent scenes were exhibited. It was not uncommon for a congregation to divide themselves into two parties, one of which, in chaunting the psalms, followed the old, and the other the new mode of musical execution ; while the infidel, who was not in the habit of frequenting the temple, now resorted to it, not for the laudable purpose of repentance and edification, but from the ungodly motive of being a spectator of the contest.

Among the Scotch presbyterians it was an ancient practice to join in psalmody, while they were busy at their occupations. This devotional substitution of sacred for profane singing was reckoned productive of many beneficial effects. The minds of the sincere were prevented from straying to unhallowed subjects ; their irregular inclinations were repressed ; their piety was confirmed ; and, by the
daily

daily exercise of their musical talents, they were enabled to sing on Sundays with greater energy and expression.

During the present dispute, it was customary for the partizans of the different kinds of music to convene a-part, in numerous bodies, for the purpose of practising, and to muster their whole strength on the sabbath. The moment the psalm was read from the pulpit, each side, in general chorus, commenced their operations; and as the pastor and clerk, or precentor, often differed in their sentiments, the church was immediately in an uproar. Blows and bruises were interchanged by the impassioned songsters, and, in many parts of the country, the most serious disturbances took place. In Edinburgh the magistracy declared in favour of the modern improvement, and appointed a committee of ministers, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Hugh Blair, to concert the proper means for introducing it. As the author of this work is not a gifted son of Apollo, he is unable to decide on the merits of so momentous a question; and feeling no inclination to be inquisitive as to the issue of the controversy, he is uncertain which of the parties obtained the ascendancy, but inclines to believe that the ancients were discomfited and silenced.

Four days after the Assembly separated, a pamphlet was published at Edinburgh, intitled, *Observations upon the Analysis, &c.* It was intended as
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a refutation of the reviewer's objections, and although anonymous, was generally ascribed to the pen of Lord Kames. In this state the affair remained until the next meeting of the Assembly, which took place in May 1756, and previous to which Mr. George Anderson, the literary champion of the fanatics, published a pamphlet, under the title of *Infidelity a proper Object of Censure*. It is replete with religious dogmatism, and constantly appealing to the bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.

Upon the 27th of May, a discussion took place on the subject in the Committee of Overtures. After a few general observations upon the importance of a strict and regular discipline to the purity of the Christian church, it was moved, that the Assembly should be desired to take notice of some of the infidel writings published of late in this nation, and of their authors; and in case it should be found difficult or improper to make this notice too general, it was proposed to confine the inquiry at present to one, viz. David Hume Esq. because he had publicly avowed his writings, at least, some of the most offensive of them, by prefixing his name. This motion was seconded, and some paragraphs of the Confession of Faith and Form of Process were read, asserting the propriety, and appointing the exercise of discipline in such cases. A long and warm debate ensued, for an account of which we are indebted chiefly to the Scots Magazine,

zine, a reputable miscellany, and of good authority *.

The party, who introduced the question, gave in a written overture of the following purport—
 “The General Assembly judging it their duty to do all in their power to check the growth and progress of infidelity; and considering that as infidel writings have begun of late years to be published in this nation, against which they have hitherto only testified in general, so there is one person styling himself David Hume Esq. who hath arrived at such a degree of boldness as publicly to avow himself the author of books containing the most rude and open attacks upon the glorious gospel of Christ, and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion, and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism: therefore the Assembly appoint the following persons * * *

* * * * *
 as a committee to inquire into the writings of this author, to call him before them, and prepare the matter for the next General Assembly.”

To this motion a strenuous opposition was made, and various objections were raised, all of which may be comprised in the following articles:

1. It was asserted by the opposers of the motion, that many members had not read the writings in

* Vol. xviii. p. 287. et seq. 1756.

question,

question, and, consequently, could not be deemed competent judges of them. To this it was answered, that the objection was the weakest which could be devised in the present case ; as no sentence was immediately craved, but merely an inquiry proposed. For such a purpose a general *fama* of the pernicious tendency of the writings, and the information of those members who had perused them, were, by the laws of the church, abundantly sufficient.

2. It was repeatedly maintained, that the inquiry could serve no good purpose, and that it was not to be supposed, that prosecution or censure would convince Mr. Hume, or make him change his opinions, in which he seemed to be so firmly rivetted.—The supporters of the overture insisted, on the contrary, that it was a presumptuous limitation of Almighty power to affirm, that any man was incapable of being reclaimed ; and that discipline, even carried the length of excommunication, being one mean appointed in scripture for this purpose, ought to be tried. Besides, reclaiming offenders, they observed, was far from being the only, and, perhaps, was not even the chief end of the infliction of discipline ; which was, doubtless, principally intended to preserve others from infection, and deter them from offending.

3. It was said by some, that it would be a tedious and difficult inquiry, and would lead to the discussion of many philosophical opinions. They reminded

reminded the committee of the many long and fierce debates, which had formerly agitated the Christian church, about fate, free-will, and the like; so that the affair, if entered upon, might last for many years, and become, in a manner, the sole business of the Assembly. In answer to this it was denied, that there could be any difficulty or intricacy in ascertaining the pernicious tendency of principles levelled against the very foundations of morality.

4. It was alleged, that the writings of Mr. Hume contained opinions, which every man of common sense detested, and which were so gross, and so evidently false, that they could not possibly occasion any harm. It would, therefore, be doing them too much honour to take such public notice of them.—The friends of the motion endeavoured to shew, that this objection was diametrically opposite to the former. They observed, that the grossness and wickedness of his assertions made it so much the greater scandal to permit such a person to wear the christian name; and that, as human nature is exceedingly corrupt, forbearance, in the present instance, might tempt many to think lightly of the christian character, when they saw it prostituted, and left open to the possession of those who were so unworthy to bear it.

5. It was maintained, that however wrong his opinions were, his writings were mostly of an abstract and metaphysical kind, unintelligible to the multitude;

multitude; and, therefore, as little danger could arise from them, liberty of judgment ought to be allowed. In fine, they were not proper objects of censure, which ought rather to be applied to practical errors, and cases more immediately criminal. To this it was answered, that whatever metaphysical turn Mr. Hume might have shewn in some of his writings, the passages complained of were of the plainest, as well as of the grossest kind. Liberty of judgment in doubtful matters was very necessary in the present state of human nature; but it was strange, that any one could not see the absurdity of supposing, that a good thing cannot be spoiled by excess, or by being wrong applied. A man, it seems, might say the most immoral things, and even defend immorality; yet if it be only called an opinion, it must not be considered as a crime. But why are visible crimes an object of censure or church discipline? Is it not, because they are a proper evidence of a wicked heart? And is not an open profession of wickedness of heart also an evidence of it? Is an act of whoredom or of theft censurable in a professed christian?—And is it not censurable to deride chastity, reject its obligation, and affirm that all justice is founded on power and conveniency? These are not metaphysical or intricate opinions, but errors having the most certain and immediate influence upon practice. Formerly it was thought sufficient to say, that forbearance was to be used in petty matters; but that to overthrow the great doctrines of morality, by which society subsists, demanded punishment

nishment even by the civil power. Now, however, they had lived to see the grossest immorality taught, published, and defended, as freedom of inquiry. It was added, that if people would reflect upon the nature of church discipline, nothing could be more ridiculous than to consider it as any restraint upon liberty. The object of it was not to punish men in their bodies, nor even to hinder them from publishing their opinions; but only to prevent them from injuriously possessing that to which they have no right, viz. the christian name.

6. The opponents of the motion likewise objected, that it would highly gratify Mr. Hume himself, and promote the sale of the book. They related several anecdotes to shew, how booksellers had artfully solicited the authoritative condemnation of books, in order to get them off their hands. It was represented by some as very dangerous to spread such writings in this manner, and bring them into the hands of common or country people, who would not otherwise have looked into them; and the consequences of this were pointed out very strongly. To these arguments it was answered, that it would not perhaps afford much pleasure to the gentleman, if the inquiry should terminate with his excommunication publicly intimated, while his gross assertions were stated to be the cause of it: neither was this likely to give farther circulation to his writings among any but those who were in the least danger of infection,

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Some of the members insisted, that Mr. Hume could, in no respect, be deemed a christian; that he had openly and publicly thrown off the profession of it, and was therefore one of those who, in the language of scripture, *are without*, and consequently not proper objects of christian discipline.

Many of the supporters of the overture observed in general, that several of the arguments urged against their proposal, contradicted one another. Whilst some, they said, pretended to foretel, that it would lead the Assembly into so long and intricate a debate as would be almost endless; others affirmed, that the writings were so gross and evidently false, that they could do little or no harm. It had also been maintained, they remarked, that writings, thus represented as so abstracted and metaphysical, could have little connection with morals; while some alleged, that we ought to beware of exciting curiosity, and spreading a very dangerous poison:—all of which assertions could not be true, as they were mutually destructive of each other.

Among other arguments the friends of the overture strenuously urged, that as they could produce not only the Confession of Faith, and Form of Process, but express passages of scripture, requiring, under strong and awful sanctions, the exercise of discipline against the maintainers of false and pernicious opinions, nothing could be more weak

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than to bring forward human conjectures against the expediency of it. They observed, that the meaning and application of these passages had not been disputed by any who had spoken on the point; and they asked how the Assembly, as an ecclesiastical court, could excuse themselves for a direct refusal to comply with an express command of Christ?

In reply to these observations;

1. It was said by one, with whom indeed none of the committee seemed inclined to concur, that the exercise of discipline in a strict and vigorous manner might be a duty, when the church was pure and offenders few; but would any man say, that, when the church was greatly corrupted, and offenders very numerous, all, who deserved censure by the rules of the gospel, ought to have that censure inflicted upon them? If this were the case, it would reduce the church to a very small number. In animadverting upon these observations, some of the friends of the motion affirmed, that they had followed, and would follow, no other rules of censure but those contained in the gospel; and that however great a reduction this might cause in the number of the church, no greater number had any title to be in it.

2. It was said, that discipline was not of the nature of duties, which were always binding independently of their consequences; but was a
duty

duty or not according to its apparent expediency.— In opposition to this, it was denied that any such licence was given in scripture; and it was maintained, that, on the contrary, the universal and impartial application of it was its chief excellence, and did most contribute to render it successful.

3. It was urged, as in the last objection to the overture, that Mr. Hume was really no christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and, therefore, was to be considered as one who is *without*, and not a subject of christian discipline. This was the objection chiefly insisted upon; and with a discussion of it, by mutual interrogations, the debate was closed. The friends of the overture allowed, that one who was not in any sense a member of the visible church was no subject of discipline. But they observed, that whatever gross crimes Mr. Hume had committed, he had neither been formally excluded by a sentence, nor had excluded himself by any formal declaration; that he had not renounced his baptism; that he frequently, in his writings, ranked himself among professing christians, saying *our holy religion*, &c. words which, however plainly they were in the way of contempt and derision, shewed more forcibly the necessity of a visible separation. Professing christians held voluntary and unnecessary communication with him; and even ministers were seen freely conversing with him, which it was presumed they would not do, if he were formally excluded.

The opponents of the inquiry rejoined, that, though Mr. Hume had not said in express words, that he was no christian, he had said it as publicly and strongly by other forms of expression; that he was generally considered in this light; and that christians were supposed to frequent his company in order to his reformation. Against this it was argued by the other party, that they would be satisfied, if the court would fix it as their judgment that he was no christian, and therefore no subject of discipline, and give publicity to this determination. They were then asked, whether they could in reason demand, that such a sentence should be passed, when the person had not been before them, nor any regular inquiry into his crime?—To this they answered, that they did not demand it, and, therefore, had proposed an inquiry, but had made their former remarks in consequence of the reasoning of their adversaries; and they retorted the question, how these could so often use in their reasoning, nay apparently form their own opinion upon, and influence that of others by an argument, which they refused to assign publicly as the ground of their sentence?

Here a member observed, that he had not given it as his own opinion, as perhaps he had not yet formed any upon the subject; but that the overture itself represented Mr. Hume as no christian, and, therefore, ought not to be transmitted, because it proceeded upon a supposition, which rendered its own demand unnecessary; for the person

guilty of such things, as were laid by it to the charge of Mr. Hume, was certainly no christian.—It was replied, that the overture in no other way represented him not to be a christian, than by saying he deserved to be excluded from that character. It complained, that he retained the christian name, when he had forfeited all right to it; whereas, according to the reasoning of the opposite party, no person ever could be censured or excluded by a sentence, for, as soon as he was guilty of any thing deserving it, he is styled no christian, and consequently must be left to himself.

The debate was carried on with an earnestness and decency honourable to both parties, without any violent altercation or personal reflection. A motion was made, that the committee should come to a resolution to the following effect: “That though all the members have a just abhorrence of any principles tending to infidelity, or to the prejudice of our holy religion; yet, on account of certain circumstances in this case, they drop the overture, because it would not, in their judgment, serve the purpose of edification.”—The question being put on the original motion, *Transmit the overture to the Assembly, or not*,—it passed in the negative by a great majority *. The resolution was then agreed to without opposition.

From the tenor of the arguments employed in this discussion, it is obvious that the inquiry was

* Transmit, 17; not transmit, 50.

got rid of by the influence of friends, rather than by dint of reasoning. With whatever indifference Mr. Hume, as a philosopher, might regard the anathemas of the church; yet, as a man of the world, and holding the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, he must have been sensible of the propriety of quashing any farther inquiry. Kames, it is true, had not been the ostensible object of the motion; but he was still more seriously implicated in the issue. A similar prosecution impended over him; and as his language was bolder, and, in fact, confessedly hostile to the apostolic creed, he was in the most alarming predicament. If an investigation had been permitted, it was impossible to anticipate the consequences. Even an open debate in the Assembly, by giving publicity to the affair, might have exposed him to the obloquy of the zealots, and the malevolence of his enemies. But if the result proved unfavourable to him, his feelings as a gentleman, independently of the interposition of the law, must have suggested the immediate necessity of resigning his gown. As a father, and the head of a family, he could not view church censure with apathy; and it was difficult to say, where the rancour of his adversaries might stop. When armed with a sentence of excommunication, they had it in their power to institute a criminal process against him in the ordinary courts of justice. Similar measures of severity had not unfrequently been resorted to in England, where Woolston had not only been exalted to the pillory, but bore on his person
manifest

manifest evidence of the humane and tolerant spirit of a national clergy.

Mr. Hume and Lord Kames were not the only persons interested in this transaction. Several ministers, members of the Assembly, and the intimate and daily acquaintances of these literary characters, felt the prudence of imposing the veil of oblivion on the matter, and strenuously exerted themselves for that purpose. The resolution of the committee liberated our author from his uneasiness; but the puritanical party were not yet silenced, and a new plan of operation was devised.

In July or August 1756, about two months after the discussion in the committee, the redoubted Mr. George Anderson, who was formerly mentioned as the author of a pamphlet against Lord Kames's *Essays*, presented a petition and complaint to the presbytery of Edinburgh, not against Mr. Hume, nor against Kames, but against the book-sellers and printer of his Lordship's tract. In this application it was stated, that Mr. Robert Fleming had printed, for Messrs. Alexander Kincaid and Alexander Donaldson, a book intitled *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*, wherein, among other things, the author maintained, that God deceives mankind with a fallacious sense of liberty; and that, because man is not really but delusively a free agent, he cannot sin against him. "Though these tenets," observed the

Petitioner, “are inconsistent with the principles of natural religion, morality, and the christian revelation, nevertheless the said Alexander Kincaid and Alexander Donaldson did and do continue to publish and vend the said book, to the great scandal and offence of all who believe, that God is holy, and that the gospel is his word of truth. The Petitioner, therefore, in his own name, and in the name of all who adhered, or shall adhere, prays, that the said printer and booksellers may be summoned to the next meeting of the Presbytery, and there and then to declare and give up the author of the said book; and that he and they may be censured, according to the law of the gospel, and the practice of this and all other well governed churches.”

A list of passages from the Essays was annexed, in support of these assertions.

The petition being served on the defendants by an order of the Presbytery, answers, signed by two eminent advocates (Mr. James Ferguson, afterwards a lord of session, and Mr., now Sir, John Dalrymple) were given in to these charges: this paper was probably the production of Kames. As the controversy is curious, and forms an interesting episode in the life of Mr. Hume, we have ventured to make a more liberal quotation from the answers, than special pleadings commonly deserve, which are seldom remarkable either for the closeness of their reasoning, or the elegance of their style.

“ When

“When books,” said the respondents, “are published with an intention to attack either natural or revealed religion, they justly give disquiet to all well-disposed persons. But it must be obvious to every one who looks into this book, that the sole intent and purview of it was to improve the sentiments of natural religion and morality, and to enforce them by such motives and arguments as appeared to the author to carry the strongest conviction. It is well known that this was the author’s design in the publication; and that he had it particularly in view to refute certain sceptical opinions, which appeared to him prejudicial to the cause of natural religion and virtue. When such is the professed and only intent of a book, it deserves a fair construction. The minds of men are so formed, that in all philosophical disquisitions, especially those of the nicest kind, it will often happen, that those who have the same common end in view, will differ upon the reasonings and deductions that lead to it. To some one argument will appear more strong and forcible, to others another: and it will also sometimes happen, that a chain of reasoning, which appears to one very strong for demonstrating the soundest principles, may appear to another to have an erroneous tendency in other respects, which is not perceived by the author, otherwise he would most heartily disclaim it.

“It must be very apparent to the reverend Presbytery, that nothing can be more unfair than
to

to impute to an author, who is investigating truth by such deductions as appear to him most probable, consequences arising from his arguments which he himself entirely disclaims. If this be allowed, the liberty of reasoning, and all the valuable consequences resulting from it, are at an end. And this is truly the only pretence or handle for the present complaint. The complainer imagines, that he has discovered certain passages in the book, that represent the Creator in a disrespectful view, or deny the possibility of sin in man. Nothing can be more manifest than that the general tendency of the book is directly opposite to these inferences. It is obvious, that the anxious aim of the author, throughout the whole, is to demonstrate the existence and ever-adorable perfections of the deity, and to inculcate the love of virtue, and regard to the authority of conscience, the law written on our hearts, whereby all sinful and corrupt affections may be destroyed.

[In proof that such is the author's aim, several passages of the book are quoted.]

“The respondents will not trouble the reverend Presbytery with entering into a detail of the several passages referred to in the paper subjoined to the complaint. There are few books written upon subjects of this kind; but it is very possible, by culling out broken sentences from the midst of paragraphs, and drawing remote inferences from them, to make the author appear to maintain

opinions that never entered into his thought. Such are the arts which have been used in this case; and the respondents do not know, whether even the complainer's own writings would be able to stand an inquisition of this kind. Whatever good intention he may have had in publishing his thoughts on these matters to the world, yet it is not easy to guard every expression with so much caution, that inferences may not be drawn, which may be liable to objection. If this should happen to be the case, the complainer would think it hard usage, if either he himself, or his printers or book-sellers, were brought to the bar of an ecclesiastical court as criminals upon a charge founded on no better ground than critical wire-drawn inferences from detached sentences in his writings. It is evident, that this is not the fair way of treating our author, to fix upon him, by remote inferences, opinions contrary to his declared sentiments in other parts of the book. The respondents believe, that many of the passages against which the complainer most loudly exclaims, are to be met with in the writings of the most orthodox divines, who are justly held in veneration by this and other reformed churches. This is what will be much better known to the reverend Presbytery, than to the respondents, who do not pretend to be much versant in the many learned books that have been written upon these subjects. But without entering into such disquisition, they are advised, that there is no colour for prosecuting an author, still less a printer
or

or bookseller, upon such pretences as are suggested in this case.

“ If it were not lawful for a bookseller to admit into his shop, or dispose of any book until he had examined it according to the strict rules of orthodoxy, and found that there was not a sentence in it that could not be supported by the concurring sentiments of some approved author, it is plain this would be equal to an injunction to every bookseller to shut up his shop. It is an inquiry he is neither in capacity, nor by any means bound to make.

“ It is involved in the constitution of every country, which is so happy as to be possessed of its liberty, that freedom of inquiry and reasoning is allowed, and subject to no punishment when it is carried on with decency. Were such complaints as this to take place, no man could safely print or sell a book upon any religious subject, as he would be liable to stand a trial on every unguarded word that could be possibly misconstrued to an erroneous meaning ; and every disquisition and inquiry into matters of this kind would be excluded until licensed by persons authorized for that purpose. And upon the same ground, all reasonings concerning the administration of affairs that relate to the interest of the country, would also be excluded, until authorized by the civil power. So an universal restraint would be laid upon the liberty of the press, in the only points where it is of importance

ance to be free; than which there cannot be a surer badge of approaching slavery in any country. Such restraints have not been known in this island since the time of the revolution. The spirit of liberty which then shone forth, and still continues, absolutely excludes it. Books are published every day relating to public affairs without censure or punishment, even where decency is not strictly observed. And in matters of speculation it is still more necessary, that the freedom of inquiry should be allowed, as it is the only means for investigating truth and correcting errors. It is the means by which this island and many other nations were happily rescued from the tyranny that formerly predominated, and whereby even the minds of men were enslaved; and, therefore, in all protestant countries, this liberty has been considered as the most valuable preservative and security against such slavery for the future. There is no reason to apprehend, that it will give rise to error; for when liberty of reasoning is allowed on all sides, it is not to be doubted, that truth, by its own intrinsic energy and force, will still prevail.

“It was upon these principles, that when a motion was made in the committee of overtures named by the General Assembly of this church in May last, to make an inquiry into some other writings, which were thought to be exceptionable, it was rejected by a great majority; and the most zealous members declared their opinion, that there

was

was no place for any such inquiry as to the book in question. It cannot make any difference, that the complainer has now thought fit to subscribe and give in a complaint to the Presbytery. It is not in the power of a private party in any well-governed country, to force a prosecution on pretence of a public offence, in any case where it appears to be inexpedient and improper. In the ordinary criminal courts, this is sufficiently guarded against by the privilege of the lawyers intrusted by the crown, or the procurators-fiscal of the court, whose concurrence is requisite in all those processes, and who daily reject them when they are attempted without sufficient cause. In ecclesiastic courts there is no such office; but then the court itself is, in that respect, guardian of the quiet and tranquillity of the lieges, and intitled to prevent its being disturbed, either by the violence, malice, or other sinister view or misapprehension of any private complainer, when they see, from the circumstances of the case, that it cannot answer any good purpose, but quite the contrary. It is not doubted but the reverend Presbytery will be of the same opinion with the committee of the venerable Assembly upon this point, and will dismiss this groundless and unprecedented complaint."

In the month of October, Mr. Anderson published his *Remonstrance against Lord Viscount Bolingbroke's philosophical Religion, addressed to David Mallet Esq. the Publisher*; and in the same month he

he printed and published *The Complaint made to the Presbytery of Edinburgh verified*. On the 19th December following, this sincere, but weak and fiery clergyman expired at Edinburgh in the 80th year of his age; and ten days afterwards the next meeting of the Presbytery was held, when the counsel for the defendants, waving any defence which might be pleaded from the want of a prosecutor, consented of their own accord, that the Presbytery should give judgment upon the merits of the case. Previous to this meeting a pamphlet had been published, which was professedly an apology for the author of the *Essays*. It was intitled, *Objections against the Essays on Morality and Natural Religion examined*; and was known to be the second production of Kames's pen on this subject.

The Presbytery resumed the consideration of the question upon the 26th of January, 1757, when Mr. Dalrymple, one of the counsel for the defendants, produced in court his Lordship's pamphlet. Copies of it had been sent to the members immediately on its publication; and Mr. Dalrymple desired the court to consider it as a further defence, being authorized to assure them that it was written by the author of the *Essays*.

The members entertaining a diversity of opinions on the subject, a short debate occurred. Some held the answers to the charge to be sufficiently satisfactory, and warranting the Presbytery to dismiss the process. They, therefore, proposed the following

following resolution or sentence;—"That though
 " there are some very unguarded expressions in the
 " book, and some passages which cannot be jus-
 " tified, and may have a bad tendency, which
 " may have given offence to many sincere good
 " people, and have been the foundation of this
 " process; yet as it appears, that the author, in
 " several parts of the book, has declared his re-
 " gard to the principles of religion, and that in
 " the foresaid pamphlet, which they were assured
 " was wrote by the author, he has disavowed and
 " disclaimed all those bad consequences which
 " were apprehended arose from the reasonings in
 " the book; that, upon all these considerations,
 " and to prevent their entering further, into so
 " abstruse and metaphysical a dispute, they judge,
 " upon the whole, that it is more for the purposes
 " of edification to dismiss this process."

It was maintained by those who objected to this resolution, that the answers were not satisfactory as to several parts of the charge. In particular, although the author says, that virtue has foundations independent of delusive feelings, he seemed to them to rest virtue, in so far as it implies, or stands connected with moral obligation, accountableness, merit, reward, &c. wholly upon these feelings*. They proposed, therefore, "that a committee should be appointed to compare the book with the charge, and also with the pamphlet, and bring in an

* See Essays, pp. 199. 205, 206, &c. first edit.

overture upon the whole to the next meeting of Presbytery."

It was then moved, *Approve of the above overture for dismissing the process, or appoint a committee,* when it was carried *approve*. The Presbytery accordingly dismissed the process; and thus our two authors escaped from the disagreeable and perhaps dangerous consequences of a clerical inquisition. The performance and publication of the tragedy of Douglas began to engross the ecclesiastical judicatures, and gave rise to proceedings on their part, which have imposed an eternal stigma on the Scottish church.

During these transactions Mr. Hume was employed in compiling the second volume of his History, which was published at London by Millar in November 1756 *. It contained the history of the commonwealth, and of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. As the two volumes comprised the whole extent of the author's professed plan, they made by themselves a complete work; a circumstance highly favourable to the sale of every literary performance. A narrative, published in parts at distant periods, generally experiences a dull circulation, and is always reckoned a hazardous adventure. Mr. Hume's book began to rise slowly into request; and to promote this, besides its own intrinsic qualities, the late discussions in the

* Price 14s. boards.

ecclesiastical courts contributed not a little. Such was to our author the fortunate consequence arising from the persecution, to which he had been exposed.

In January 1756, the Rev. Mr. Daniel M'Queen, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, published there, but without his name, *Letters on Mr. Hume's History of Great Britain*. They are principally levelled against two passages, in which our historian contrasts the catholic with the protestant religion. These offensive passages Hume afterwards expunged; but he retained the political paragraphs, attacked by the Doctor. The Letters are sufficiently learned, and shew great extent of reading, but favour too much of the whining piety of a cleric, and, with respect to manner and style, are intolerably prolix and diffuse.

While Mr. Hume was employed in his laborious historical undertaking, his countryman Smollet had conceived a similar design, and been engaged by an association of London booksellers to accomplish it. So eminent a veteran in the ingenious science of book-making, seconded by the ponderous influence of a number of men already masters of the avenues of literature, threatened with defeat every other candidate, who could not repose on the like support. In the short period of fourteen months this indefatigable writer compiled three quarto volumes of his *Complete History of England*, which

which were published in April 1757. A fourth volume appeared in December that year, and brought down the narrative to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The work was then published in octavo, and circulated in numbers: a second and a third edition were soon exhausted, and had a very disagreeable effect on the sale of Mr. Hume's performance.

From the more serious pursuits of Hume, we may descend to his festive habits. We have to regret our unsuccessful inquiries as to the commencement of a literary society, which bore the illustrious title of the *Poker Club*, and which was instituted by the present Dr. Adam Ferguson; but its formation was previous to that of the Select Society to be afterwards noticed. It met on Tuesdays and Fridays during four or five years, at a house, called the Diverforium, in the vicinity of the Netherbow of Edinburgh; and although it is here dignified with the character of a literary society, the reader will not, we hope, conceive an unfavourable opinion of it, when he learns, that the sole object of the members was convivality. Claret was then sold at eighteen pence *per* bottle; and the club might have enjoyed a longer existence, if it had not been irrecoverably ruined by a rise in the price of its favourite beverage. Economy was its first and great law; and we cannot suspect its sobriety, since, besides Hume and several learned laymen, Robertson, John Home,

Carlyle, and many other clergymen, were among its members.

The Poker Club was succeeded, in 1756, by the Select Society, which attained great celebrity; but to avoid confusion in the history of this erudite assemblage, and similar contemporary establishments, it will be necessary to give a chronological narrative of their origin and progress.

The first literary association in Edinburgh was the *Rankenian Club*, instituted in 1717, and so denominated from the master of the tavern where it held its meetings. This club was composed of some young gentlemen of very promising talents, and numbered among its members the celebrated Colin Maclaurin, afterwards professor of mathematics at Edinburgh; Dr. Wishart, principal of the university; Dr. Young, author of a Treatise on Opium; Sir Andrew Mitchel, our ambassador at Berlin; Lord Kames, and many other eminent names. The circle of their inquiry was very extensive, for it comprised every department of literature.

It is still held disputable, whether these institutions be conducive to the progress of knowledge; but there can scarcely exist a difference of opinion as to the eligibility of convening a literary club in a tavern. Yet this society is reputed to have not only infused a liberality of sentiment into the minds of the individuals composing it, but to have essentially

tially contributed to disseminate through their native country a boldness and accuracy of reasoning, and a correctness of taste in composition, without which science cannot be beneficially cultivated. The following anecdote respecting this club is worthy of being preserved.

In 1710, the famous Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, published his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, and three years afterwards his *Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*. Treatises whose object was to disprove the existence of matter, and establish or rather revive the hypothesis that the entity of material objects is solely in the mind, could not fail to attract general notice, and provoke animadversion. The *Rankenian Club* entered with ardour into the controversy; and not content with canvassing the Berkeleian tenets in the meetings of the society, actually engaged in an epistolary correspondence on the subject with that worthy prelate. The Doctor, with the paternal solicitude becoming a clergyman, and the politeness of a man of letters, regularly transmitted his answers to the objections advanced by the club; and endeavoured to refute or evade the inconsistent or irrational consequences resulting from his doctrines.

In the course of this friendly discussion, the bishop imbibed so favourable an idea of the acuteness and erudition of the society, that he latterly offered to the members professorships in his projected college in the Bermuda islands; but these gen-

tlemen, thinking his project visionary, and having more inviting prospects in life, declined to accept his proposal. Nevertheless he ever afterwards spoke in terms of the highest approbation of their ingenuity and abilities.

Few men have rendered themselves more ridiculous than Berkeley by the vagaries of a lively imagination, and a credulous mind. Besides the eccentric dogmas of his philosophy, a knowledge of which is confined to the closets of the learned, he long amused the world with his celebrated tar-water; and so prone are mankind to become the dupes of bold pretenders in medicine, that the belief in the efficacy of this quack nostrum is not yet entirely eradicated. His object in the erection of a college at the Bermudas was to convert the American savages to the Christian religion; and so unwearied were his labours to promote this scheme, that, in 1724, he obtained a grant of 10,000*l.* from parliament, and sailed in person for America, where he resided nearly two years. But the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, being more intent on gaining political proselytes than propagating christianity, and on organizing state-corruption than the downfall of heathenism, diverted the money to other purposes; and the sum never being made good, the Doctor, after much expence, was constrained to abandon his project.

The second literary association in Edinburgh was instituted in 1731, for the purpose of advancing
medical

medical knowledge by the publication of remarkable cases, or theoretic essays, in the various branches of medicine and surgery. The elder Munro, then professor of anatomy, and founder of the medical school in the university of Edinburgh, not only promoted the object of the institution by his learned lucubrations, but condescended to officiate as secretary; and under his superintendence, its transactions, bearing the title of *Medical Essays and Observations*, &c. were successively published in five octavo volumes. This work has been characterised by Haller as one of the most useful books in the sciences of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. It was well received by the profession, has run through various editions, and been translated into several foreign languages.

Soon after the publication of these volumes, and about the year 1739, Maclaurin, who then filled the mathematical chair, proposed to extend the plan of the society, so as to embrace philosophical and literary subjects. To this the members assented, and with a considerable increase of their numbers, they assumed the name of *The Society for improving Arts and Sciences*, or more generally *The Philosophical Society of Edinburgh*. James, Earl of Morton, who was afterwards president of the Royal Society of London, was the first president of this newly-modelled institution: Sir John Clerk, one of the barons of exchequer, and Dr. John Clerk, an eminent physician, were its vice-presidents; and Mr. Maclaurin and Dr. Plummer its secreta-

ries. The society, soon after its establishment, could boast of possessing all the eminent literati of Scotland; but, imitating the absurd practice of the learned bodies in other countries, it received into the number of its members, baronets and peers whose sole claims to admission consisted in their high birth and titles.

The subsequent disturbances in Scotland during the years 1745-6 interrupted its labours, which experienced another essential injury by the death of the industrious Maclaurin; and it was not until the year 1752, that the members recommenced their meetings, when Dr. Munro junior, and our author, David Hume, (newly appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates,) were elected secretaries. They were, at the same time, directed to arrange, and superintend the printing of such papers as had been declared worthy of public attention. Accordingly the first volume of these lucubrations was published in 1754, the second in 1756, and the third in 1771, under the title of *Essays and Observations, physical and literary*.

For several years afterwards the labours of the society languished, and seemed incapable of revival. At last principal Robertson proposed the establishment of a new association, under the name of *The Royal Society of Edinburgh*, on a more extended plan, and after the model of the foreign academies, which direct their inquiries to every branch of science. The scheme being approved of,

of, application was made, in 1783, for a charter of incorporation; and since that period several volumes of their Transactions have been published.

From these details it is obvious, that the institution of the Select Society was totally distinct from that train of literary associations which led to the establishment of the Royal Society. The former was intended not only for philosophical inquiry, but for the improvement of the members in public speaking; and the origin of it has been ascribed to Mr. Allan Ramsay, the painter, and son of the poet of that name. In May 1754, he and two or three of his friends invited about fifteen gentlemen to meet in the Advocates' Library, where they agreed to form themselves into a society; future admissions were to be by ballot, and the meetings held every Friday evening during the sittings of the court of session, both in summer and winter.

In the list of those who united with Mr. Ramsay in promoting this institution, we find the names of Robertson, Hume, Kames, John Home, Carlyle, Wedderburn, Andrew Stewart, and Sir Gilbert Elliot. In fine, it soon attracted so much of the public notice, that, in the following year, the number of members exceeded a hundred. In 1759, they amounted to one hundred and thirty, and included all the distinguished literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, with an appropriate complement of nobility and gentry, most of whom gave a punctual attendance, though a few only took

took a share in the debates. The society continued to flourish for six or seven years, but the ardour of the members began gradually to subside. It had the credit of contributing most essentially to the abolition of the practice of giving vails to servants.

During the first year of the Society's establishment, the task of maintaining the debates was chiefly undertaken by the elder Munro, Sir Alexander Dick, and two or three others, who were succeeded by a crowd of orators. Among the most eminent speakers were Mr. Wedderburn (better known under the title of Lord Loughborough), Mr. Andrew Pringle, (afterwards a lord of session), Lord Kames, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Dr. Robertson, Patrick Lord Elibank, and Mr. Walter Stewart, advocate. Charles Townshend spoke once; David Hume and Adam Smith very prudently never opened their lips.

Among the members were;

Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Hugh Blair.

John Dalrymple, advocate (now Sir John D. a baron of exchequer)—author of several well-known performances.

James Burnet, advocate, afterwards Lord Monboddo.

William Cullen, M. D. and professor.

William Johnston, advocate, afterwards Sir W. Pulteney, M. P.

John Swinton, advocate, afterwards a lord of session, under the title of Lord Swinton—author
of

of an Abridgment of the Laws of Scotland and some pamphlets on the general Equalization of Weights and Measures in Scotland.

John Home, author of Douglas.

Sir David Dalrymple, advocate, afterwards a lord of session, under the title of Lord Hailes:—a voluminous writer, and a learned antiquarian. Sir David was a man of wit; but it was remarked, that his speeches were always tinged with religion.

Adam Ferguson, afterwards Dr. A. F. and Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Francis Home, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica, and author of some professional treatises.

John and James Adam, the eminent architects.

Robert Whytt, M. D. whose treatises on Vital Motion and the Nerves still maintain their well-earned celebrity in the medical schools.

William Tytler, writer to the signet, author of the Vindication of Queen Mary.

Francis Garden, advocate, afterwards a lord of session, under the title of Lord Gardenstone:—he is known to the literary world as the author of two puny volumes of Travelling Memorandums, and some other bagatelles.

John Clerk Esq. of Eldin:—author of an excellent work on Naval Tactics.

Hugh Dalrymple, advocate:—author of Rondo.

Andrew Stewart, since M. P. for Weymouth:—author of Letters to Lord Mansfield, a History of the

the House of Stewart, and a Supplement to this History.

Rev. Dr. Robert Wallace, author of a Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind, and other tracts.

His son, George Wallace, advocate:—author of a folio Institute of the Law of Scotland.

Patrick, Lord Elibank:—he had served as a lieutenant-colonel in the Carthagera expedition. He was a celebrated wit, and spoke every night with uncommon fluency. His Lordship was a favourite member of the Poker Club. Two or three pamphlets have been ascribed to him.

Rev. Mr. William Wilkie, minister of Ratho:—author of the Epigoniad, and afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrew's. He was an able orator, remarkable for his singular absence of mind, great intelligence, and liveliness of fancy.

Lord Elibank, Lord Monboddo, and Mr. Wilkie, particularly distinguished themselves, as speakers, by the eccentricity of their arguments, and their inexhaustible flow of humour. The society held its meetings, which generally consisted of about 20 or 30 members, not in a tavern, as its predecessors had done, but in a room belonging to one of the Mason lodges of Edinburgh. Most of the clergymen of the metropolis were members, and attended with great punctuality.

After this detail of the commencement of the *Select Society*, a brief account of its subsequent operations

operations cannot be uninteresting, in so far as they are connected with the literary history of Scotland.

In 1761, it undertook the Herculean task of annihilating the Scottish tongue, and substituting the English language and pronunciation in its place. What gave rise to this chimerical project was the important incident of old Sheridan's arrival at Edinburgh, who had made the tour of Great Britain as an itinerant lecturer on elocution. This gentleman announced his appearance in the Scottish capital, and his plan of instruction in his usual style of arrogance, vanity, and self-conceit; indeed the lofty notion he entertained of the vast importance of the art which he professed to teach, and his own exclusive abilities for teaching it, appear in every page of his flimsy publications*.

* The luminous manner, in which Mr. Sheridan instructed his auditory, may be gathered from the Lectures he published, the following passage in which is a fair and striking instance of their perspicuity, and of the vaunted talents of this literary charlatan.

“The next progression of number,” says he, “is, when the same note is repeated, but in such a way that one makes a more sensible impression on the ear than the other, by being more forcibly struck, and therefore having a greater degree of loudness. As *tĩ-tùm—tĩ-tùm* or *tùm-tĩ—tùm-tĩ*. Or when two weak notes precede a more forcible one, as *tĩ-tĩ-tùm—tĩ-tĩ-tùm*; or when they follow one, as *tùm-tĩ-tĩ—tùm-tĩ-tĩ*. Sheridan's Lectures on the Art of Reading; second part, containing the Art of Reading Verse.

Mr.

Mr. Sheridan's Lectures continued for four weeks ; and such was the rage for speaking with an English accent, that more than three hundred gentlemen, among whom were the most eminent in the country for rank and learning, attended him. Availing himself of this kind reception, he gave notice, that he proposed to publish his Lectures on Elocution, with several tracts relative to that subject, in one volume quarto. Most of the gentlemen subscribed for copies ; and a similar project for improving the elocution of females was welcomed by them with a similar subscription. The long interval, which elapsed between Sheridan's receiving the subscription-money and the publication of his book, exposed him to a paper warfare in the public journals.

These Lectures were delivered in St. Paul's chapel ; and during their continuance the church was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, most of whom began to affect a nicety of pronunciation in their ordinary discourse. Even the grave academic gave way to the prevailing fashion of the day ; and Dr. Robertson was so much enamoured with it, that he *sported*, on all occasions, his progress in speaking English, and to the day of his death, persevered in the practice of enunciating his words with the most pointed correctness.

Such were the effects of this general frenzy, that, about a month after Sheridan's arrival,
public

public intimation was given in the Edinburgh newspapers, that the plan of a new establishment for carrying on, in Scotland, the study of the English tongue, in a regular and proper manner, was to be laid before the *Select Society*; and accordingly at their ensuing meeting the following resolutions were agreed to and published.

“ *Regulations of the Select Society for promoting the Reading and Speaking of the English Language in Scotland.*

“ As the intercourse between this part of Great Britain and the capital daily increases, both on account of business and amusement, and must still go on increasing, gentlemen, educated in Scotland, have long been sensible of the disadvantages under which they labour, from their imperfect knowledge of the *English tongue*, and the impropriety with which they speak it.

“ Experience hath convinced Scotsmen, that it is not impossible for persons born and educated in this country, to acquire such knowledge of the English tongue, as to write it with some tolerable purity. But with regard to the other point, that of speaking with propriety, as little has been hitherto attempted, it has generally been taken for granted, that there was no prospect of attempting any thing with a probability of success, though at the same time it is allowed to be an accomplishment
more

more important, and more universally useful than the other.

“ In other countries great and beneficial effects have flowed from the regular study of their own languages, and the art of public speaking, under diligent and well-instructed masters. And, in proportion as the dialect of any province is corrupt or barbarous, the necessity of studying purity in speech increaseth. Even persons well advanced in life may be taught, by skilful instructors, to avoid many gross improprieties in quantity, accent, the manner of founding the vowels, &c. which, at present, render the Scotch dialect so offensive. Among those in a more early period of life, greater effects may be expected from regular instruction. It is in their power not only to guard against the more gross faults in speech peculiar to Scotsmen, but to attain, in some degree, propriety and elegance in discourse. Such as are just entering upon their course of education, whose organs are yet pliable, and capable of being formed to new sounds and new habits, may acquire the power of speaking, not only with purity, but with grace and eloquence.

“ For these reasons the SELECT SOCIETY, at a very numerous meeting held in order to consider this matter, did unanimously declare it to be their opinion, that it would be of great advantage to this country, if a proper number of persons from England, duly qualified to instruct gentlemen in the

the knowledge of the English tongue, the manner of pronouncing it with purity, and the art of public speaking, were settled in Edinburgh; and if, at the same time, a proper number of masters from the same country, duly qualified for teaching children the reading of English, should open schools in Edinburgh for that purpose.

“ But being fully sensible that there could be no prospect of procuring persons with the qualifications requisite for these stations, without giving them proper security for their encouragement and subsistence, the society, in order to promote this laudable design by their example, did instantly begin a voluntary subscription, for raising the sum necessary towards carrying it into execution; and appointed some of their number to apply to the absent members, to other private gentlemen, and to most of the public bodies or societies in Scotland, that they might give it their countenance and assistance.

“ And as the direction of this scheme would greatly interrupt the proper business of the SELECT SOCIETY, and as it is equitable that all contributors should have access to oversee and direct the application of the sums to be levied, it is therefore resolved,

1. That the management and direction of this undertaking be vested in sixteen persons to be elected as Ordinary Directors in the manner after mentioned.

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2. That

2. That besides these, ten persons shall be elected Extraordinary Directors.

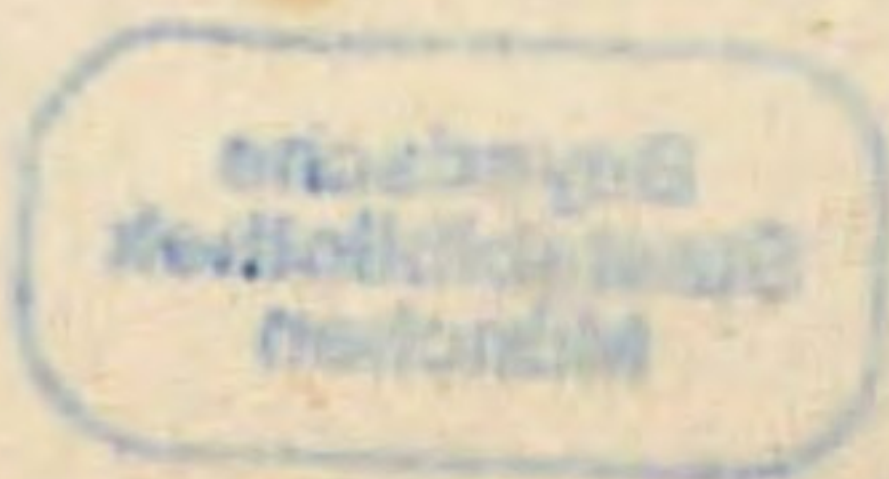
3. That the Ordinary Directors shall be empowered to elect their own treasurer, secretary, and other officers; to appoint the time and place of their meeting, and to receive and apply the money subscribed.

4. That the Ordinary Directors shall employ as many teachers and masters as the funds will permit, and appoint them such salaries as to them shall appear proper, and oblige them to teach according to such plans or regulations as they shall judge most expedient for promoting the purposes which the subscribers have in view.

5. That two of the Ordinary Directors shall, on the first Mondays of July and December, in each year, visit the schools taught by the masters whom they have appointed, examine the children under their care, and make a report in writing to the next meeting of the Ordinary Directors.

6. That, on the same days, two of the Ordinary Directors shall call before them the teachers whom they have appointed, take account of their method of instructing those under their care, and inquire concerning their diligence and success.

7. That there shall be held two general meetings of the SOCIETY in each year, one on the
second



second Wednesday of July, and the other on the second Wednesday of December; of which meetings, not only all the members of the SELECT SOCIETY, but every other person who shall subscribe one guinea yearly, for the space of three years, shall be members, and have a right to vote in all matters that come before them.

8. That the Ordinary Directors shall lay before each of these meetings a report of their transactions during the six months preceding.

9. That the Directors, both Ordinary and Extraordinary, shall be annually elected, on the second Wednesday of December by the foresaid general meeting of contributors; it being understood that a third part of the Directors shall be changed each year.

10. That on Tuesday the 4th of August, the SELECT SOCIETY shall elect Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, who shall continue in office till the second Wednesday of December 1762.

11. That the general body of contributors, together with the members of the Select Society, shall take the name of *The Society for promoting the Reading and Speaking of the English Language in Scotland.*

N. B. In order to satisfy contributors, that teachers and masters properly qualified may be got,

and shall be employed, it is proper to inform them, that Mr. SHERIDAN, whose ingenious and instructive lectures in this city first suggested the idea of establishing the society proposed, has not only engaged to find out teachers and masters, and to communicate to them his ideas concerning the proper method of performing their duty; but has also offered to visit this place, as often as the situation of his affairs will permit, and, during his residence here, to contribute his advice and assistance, towards carrying forward the operations of the society in the most extensive and successful manner.

List of ORDINARY and EXTRAORDINARY DIRECTORS named and appointed for the Purpose above-mentioned.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

Lord Auchinleck.

Lord Alemoor.

Sir Adam Ferguson, baronet.

Mr. Walter Stewart.

Mr. William Johnstone,

Mr. George Dempster,

Mr. Jas. Ferguson, TERTIUS,

Mr. Alexander Tait, clerk of session.

Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair.

Rev. Dr. John Jardine.

Rev. Dr. William Robertson.

} advocates.

Dr.

Dr. John Hope.
 Professor Adam Ferguson.
 Mr. John Fordyce, merchant.
 Mr. John Adam, architect.
 Mr. James Ruffel, surgeon.

EXTRAORDINARY DIRECTORS.

Earl of Errol.
 Earl of Eglinton.
 Earl of Galloway.
 Earl of Elgin.
 Lord Elibank.
 Lord Kames.
 Sir Alexander Dick.
 Mr. James Ferguson, advocate, dean of faculty.
 George Drummond Esq. commissioner of excise.
 Mr. Charles Hamilton-Gordon, advocate.

So formidable a list of great names presaged the immediate disappearance of the vernacular language of Scotland : but their sanguine expectations were soon blasted ; and credit will scarcely be given to the ignominious result of all this mighty bustle. A few weeks afterwards, the managers intimated in the newspapers, that they had engaged Mr. Leigh, a person well qualified to teach the pronunciation of the English tongue with propriety and grace ; and that they had fixed the prices and conditions of his attendance upon gentlemen :— And with this contemptible *annonce* the SELECT

SOCIETY, which comprised all the high rank and literature of Scotland, closed its labours for ever.

To this singular epidemic in the metropolis of Scotland may, in some measure, be ascribed the establishment of a Regius Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the university of Edinburgh. A few years previous to this period, Adam Smith had read lectures on the same subject in that city, which were interrupted by his appointment to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. In winter 1755-6, these lectures were revived with great approbation by Mr. Robert Watson, afterwards Professor of Logic and Principal of the university of St. Andrew's. Dr. Hugh Blair, now one of the ministers of Edinburgh, gave a course of lectures on composition in winter 1759-60, and with such general satisfaction, that the magistrates or city-corporation were afterwards induced to erect in the college a new professorship of rhetoric, and appoint the Doctor to fill the chair; but no salary was annexed to it. The favourite pursuit of the day was friendly to the Doctor's views, and a royal warrant was obtained on the 27th April 1762, erecting and endowing his office, under the name of "The Profession of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," and nominating him Regius Professor, with a salary of 70*l.* per annum. After this long digression respecting a transaction, in which Mr. Hume was prevented from directly parti-

participating by a journey he made to London, we will resume the account of the Life and Writings of our Historian.

Mr. Hume resigned his office of librarian on the 4th of January 1757. This step was owing, according to our information, to the piety of the late Lord Hailes, who was then a barrister, and who affected to take offence at our author's official conduct, alleging that he brought improper books into the library. Nettled at this charge, and still smarting under the calumny of zealots, Hume threw up his appointment in disgust, and was succeeded by his friend Mr. (now Dr.) Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to Lord John Murray's Highland regiment. Thus, in the number of librarians, the Faculty of Advocates can boast of having Ruddiman, Hume, and Ferguson, who held successively the office, and form a series which reproaches the indolence of their successors.

In February 1757, Mr. Hume published at London, a tract intitled, *Four Dissertations*: viz. 1. *The Natural History of Religion*.—2. *Of the Passions*.—3. *Of Tragedy*.—4. *Of the Standard of Taste* *. It might have been expected, that the violent

* In 12mo. price 3s. Millar. In his own Life Mr. Hume says, that he published this volume in the interval between the appearance of the first and second volume of his History. I

violent clamour, which, according to his own account, the first volume of his History had excited; and late events would, together, have conferred such celebrity on his name, that the public would have fought with avidity any performance coming from his pen. Yet this new work experienced the same obscurity and neglect, which its predecessors had done.

Such was the fate which his Dissertations met with, and which Mr. Hume himself has mentioned with his usual *naïveté*: but they seem to have received more notice in the literary world, than he has mentioned in his narrative. In May 1757, there appeared *Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion*: in June 1758, a pamphlet, likewise intitled *Remarks on Hume's Essays on the Natural History of Religion*, was published at London; and in November that year, appeared *Remarks upon the Natural History of Religion, by Mr. Hume, with Dialogues on Heathen Idolatry and the Christian Religion*. The last mentioned tract, which is alluded to by our author in his own Life, was the production of Dr. Hurd, now Bishop of Worcester, the friend and biographer of Warburton; and this slight mark of attention contributed to soothe the chagrin, which oppressed the breast of our historian in consequence of the cold reception of his performance.

have, however, followed the date of the imprint in its title-page, and that of its advertisement in the public journals.

In 1758, his philosophical and literary works, with the omission of his *Treatise on Human Nature*, were collected into a quarto volume, under the title of *Essays and Treatises on several Subjects*; by DAVID HUME, Esq. It contained all the tracts, which, in 1760, were published in the more convenient form of 4 vols. 12mo., and compose our present editions in two volumes, 8vo. after undergoing several alterations, some of which will be noticed in the course of our remarks on his literary and political pieces.

The year 1759 forms a kind of epoch in Scottish literature. Adam Smith made his first essay in authorship by the publication of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. The *History of Scotland*, in 2 vols. 4to. by Dr. Robertson, appeared on the first of February, and met with such a flattering reception, that, by the end of the month, the bookseller sent him word to make the requisite preparations for a second edition. Mr. Hume went to London in 1758, for the purpose of superintending the new edition of his *Essays*, and for the more important object of correcting the proof sheets of two additional volumes of his historical work. In March 1759, that part of the *History of England*, which comprises the reigns of the house of Tudor, from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Queen Elizabeth, was published in two volumes 4to*.

* Price 1l. 10s. boards.

Of

Of all his works this seems to have been the most kindly received. It embraced a portion of our national annals, which had given rise to much controversy, and which was at this very time recommended to the public attention by Dr. Robertson's performance. Mr. Hume, in speaking of the reception which this portion of his History experienced, tells us, that "the clamour against it was almost equal to that against the History of the two first Stuarts. The reign of Elizabeth was particularly obnoxious. But I was," says he, "now callous against the impressions of public folly, and continued very peaceably and contentedly in my retreat at Edinburgh." Induced by this detail to believe that the republic of letters had been thrown into commotion by his publication, we searched with earnestness into the literary histories of that period; but have been unable to discover any of that outcry which assailed the too sensitive ears of Mr. Hume. In later times, indeed, his accuracy, impartiality, and political tenets have been attacked, and with justice, but without any clamour, and seldom with illiberality.

Our author, although a man of the world, did not, on this visit to the metropolis, intermingle in its learned or fashionable circles, but confined himself to the object of his journey. His residence, however, was not unuseful to his literary friends at Edinburgh; and the interest which he took in their success, will appear from the following letters. He also addressed to the editors of the Critical

tical Review a long letter on the literary character and poetic merit of Mr. Wilkie's *Epigoniad*. It was published by them in the Review for April 1759, and is inserted in our Appendix, No. II.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON *.

“ London, Lisle-street,
Nov. 18, 1758.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ According to your permission I have always got your corrected sheets from Strahan; and am glad to find, that we shall agree in almost all the material parts of our History. Your resolution to assert the authenticity of Mary's letter to Bothwell, with the consequence which must necessarily follow, removes the chief point, in which, I apprehend, we should differ. There remain, however, two other points, where I have not the good fortune to agree with you, viz. the violation of the treaty of Perth by Mary of Guise, and the innocence of Mary with regard to Babington's conspiracy: but as I had written notes upon these passages, the public must judge between us. Only allow me to say, that even if you be in the right with regard to the last, (of which, notwithstanding my deference to your authority, I cannot perceive the least appearance), you are certainly too short and abrupt in handling it. I believe you go contrary to received opinion; and the point was of consequence enough to merit a note or dissertation.

* Prof. Stewart's *Life of Dr. Robertson*, Ap. p. 235.

“ There

“There is still another point, in which we differ, and which reduced me to great perplexity. You told me that all historians had been mistaken with regard to James’s behaviour on his mother’s trial and execution; that he was not really the pious son he pretended to be; that the appearances, which deceived the world, were put on at the solicitation of the French ambassador, Courcelles; and that I should find all this proved by a manuscript of Dr. Campbell’s. I accordingly spoke of the matter to Dr. Campbell, who confirmed what you said, with many additions and amplifications. I desired to have the manuscript, which he sent me: but great was my surprise, when I found the contrary in every page, many praises bestowed on the king’s piety, both by Courcelles and the French court; his real grief and resentment painted in the strongest colours; resolutions even taken by him to form an alliance with Philip of Spain, in order to get revenge; repeated advices given him, by Courcelles and the French ministers, rather to conceal his resentment till a proper opportunity offered of taking vengeance.

“What most displeased me in this affair was, that as I thought myself obliged to follow the ordinary tenor of the printed historian, while you appealed to manuscript, it would be necessary for me to appeal to the same manuscripts, to give extracts of them, and to oppose your conclusions. Though I know that I could execute this matter
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in a friendly and obliging manner for you, yet I own that I was very uneasy at finding myself under a necessity of observing any thing which might appear a mistake in your narration. But there came to me a man this morning, who, as I fancied, gave me the key of the difficulty, but without freeing me from my perplexity. This was a man commonly employed by Millar and Strahan to decypher manuscripts. He brought me a letter of yours to Strahan, where you desired him to apply to me in order to point out the passages proper to be inserted in your Appendix, and proper to prove the assertion of your text. You add there, these letters are in the French language. I immediately concluded that you had not read the manuscripts, but had taken it on Mr. Campbell's word; for the letters are in English, translated, by I know not whom, from the French.

“ I could do nothing on this occasion, but desire Strahan to stop the press in printing the Appendix, and stay till I wrote to you. If I could persuade you to change the narration of the text, that sheet could be easily cancelled, and an Appendix formed proper to confirm an opposite account. If you still persist in your opinion, somebody else whom you trusted, might be employed to find the proper passages; for I cannot find them.

“ There is only one passage which looks like your opinion, and which I shall transcribe to you. It is a relation of what passed between James and Courcelles

Courcelles upon the first rumour of the discovery of Babington's conspiracy, before James apprehended his mother to be in any danger. ' The king
' said, he loved his mother as much as nature and
' duty bound him; but he could not love her * * :
' for he knew well she bore him no more good will
' than she did to the Queen of England : That he
' had seen, with his own eyes, before Foulnaye's
' departure out of Scotland, a letter to him,
' whereby he sent him word, that if he would not
' conform himself to her will, and follow her
' counsels and advice, that he should content him-
' self with the lordship of Darnley, which was all
' that appertained unto him by his father : Far-
' ther, that he had seen other letters, under her
' own hand, confirming her evil towards him.
' Besides, that she had oftentimes gone about to
' make a regency in Scotland, and to put him be-
' side the crown ; that it behoved him to think of
' his own affairs, and that he thought the Queen
' of England would attempt nothing against her
' person without making him acquainted : That
' his mother was henceforward to carry herself
' both towards him and the Queen of England
' after another sort, without bending any more
' upon such practices and intelligences as she had
' in former times : That he hoped to set such per-
' sons about her as' [Here the manuscript is not
farther legible.]

“ But though such were James's sentiments,
before he apprehended his mother to be in danger,
he

he adopted a directly opposite conduct afterwards, as I told you. I can only express my wishes, that you may see reason to conform your narrative in vol. ii. pp. 139, 140, to this account, or omit that Appendix altogether, or find some other person who can better execute your intentions than it is possible for me to do."

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

" 25th January, 1759.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" What I wrote you with regard to Mary's concurrence in the conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth, was from the printed histories of papers; and nothing ever appeared to me more evident. Your chief objection I see is derived from one circumstance, that neither the secretaries nor conspirators were confronted with Mary: but you must consider that the law did not then require this confrontation, and it was in no case the practice. The crown could not well grant it in one case without granting it in all; because the refusing of it would then have been a strong presumption of innocence in the prisoner. Yet as Mary's was an extraordinary case, Elizabeth was willing to have granted it. I find in Forbes's MS. papers, sent me by Lord Royston, a letter of her's to Burleigh and Walsingham, wherein she tells them, that, if they thought proper, they might carry down the two secretaries to Fotheringay, in order to confront

front them with her. But they reply, that they think it needless.

“ But I am now sorry to tell you, that by Murden’s State Papers, which are printed, the matter is put beyond all question. I got these papers during the holidays by Dr. Birch’s means ; and as soon as I had read them, I ran to Millar, and desired him very earnestly to stop the publication of your History till I should write to you, and give you an opportunity of correcting a mistake of so great moment ; but he absolutely refused compliance. He said that your book was now finished ; that the copies would be shipped for Scotland in two days ; that the whole narration of Mary’s trial must be wrote over again ; that this would require time, and it was uncertain whether the new narrative could be brought within the same compass with the old ; that this change, he said, would require the cancelling a great many sheets ; that there were scattered passages through the volumes founded on your theory, and these must also be all cancelled, and that this change required the new printing of a great part of the edition.

“ For these reasons, which do not want force, he refused, after deliberation, to stop his publication, and I was obliged to acquiesce. Your best apology, at present, is, that you could not possibly see the grounds of Mary’s guilt, and every equitable person will excuse you.

“ I am

“ I am sorry, on many accounts, that you did not see this collection of Murden’s. Among other curiosities, there are several instructions to H. Killigrew, dated 10th September 1572. He was then sent into Scotland. It there appears, that the regents, Murray and Lennox, had desired Mary to be put into their hands, in order to try her and put her to death. Elizabeth there offers to regent Mar to deliver her up, provided good security was given, ‘ that she should receive that she hath deserved there by order of justice, whereby no further peril should ensue by her escaping, or by setting her up again.’ It is probable, Mar refused compliance, for no steps were taken towards it.

“ I am nearly printed out, and shall be sure to send you a copy by the stage-coach, or some other conveyance. I beg of you to make remarks as you go along. It would have been much better had we communicated before printing, which was always my desire, and was most suitable to the friendship which always did, and, I hope, always will subsist between us. I speak this chiefly on my own account. For though I had the perusal of your sheets before I printed, I was not able to derive sufficient benefits from them, or, indeed, to make any alteration by their assistance. There still remain, I fear, many errors, of which you could have convinced me, if we had canvassed the matter in conversation. Perhaps I might also have been sometimes no less fortunate with you. Particularly

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cularly I could almost undertake to convince you, that the Earl of Murray's conduct with the Duke of Norfolk was no way dishonourable.

“ I have seen a copy of your history with Charles Stanhope. Lord Willoughby, who had been there reading some passages of it, said, that you was certainly mistaken with regard to the act passed in the last parliament of Mary, settling the Reformation. He said, that the act of parliament, the first of James, was no proof of it: for though that statute contains a statute where the Queen's name was employed, yet that is always the case with the bills brought into parliament, even though they receive not the royal assent, nor, perhaps, pass the houses. I wish this be not the case, considering the testimony of Buchanan, Calderwood, and Spottiswood. Besides, if the bill had before received the royal assent, what necessity of repeating it, or passing it again? Mary's title was more indisputable than James's.

“ Dr. Blair tells me, that Prince Edward is reading you, and is charmed. I hear the same of the Princess and Prince of Wales. But what will really give you pleasure, I lent my copy to Elliot during the holidays, who thinks it one of the finest performances he ever read; and though he expected much, he finds more. He remarked, however, (which is also my opinion,) that in the beginning, before your pen was sufficiently accustomed to the historic style, you employ too many digressions

digressions and reflections. This was also somewhat my own case, which I have corrected in my new edition.

“ Millar was proposing to publish me about the middle of March, but I shall communicate to him your desire, even though I think it entirely groundless, as you will likewise think after you have read my volume. He has very needlessly delayed your publication till the first of February, at the desire of the Edinburgh booksellers, who could no way be affected by a publication in London.

“ I was exceedingly sorry not to be able to comply with your desire, when you expressed your wish that I should not write this period. I could not write downward: for when you find occasion, by new discoveries, to correct your opinion with regard to facts which passed in Queen’s Elizabeth’s days; who that has not the best opportunities of informing himself, could venture to relate any recent transactions? I must, therefore, have abandoned altogether this scheme of the English history, in which I had proceeded so far, if I had not acted as I did. You will see what light and force this history of the Tudors bestows on that of the Stuarts. Had I been prudent I should have begun with it. I care not to boast, but I will venture to say, that I have now effectually stopped the mouths of all those villanous Whigs who railed at me.

“ You are so kind as to ask me about my coming down. I can yet answer nothing. I have the strangest reluctance to change places. I lived several years happy with my brother at Ninewells, and had not his marriage changed a little the state of the family, I believe I should have lived and died there. I used every expedient to evade this journey to London, yet it is now uncertain whether I shall ever leave it. I have had some invitations, and some intentions of taking a trip to Paris ; but I believe it will be safer for me not to go thither, for I might probably settle there for life. No one was ever endowed with so great a portion of the *vis inertiae*. But as I live here very privately, and avoid as much as possible (and it is easily possible) all connexions with the great, I believe I should be better at Edinburgh. * * * *

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Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

* * * *

“ I forgot to tell you, that two days ago I was in the House of Commons, where an English gentleman came to me, and told me that he had lately sent to a grocer’s shop for a pound of raisins, which he received wrapt up in a paper that he shewed me. How would you have turned pale at the sight ! It was a leaf of your History, and the very character
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of Queen Elizabeth, which you had laboured so finely, little thinking it would so soon come to so disgraceful an end. I happened a little after to see Millar, and told him the story; consulting him, to be sure, on the fate of his new boasted historian, of whom he was so fond. But the story proves more serious than I apprehended. For he told Strahan, who thence suspects villany among his 'prentices and journeymen; and has sent me very earnestly to know the gentleman's name, that he may find out the grocer, and trace the matter to the bottom. In vain did I remonstrate, that this was sooner or later the fate of all authors, *serius, ocyus, fors exitura*. He will not be satisfied; and begs me to keep my jokes for another occasion. But that I am resolved not to do; and, therefore, being repulsed by his passion and seriousness, I direct them against you.

“ Next week I am published; and then I expect a constant comparison will be made between Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume. I shall tell you in a few weeks, which of these heroes is likely to prevail. Meanwhile, I can inform both of them for their comforts, that their combat is not likely to make half so much noise as that between Broughton and the one-eyed coachman. *Vanitas vanitatum, atque omnia vanitas*. I shall still except, however, the friendship and good opinion of worthy men.

“ I am, &c.”

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ You have very good cause to be satisfied with the success of your History, as far as it can be judged of from a few weeks publication. I have not heard of one, who does not praise it warmly ; and were I to enumerate all those, whose suffrages I have either heard in its favour, or been told of, I should fill my letter with a list of names. Mallet told me, that he was sure there was no Englishman capable of composing such a work. The town will have it, that you was educated at Oxford, thinking it impossible for a mere untravelled Scotchman to produce such language. In short, you may depend on the success of your work, and that your name is known very much to your advantage.

“ I am diverting myself with the notion, how much you will profit by the applause of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been such fools as to have given way to jealousy, to have entertained animosity and malignity against each other, and to have rent all our acquaintances into parties, what a noble amusement we should have exhibited to the blockheads, which now they are likely to be disappointed of. All the people whose friendship or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleased with the success of both,

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as we will be with that of each other. I declare to you I have not, of a long time, had a more sensible pleasure than the good reception your History has given me within this fortnight."

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"I am afraid that my letters will be tedious and disagreeable to you by their uniformity. Nothing but continued and unvaried accounts of the same thing must in the end prove disgusting. Yet since you will hear me speak on this subject, I cannot help it, and must fatigue your ears, as much as ours are in this place by endless, and repeated, and noisy praises of the History of Scotland. Dr. Douglas told me yesterday, that he had seen the Bishop of Norwich, who had just bought the book from the high commendations he heard of it from Mr. Legge. Mallet told me, that Lord Mansfield is at a loss, whether he shall most esteem the matter or the style. Elliot told me, that being in company with George Grenville, that gentleman was speaking loud in the same key. Our friend pretended ignorance; said he knew the author, and if he thought the book good for any thing would send for it and read it. Send for it by all means, (said Mr. Grenville,) you have not read a better book of a long time. But, said Elliot, I suppose, although the matter may be tolerable, as the author was never on this side of the Tweed till he wrote it, it must be very barbarous in the expression. By

no means, cried Mr. Grenville, had the author lived all his life in London, and in the best company, he could not have expressed himself with greater elegance and purity. Lord Lyttleton seems to think, that since the time of St. Paul there scarce has been a better writer than Dr. Robertson. Mr. Walpole triumphs in the success of his favourites the Scotch, &c.

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“The great success of your book, besides its real merit, is forwarded by its prudence, and by the deference paid to established opinions. It gains also by its being your first performance, and by its surprising the public, who are not upon their guard against it. By reason of these two circumstances justice is more readily done to its merit, which, however, is really so great, that I believe there is scarce another instance of a first performance being so near perfection.”

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON,

“London, March 12, 1759.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I believe I mentioned to you, a French gentleman, Monsieur *Helvetius*, whose book *De l'Esprit* was making a great noise in Europe. He is a very fine genius, and has the character of a very worthy man. My name is mentioned several times in his work with marks of esteem; and he has

has made me an offer, if I would translate his work into English, to translate anew all my philosophical writings into French. He says, that none of them are well done, except that on the Natural History of Religion, by Monsieur Matigny, a counsellor of state. He added, that the Abbé Prevot, celebrated for the *Memoires d'un Homme d'Honneur*, and other entertaining books, was just now translating my History.

“ This account of Helvetius engaged me to send him over the new editions of all my writings; and I have added your History, which, I told him, was here published with great applause; adding that the subject was interesting, and the execution masterly; and that it was probable some men of letters at Paris may think that a translation of it would be agreeable to the public. I thought that this was the best method of executing your intentions. I could not expect, that any Frenchman here would be equal to the work. There is *one* Carracioli, who came to me and spoke of translating my new volume of History; but as he also mentioned his intentions of translating Smollet, I gave him no encouragement to proceed. The same reason would make me averse to see you in his hands.

“ But though I have given this character of your work to Monsieur Helvetius, I warn you that this is the last time, that either to Frenchman or Englishman I shall ever speak the least good of it. A
plague

plague take you! Here I sat near the historical summit of Parnassus, immediately under Dr. Smollet; and you have the impudence to squeeze yourself directly under his feet. Do you imagine, that this can be agreeable to me? and must not I be guilty of great simplicity to contribute by my endeavours to your thrusting me out of my place in Paris as well as at London? But I give you warning, that you will find the matter somewhat difficult, at least in the former city. A friend of mine, who is there, writes home to his father the strangest accounts on that head, which my modesty will not permit me to repeat, but which it allowed me very deliciously to swallow.

“I have got a good reason or pretence for excusing me to Monsieur Helvetius with regard to the translating his work. A Translation of it was previously advertised here.

“I remain, &c.”

MR. HUME to MR. ADAM SMITH.

[Soon after the publication of the Theory of Moral Sentiments.]

“London, April 12, 1759.

“DEAR SIR,

“I give you thanks for the agreeable present of your Theory. Wedderburn and I made presents of our copies to such of our acquaintances as we thought good judges, and proper to spread the reputation

reputation of the book. I sent one to the Duke of Argyle, to Lord Littleton, Horace Walpole, Soame Jennyns, and Burke, an Irish gentleman, who wrote lately a very pretty Treatise on the Sublime. Millar desired my permission to send one in your name to Dr. Warburton.

“ I have delayed writing to you, till I could tell you something of the success of the book, and could prognosticate, with some probability, whether it should be finally damned to oblivion, or should be registered in the temple of immortality. Though it has been published only a few weeks, I think there appear already such strong symptoms, that I can almost venture to foretel its fate. It is, in short, this —

“ But I have been interrupted in my letter by a foolish impertinent visit of one who has lately come from Scotland. He tells me, that the University of Glasgow intend to declare Rouet's office vacant, upon his going abroad with Lord Hope. I question not but you will have our friend Ferguson in your eye, in case another project for procuring him a place in the University of Edinburgh should fail. Ferguson has very much polished and improved his Treatise on Refinement * ; and with some amendments it will make an admirable book, and discovers an elegant and a singular genius. The Epi-

* Published afterwards under the title of “ An Essay on the History of Civil Society.”

goniad, I hope, will do ; but it is somewhat uphill work. As I doubt not but you consult the Reviews sometimes at present, you will see in the Critical Review a letter upon that poem ; and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author. Let me see a sample of your skill in knowing hands by your guessing at the person.

“ I am afraid of Kames’s Law Tracts. A man might as well think of making a fine sauce by a mixture of wormwood and aloes, as an agreeable composition by joining metaphysics and Scotch law. However, the book, I believe, has merit ; though few people will take the pains of diving into it. But to return to your book, and its success in this town, I must tell you —

“ A plague of interruptions ! I ordered myself to be denied ; and yet here is one that has broke in upon me again. He is a man of letters, and we have had a good deal of literary conversation. You told me, that you was curious of literary anecdotes, and therefore I shall inform you of a few that have come to my knowledge. I believe I have mentioned to you already Helvetius’s book *De l’Esprit*. It is worth your reading, not for its philosophy, which I do not highly value, but for its agreeable composition. I had a letter from him a few days ago, wherein he tells me that my name was much oftener in the manuscript, but that the censor of books at Paris obliged him to strike it out.

“ Voltaire

“Voltaire has lately published a small work called *Candide, ou l'Optimisme*. I shall give you a detail of it.—But what is all this to my book, say you?—My dear Mr. Smith, have patience: compose yourself to tranquillity: Shew yourself a philosopher in practice as well as profession: Think on the emptiness, and rashness, and futility of the common judgments of men; how little they are regulated by reason in any subject, much more in philosophical subjects, which so far exceed the comprehension of the vulgar.

——— *Non si quid turbida Roma,
Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina: nec te quaesiveris extra.*

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast; or, if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few, who are free from prejudices, and capable of examining his work. Nothing indeed can be a stronger presumption of falsehood than the approbation of the multitude; and Phocion, you know, always suspected himself of some blunder, when he was attended with the applauses of the populace.

“Supposing, therefore, that you have duly prepared yourself for the worst by all these reflections, I proceed to tell you the melancholy news, that your book has been very unfortunate; for the public seem disposed to applaud it extremely. It was looked for by the foolish people with some impatience; and the mob of literati are beginning
5 already

already to be very loud in its praises. Three bishops called yesterday at Millar's shop in order to buy copies, and to ask questions about the author. The Bishop of Peterborough said, he had passed the evening in a company where he heard it extolled above all books in the world. The Duke of Argyle is more decisive than he uses to be, in its favour. I suppose he either considers it as an exotic, or thinks the author will be serviceable to him in the Glasgow elections. Lord Lyttleton says, that Robertson, and Smith, and Bower are the glories of English literature. Oswald protests he does not know whether he has reaped more instruction or entertainment from it. But you may easily judge what reliance can be put on his judgment, who has been engaged all his life in public business, and who never sees any faults in his friends. Millar exults and brags, that two-thirds of the edition are already sold, and that he is now sure of success. You see what a son of the earth that is, to value books only by the profit they bring him. In that view, I believe it may prove a very good book.

“ Charles Townsend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance, that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke of Buccleugh under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this, I called on him twice, with a view of talking with him about the matter: and of convincing him of the propriety of
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of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow: For I could not hope, that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your Professorship; but I missed him. Mr. Townsend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions; so perhaps you need not build much on his folly.

“ In recompence for so many mortifying things, which nothing but truth could have extorted from me, and which I could easily have multiplied to a greater number, I doubt not but you are so good a Christian as to return good for evil; and to flatter my vanity by telling me, that all the godly in Scotland abuse me for my account of John Knox and the Reformation. I suppose you are glad to see my paper end, and that I am obliged to conclude with

“ Your humble servant, &c.”

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ London, May 29, 1759.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I had a letter from Helvetius lately wrote before your book arrived at Paris. He tells me, that the Abbé Prevot, who had just finished the translation of my History, *Paroit très-disposé à traduire l'Histoire d'Ecosse que vient de faire Monsieur Robertson.* If he be engaged by my persuasion,

fion, I shall have the satisfaction of doing you a real credit and pleasure; for he is one of the best pens in Paris.

“ I looked with great impatience in your new edition for the note you seemed to intend with regard to the breach of the capitulation of Perth; and was much disappointed at missing it. I own that I am very curious on that head. I cannot so much as imagine a colour upon which their accusations could possibly be founded. The articles were only two; indemnity to the inhabitants, and the exclusion of French soldiers—now that Scotch national troops were not Frenchmen and foreigners seems pretty apparent: and both Knox and the manifesto of the congregation acquit the Queen-Regent of any breach of the first article, as I had observed in my note to page 422. This makes me suspect, that some facts have escaped me; and I beg you to indulge my curiosity by informing me of them.

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“ Our friend Smith is very successful here, and Gerard is very well received. The Epigoniad I cannot so much promise for, though I have done all in my power to forward it, particularly by writing a letter to the Critical Review, which you may peruse. I find, however, some good judges profess a great esteem for it, but *habent et sua fata libelli*: however, if you want a little flattery to the author,

author, (which I own is very refreshing to an author), you may tell him, that Lord Chesterfield said to me he was a great poet. I imagine, that Wilkie will be very much elevated by praise from an English Earl, and a Knight of the Garter, and an Ambassador, and a Secretary of State, and a man of so great reputation. For, I observe, that the greatest rustics are commonly most affected with such circumstances.

“ Ferguson’s book has a great deal of genius and fine writing, and will appear in time.”

* * * * *

These letters afford a noble specimen of generosity on the part of Hume ; and the intimate and uninterrupted friendship between our two great and immortal historians is honourable to both, considering the coincidence of their labours.

After the publication of the History of Scotland, Dr. Robertson consulted his literary friends on the choice of a subject for his next work. It is known, that he had not only tempting offers from the booksellers, but confident assurances of the countenance of government, if he would undertake the History of England. In particular, Dr. John Blair, prebendary of Westminster, and author of *The Chronology and History of the World*, urged him to engage in it, and informed him that Lord Chesterfield was prepared to move in the House of Peers, that he should have public encouragement to

enable him to execute the task. Lord Cathcart also wrote the Doctor, that the Earl of Bute had expressed to him his Majesty's wish to see a History of England from the pen of Dr. Robertson, and that every source of information, which government could command, would be open to him, and encouragement given in proportion to the labour and extent of so great an undertaking. His Lordship, in order to overcome the Doctor's scruples, pointed out likewise the difference in the manner and style of two writers like him and Mr. Hume, and argued that their works could not interfere, as our author's had so much the start of the other in point of time.

Although Dr. Robertson had already fixed on the reign of Charles V., and even made some progress in writing it, these powerful reasons, the flattering manner in which they were conveyed, and the respectability of the quarter from which they came, seem to have staggered his resolution. He began to consider, that from the time which such a work would require for its execution, little injury could arise to Mr. Hume. He, therefore, expressed an inclination for the undertaking, and even agreed to commence it after completing the History of Charles V.; to accomplish which, as only one-third of it was finished, two years would be necessary. "The History of England," said he, "was my first choice long before Mr. Hume undertook it, though I was then too diffident of myself, and too idle to make any progress in the execution

“ execution of it, farther than forming some general ideas as to the manner in which it should be prosecuted.”

As to the proposed establishment in his favour during the work, he intimated a wish, that his chief residence should still be in Scotland, both for his own sake and that of his family, as three or four months of an occasional visit to England would be fully sufficient for consulting manuscripts. He did not want, he said, to drop his connection with the church, but desired still to hold some station in it without being reduced entirely to the profession of an author: at the same time he acknowledged, that he had often wished to be freed from the labour of daily preaching, and to have it in his power to apply himself to his studies without interruption.

In his letters to his friends the Doctor explained himself farther; but the reason, why he did not afterwards prosecute the design, has not been communicated to the world: perhaps it was owing to the resignation of Lord Bute, which might have rendered it necessary to commence negotiations in a new channel for a change of situation.

Among the friends whom Dr. Robertson consulted on the subject of his next work, immediately after the publication of the History of Scotland, was Mr. Hume, whose sentiments appear, from one of the following letters, to have been inimical

to his undertaking the reign of the Emperor Charles V.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ I have frequently thought, and talked with our common friends upon the subject of your letter. There always occurred to us several difficulties with regard to every subject we could propose. The ancient Greek history has several recommendations, particularly the good authors from which it must be drawn : but this same circumstance becomes an objection, when more narrowly considered : for what can you do in most places with these authors but transcribe and translate them ? No letters or state-papers from which you could correct their errors, or authenticate their narration, or supply their defects. Besides Rollin is so well wrote with respect to style, that with superficial people it passes for sufficient.

“ There is *one* Dr. Leland, who has lately wrote the Life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the best periods. The book, they tell me, is perfectly well wrote ; yet it has had such small sale, and has so little excited the attention of the public, that the author has reason to think his labour thrown away. I have not read the book ; but by the size, I should judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book of that size sufficient for
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the whole history of Greece till the death of Philip ; and I doubt not but such a work would be successful, notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances. The subject is noble, and Rollin is by no means equal to it.

“ I own, I like still less your project of the age of Charles the Fifth. That subject is disjointed ; and your hero, who is the sole connection, is not very interesting. A competent knowledge, at least, is required of the state and constitution of the empire ; of the several kingdoms of Spain, of Italy, of the Low Countries, which it would be the work of half a life to acquire ; and though some parts of the story may be entertaining, there would be many dry and barren ; and the whole seems not to have any great charms.

“ But I would not willingly start objections to these schemes, unless I had something to propose, which would be plausible ; and I shall mention to you an idea which has sometimes pleased me, and which I had once entertained thoughts of attempting. You may observe that, among modern readers, Plutarch is in every translation the chief favourite of the ancients. Numberless translations, and numberless editions have been made of him in all languages, and no translation has been so ill done as not to be successful. Though those who read the originals never put him in comparison either with Thucydides or Xenophon, he always

attaches more the reader in the translation ; a proof that the idea and execution of his work is, in the main, happy.

“ Now, I would have you think of writing modern lives, somewhat after that manner : not to enter into a detail of the actions, but to mark the manners of the great personages, by domestic stories, by remarkable sayings, and by a general sketch of their lives and adventures. You see, that, in Plutarch, the life of Cæsar may be read in half an hour. Were you to write the life of Henry IV. of France after that model, you might pillage all the pretty stories in Sully, and speak more of his mistresses than of his battles. In short, you might gather the flowers of all modern history in this manner : the remarkable Popes, the Kings of Sweden, the great discoverers and conquerors of the new world : even the eminent men of letters might furnish you with matter, and the quick dispatch of every different work would encourage you to begin a new one. If one volume were successful, you might compose another at your leisure, and the field is inexhaustible. There are persons whom you might meet with in the corners of history, so to speak, who would be a subject of entertainment quite unexpected ; and as long as you live, you might give and receive amusement by such a work. Even your son, if he had a talent for history, would succeed to the subject, and his son to him. I shall insist no farther on this idea ;

because, if it strikes your fancy, you will easily perceive all its advantages, and, by farther thought, all its difficulties."

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

" London, Feb. 8, 1759.

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* *. As to the *Age of Leo the Tenth*, it was Warton himself who intended to write it, but he has not wrote it, and probably never will. If I understand your hint, I should conjecture, that you had some thoughts of taking up the subject. But how can you acquire knowledge of the great works of sculpture, architecture, and painting, by which that age was chiefly distinguished? Are you versed in all the anecdotes of Italian literature? The questions I heard proposed in a company of literati, when I inquired concerning this design of Warton. They applied their remarks to that gentleman, who yet, they say, has travelled. I wish they do not all of them fall more fully on you. However you must not be idle. May I venture to suggest to you the ancient history, particularly that of Greece? I think Rollin's success might encourage you, nor need you be in the least intimidated by his merit. That author has no other merit, but a certain facility and sweetness of narration; but has loaded his work with fifty puerilities.

“ Our friend, Wedderburn, is advancing with great strides in his profession. * * * * *

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“ I desire my compliments to Lord Elibank. I hope his Lordship has forgot his vow of answering us, and of washing Queen Mary white. I am afraid that is impossible ; but his Lordship is very well qualified to gild her.

“ I am, &c.”

During this visit to the metropolis, our author seems, from a passage in one of the preceding letters, to have had some view of settling in it ; but whether in a private or public capacity he does not mention. This intention, however, was relinquished ; and in the end of 1759, or beginning of the next year, he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent nearly two years in writing the two volumes of the more early part of the English History.

In 1760, Mr. William Tytler published his *Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence produced by the Earls of Murray and Morton against Mary Queen of Scots : With an Examination of the Rev. Dr. Robertson's Dissertation and Mr. Hume's History with respect to that Evidence*. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Alexander Gerard, then Professor of Divinity in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, published, in the same year, a sermon preached before the synod of Aberdeen on the 8th of April 1760, and

and intitled, *The Influence of the Pastoral Office on the Character examined; with a view especially to Mr. Hume's Representation of the spirit of that Office.* This was an attack on one of our author's Moral and Political Essays: the first edition of it was printed in October, and a second in the ensuing January. It is a singular fact, that Hume's principal antagonists on the subjects of scepticism and religion were gentlemen residing in Aberdeen. Reid, when he wrote his Inquiry into the Human Mind, was a Professor there. Dr. Campbell, who published A Dissertation on the Miracles, was Principal of Marischal College. Beattie, the author of the Essay on Truth, was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the same university. Gerard, when he preached his sermon, was, as has been just mentioned, Professor of Divinity there; and Dr. Duncan Shaw, when he published his History and Philosophy of Judaism, was one of the clergymen of that city.

The noted Mr. James Macpherson published at Edinburgh, in June 1760, his FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POETRY, *collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.* These fragments were fifteen in number, and formed the first specimen of the celebrated Poems of Ossian, the dispute as to the authenticity of which still engages the attention of the literary world. Dr. Hugh Blair communicated to the public his sentiments on these poems in his well-known Dissertation; and although Mr. Hume did not publish any thing on the subject, the following letter

letter of his to a friend will shew the opinion he entertained respecting them.

“Edinburgh, August 16, 1760.

“SIR,

“I am not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shewn the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator.

“These two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn, when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar, and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited, and asked whether he had ever translated any of them. Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and doubted whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language; but, for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day, which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson,

son, till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

“ After this volume was in every body’s hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question; for their antiquity is a point, which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every body’s mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

“ In the family of every Highland chieftain, there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems, which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished: the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain’s family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, Lord Rae’s brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the
Laird

Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient, as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and been imprinted on every memory.

“ Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest, sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Grahame of Balgowan’s family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have, therefore, set about a subscription of a guinea, or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon somewhere in Lochaber, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in
his

his preface ; and as he is somewhat old, and the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

“ I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain ; for these are the offspring of genius and passion in all countries ; I was only surpris'd at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty ; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

“ I remember Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle ; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected, makes a new one, hurries back to the action, pierces his enemy, while the

the iron, which was yet red-hot, hisses in the wound. His imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

“ I forgot to mention as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, or the French that of Marlborough.

“ It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments; so it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

“ Ye shepherds so careless and free,

“ Whose flocks never carelessly roam, &c.”

“ Pray, ask Mr. Gray, whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish?

“ Yours, most sincerely, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Hume published at London in 1761, the two remaining quarto volumes of his History. They embrace the earlier period of our national annals, and he tells us, that he “ gave them to the
“ public with tolerable, and but tolerable, success.
“ But notwithstanding,” continues he, “ this variety
“ of winds and seasons to which my writings had been
“ exposed, they had still been making such advances,
“ that the copy-money given me by the booksellers
“ much exceeded any thing formerly known in
“ England ; I was become not only independent
“ but opulent. I retired to my native country of
“ Scotland, determined never more to set my foot
“ out of it ; and retaining the satisfaction of never
“ having preferred a request to one great man, or
“ even making advances of friendship to any of
“ them.” In fact, his temporal circumstances were now in such a thriving condition, that while he was in London, to which place he had gone to superintend the press during the printing of these two volumes, he invested a thousand pounds in the public funds. This exposed him to innumerable jokes from his friends, because he had been in the habit of declaiming loudly against dealing in the Stocks ; but he repelled their raileries by arguing that he had bought real stock, and was not a jobber.

In March 1762, Dr. Campbell published at Edinburgh his DISSERTATION ON MIRACLES ; *containing an Examination of the Principles advanced by David Hume Esq. in an Essay on Miracles.* This
Dissertation

Dissertation was originally a sermon, which the Doctor, as one of the ministers of Aberdeen, preached there before the Provincial Synod on the 9th October, 1760, and which, on their desiring him to publish it, he afterwards moulded into the form of an Essay. Before sending it to the press, he sent a copy of the manuscript to Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, with a request, that, after perusing it, he would communicate the performance to Mr. Hume. Blair read the Dissertation, both as a friend and a critic, and then shewed it to our Historian, who returned it with the following letter:

“DEAR SIR,

“I have perused the ingenious performance, which you was so obliging as to put into my hands, with all the attention possible; though not perhaps with all the seriousness and gravity which you have so frequently recommended to me. But the fault lies not in the piece, which is certainly very acute; but in the subject. I know you will say, it lies in neither, but in myself alone. If that be so, I am sorry to say that I believe it is incurable.

“I could wish that your friend had not chosen to appear as a controversial writer, but had endeavoured to establish his principles in general, without any reference to a particular book or person; though I own he does me a great deal of honour, in thinking that any thing I have wrote deserves
his

his attention. For besides many inconveniences which attend that kind of writing, I see it is almost impossible to preserve decency and good manners in it. This author, for instance, says sometimes obliging things of me much beyond what I can presume to deserve, and I thence conclude that in general he did not mean to insult me; yet I meet with some other passages more worthy of Warburton and his followers than of so ingenious an author.

“ But as I am not apt to lose my temper, and would still less incline to do so with a friend of yours, I shall calmly communicate to you some remarks on the argument, since you seem to desire it. I shall employ very few words, since a hint will suffice to a gentleman of this author’s penetration.

“ SECT. I. I would desire the author to consider, whether the medium, by which we reason concerning human testimony, be different from that which leads us to draw any inferences concerning other human actions; that is, our knowledge of human nature from experience? Or why it is different? I suppose we conclude an honest man will not lie to us, in the same manner as we conclude that he will not cheat us. As to the youthful propensity to believe, which is corrected by experience, it seems obvious that children adopt blindfold all the opinions, principles, sentiments, and passions of their elders, as well as credit their
L testimony:

testimony: nor is this more strange than that a hammer should make an impression on clay.

“ SECT. II. No man can have any other experience but his own. The experience of others becomes his only by the credit which he gives to their testimony; which proceeds from his own experience of human nature.

“ SECT. III. There is no contradiction in saying, that all the testimony, which ever was really given for any miracle, or ever will be given, is a subject of derision; and yet forming a fiction or supposition of a testimony for a particular miracle, which might not only merit attention, but amount to a full proof of it. For instance, the absence of the sun during 48 hours; but reasonable men would only conclude from this fact, that the machine of the globe was disordered during the time.

“ Page 28. I find no difficulty to explain my meaning, and yet shall not probably do it in any future edition. The proof against a miracle, as it is founded on invariable experience, is of that *species* or *kind* of proof, which is full and certain when taken alone; because it implies no doubt, as is the case with all probabilities; but there are degrees of this species, and when a weaker proof is opposed to a stronger, it is overcome.

“ Page

“ Page 39. There is very little more delicacy in telling a man he speaks nonsense by implication than in saying so directly.

“ SECT. IV. Does a man of sense run after every silly tale of witches, or hobgoblins, or fairies, and canvass particularly the evidence? I never knew any one that examined and deliberated about nonsense, who did not believe it before the end of his inquiries.

“ SECT. V. I wonder the author does not perceive the reason, why Mr. John Knox and Mr. Alexander Henderson did not work as many miracles as their brethren in other churches. Miracle-working was a popish trick, and discarded with the other parts of that religion. Men must have new and opposite ways of establishing new and opposite follies. The same reason extends to Mahomet. The Greek priests, who were in the neighbourhood of Arabia, and many of them in it, were as great miracle-workers as the Romish; and Mahomet would have been laughed at for so stale and simple a device. To cast out devils, and cure the blind, where every one almost can do as much, is not the way to get any extraordinary ascendant over men. I never read of a miracle in my life, that was not meant to establish some new point of religion. There are no miracles wrought in Spain to prove the Gospel; but St. Francis Xavier wrought a thousand well-attested ones for that purpose in the Indies. The miracles in Spain, which

are also fully and completely attested, are wrought to prove the efficacy of a particular crucifix or relic, which is always a new point, or at least not universally received.

“ SECT. VI. If a miracle proves a doctrine to be revealed from God, and consequently true, a miracle can never be wrought for a contrary doctrine. The facts are, therefore, as incompatible as the doctrines.

“ I could wish your friend had not denominated me an infidel writer on account of ten or twelve pages, which seem to him to have that tendency, while I have wrote so many volumes on history, literature, politics, trade, morals, which, in that particular at least, are entirely inoffensive. Is a man to be called a drunkard, because he has been seen fuddled once in his lifetime?

“ Having said so much to your friend, who is certainly a very ingenious man, though a little too zealous for a philosopher, permit me also the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned upon any common subject of literature or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession; though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the same satisfaction:

faction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would, therefore, wish, for the future, wherever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborn between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself.

“After having given you the liberty of communicating to your friend what part of this letter you think proper,

“I remain, Sir.”

On receiving this letter, Dr. Blair communicated to Principal Campbell not only what had occurred to himself, but also the observations of Mr. Hume. Dr. Campbell, on his part, expunged or softened any expression, which was either severe, or supposed to be offensive; and availing himself of the remarks both of his friend and his opponent, endeavoured to obviate every objection which had been made to his arguments. Thus corrected and improved, the Dissertation was sent to the press; but before publishing it, he sent a copy to Hume, who wrote him as follows:

“January 7, 1762.

“DEAR SIR,

“It has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been

carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks for the civil and obliging manner, in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities, which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

“ I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find, that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps, in strictness, you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you, that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to
leave

leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherwise my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

“ It may, perhaps, amuse you to learn the first hint, which suggested to me that argument, which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits’ College of La Fleche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed lately in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gruelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles;—which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits; though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it favours plainly of the place of its birth.

“ I beg my compliments to Mrs. Campbell, and am with great regard, Sir, &c.”

Being now turned of fifty years of age, our author thought only of passing the residue of his life in philosophic retirement and literary pursuits at Edinburgh, when he received a very flattering invitation from the Earl of Hertford, with whom he was not in the least acquainted, to attend him on his embassy to the court of France, and, in the meanwhile, to act as secretary. This offer, however, he declined, “ both,” says he, “ because I “ was reluctant to begin connections with the “ great, and because I was afraid, that the “ civilities and gay company of Paris would prove “ disagreeable to a person of my age and humour ; “ but on his Lordship’s repeating the invitation, I “ accepted of it. I have every reason, both of “ pleasure and interest, to think myself happy in “ my connexions with that nobleman, as well as “ afterwards with his brother, General Conway.”

In December 1763, a pension of 200 *l.* a-year was settled on him by the interest of Lord Hertford. His friend, John Home, having been obliged to resign his cure for the crime of being the author of the tragedy of Douglas, obtained, in 1761, a pension of 300 *l.* per annum from his Majesty. Dr. Robertson, who had been made Principal of the University in 1762, and one of his Majesty’s chaplains in the year preceding, was appointed, in the month of August 1763, Historiographer for

for Scotland with a salary for life of 200*l.* per annum. This office was revived for the express purpose of befriending the Doctor. The last person who held it was Mr. David Crawford of Drumfay, by a commission from Queen Anne in 1704, with a salary of 40*l.* a-year.

Lord Kames, Hume's fellow sufferer under ecclesiastical intolerance, was, in the month of May 1763, nominated a Lord of Justiciary in the room of Sir Gilbert Elliot; and even Mallet partook of this flow of good fortune in favour of *liberal opinions*, for, in February that year, he was appointed keeper of the books, in which entries are made of all ships coming into the port of London. It is however a lamentable drawback on the generosity of the times, that Peter Annet, the famous deist, was sentenced for his scepticism to stand on the pillory at Charing Cross, and the Royal Exchange.

At Paris, the *gens de lettres* are certainly in more estimation than in any other part of the world; and the welcome which Mr. Hume experienced, was, according to his own account, peculiarly gratifying to a man of his easy and social disposition. "Those," says he, "who have not seen the
"strange effect of modes, will never imagine the
"reception I met with at Paris from men and
"women of all ranks and stations. The more I
"refiled from their excessive civilities, the more I
"was loaded with them. There is, however, a

“ real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great
“ number of sensible, knowing, and polite com-
“ pany, with which that city abounds above all
“ places in the universe. I thought once of set-
“ tling there for life.”

His letters to his friends at this time bear evidence of the felicity of his situation in the French capital.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ Paris, Dec. 1, 1763.

“ DEAR ROBERTSON,

“ Among other agreeable circumstances, which attend me at Paris, I must mention that of having a lady for a translator, a woman of merit, the widow of an Advocate. She was before very poor, and known but to few; but this work has got her reputation, and procured her a pension from the court, which sets her at her ease. She tells me, that she has got a habit of industry; and would continue, if I could point out to her any other English book she could undertake, without running the risk of being anticipated by any other translator. Your History of Scotland is translated, and is in the press; but I recommended to her your History of Charles V., and promised to write to you, in order to know when it would be printed, and to desire you to send over the sheets from London

don as they come from the press; I should put them into her hands, and she would by that means have the start of every other translator. My two volumes last published are, at present, in the press. She has a very easy natural style: sometimes she mistakes the sense; but I now correct her manuscript, and should be happy to render you the same service, if my leisure permit me, as I hope it will.

“ Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers. Every man I meet, and still more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honour of being presented to the D——n’s children at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duc de B. the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P. who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed, that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what
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is more curious : when I was carried thence to the Count d'A. who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends, the Parisian philosophers, than this incident.

* * * * *

* * It is conjectured, that this honour was paid me by express order from the D. who, indeed, is not, on any occasion, sparing in my praise.

“ All this attention and panegyric was at first oppressive to me ; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered, in some measure, the use of the language, and am falling into friendships which are very agreeable ; much more so than silly, distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me, which they have either observed themselves, or have heard from others ; so that you see I am beginning to be at home. It is probable, that this place will be long my home. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London ; and have ever desired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so, when it is the best place in the world ? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income ; for there is no place where money is so little requisite to a man who is distinguished either by his birth or by personal qualities. I could run
out,

out, you see, in a panegyric on the people; but you would suspect, that this was a mutual convention between us. However I cannot forbear observing on what a different footing learning and the learned are here, from what they are among the factious barbarians above mentioned.

“ I have here met with a prodigious historical curiosity, the Memoirs of King James II. in fourteen volumes, all wrote with his own hand, and kept in the Scots college. I have looked into it, and have made great discoveries. It will be all communicated to me: and I have had an offer of access to the Secretary of State's office, if I want to know the dispatches of any French minister that resided in London. But these matters are much out of my head. I beg of you to visit Lord Marischal, who will be pleased with your company. I have little paper remaining, and less time; and therefore conclude abruptly, by assuring you that I am, dear Doctor, your's sincerely, &c.”

Mr. Hume's expectation of being appointed secretary to the embassy was very soon realized. In summer 1765, the viceroyalty of Ireland was given to Lord Hertford, and on his departure from Paris, Hume officiated as *chargé d'affaires* until the arrival of the Duke of Richmond in the end of the year. In the beginning of 1766, our author left France, and returned to England, where an incident happened which he has not thought proper to notice in his own biographic narrative, but which

which engrossed the public attention at the time, and was certainly one of the most important occurrences in his life. We allude to his unfortunate dispute with Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

In 1762, the parliament of Paris issued an *arrêt* against Rousseau, on account of his *Emilius*, which had given offence to the ecclesiastical order. Hume was then at Edinburgh, where he received a letter from a friend at Paris, informing him that Rousseau intended to seek an asylum in England, and desiring our historian to do him all the good offices in his power. Mr. Hume believing that Rousseau had already put his design in execution, wrote to several of his friends in London, and warmly recommended this celebrated exile to their favour. He also wrote to Rousseau himself, assuring him of his desire to serve him, and inviting him to come to Edinburgh, and reside in his own house as long as he, Rousseau, should please to continue. No other motive, says Mr. Hume in a pamphlet, which he published in French on this affair*,—"no other
 " motive was wanting to incite me to this act of
 " humanity, than the account given me of M.
 " Rousseau's personal character by the friend who
 " had recommended him;—his well known genius
 " and abilities, and above all, his misfortunes."

To this letter Rousseau returned the following answer:

* See Appendix, No. III.

“ Motiers-Travers, Feb. 19, 1763.

“ SIR,

“ I did not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July last, on the supposition that I was then in that capital. I should doubtless have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as possible to yourself, if I had foreseen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. There was no other nation I could prefer to England. And this prepossession for which I have dearly suffered was, at that time, very excusable; but to my great astonishment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and insults, where I hoped to have found consolation, if not gratitude. How many things make me regret the want of that asylum and philosophical hospitality I should have found with you! My misfortunes, indeed, have constantly seemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindness of Lord Marischal, your worthy and illustrious countryman, have brought Scotland home to me, if I may so express myself, in the midst of Switzerland; he has made you so often bear a part in our conversation; he has brought me so well acquainted with your virtues, while I before was only with your talents; he has inspired me with the most tender friendship for you, and the most ardent desire of obtaining yours, before I knew you were disposed to grant it. Judge then of the pleasure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal.

reciprocal. No, Sir, I should pay your merit but half its due, if it were the subject only of my admiration. Your great views, your astonishing impartiality, your genius would lift you far above the rest of mankind, if you were less attached to them by the goodness of your heart. My Lord Marischal, in acquainting me that the amiableness of your disposition was still greater than the sublimity of your genius, rendered a correspondence with you every day more desirable, and cherished in me those wishes which he inspired, of ending my days near you. Oh, Sir, that a better state of health, and more convenient circumstances, would but enable me to take such a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to see you and Lord Marischal one day settled in your common country, which should for ever after be mine, I should be thankful, in so agreeable a society, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and should account the day of its commencement as the first of my life. Would to heaven I might see that happy day more to be desired than expected! With what transports should I not exclaim, on setting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the Lord Marischal of Scotland,

“Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!”

“Hæc domus, hæc patria est.”

Rousseau was afterwards obliged to fly from Motiers to avoid being stoned by the populace, whose religious zeal he had offended. He chose
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the isle of St. Peter in the midst of the Lake of Bienné for the place of his retreat; and in a work intitled, *Les Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire* *, he has introduced an interesting description of that island. His caprices again exposed him to the popular indignation, and he was ordered by their excellencies the Syndics or Magistrates to leave the country: he accordingly withdrew to Strasbourg.

From the date of the preceding letter, all correspondence ceased between Hume and Rousseau till about the middle of autumn 1765, when it was renewed by the following accident. The Marchioness de Verdelin happened to be on a journey to one of the provinces bordering on Switzerland; and being acquainted with Rousseau, she took the opportunity of paying a visit to him in his retreat at Motiers-Travers. He complained to the Marchioness, that his residence at Neufchatel was become extremely disagreeable, as well on account of the superstition of the people, as the resentment of the clergy; and expressed his fear, that he should shortly be under the necessity of seeking an asylum elsewhere; in which case England appeared to him to be the most eligible place he could retire to with perfect security. He added, that his friend Lord Marischal had advised him to put himself under Mr. Hume's protection, and that if he did not think it would have been giving

* *Cinquieme promenade.*

the latter too much trouble, he would have already addressed him on the subject.

Hume, who was then *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, but had a prospect of soon returning to England, immediately wrote to Rousseau, and made him an offer of his services. To this letter he received the following answer :

“ Straßburgh, Dec. 4, 1765.

“ SIR,

“ Your goodness affects me as much as it does me honour. The best reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I shall set out in five or six days to throw myself into your arms. It is the advice of my Lord Marischal, my protector, friend, and father : it is the advice also of Madame * * * †, whose good sense and benevolence serve equally for my direction and consolation ; in fine, I may say it is the advice of my own heart, which takes a pleasure in being indebted to the most illustrious of my contemporaries, to a man whose goodness surpasses his glory. I sigh for a solitary and free retirement, where I may finish my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent sollicitude, I shall then enjoy at once the only good my heart desires, and the pleasure of being indebted for it to you.

“ I am, Sir, with all my heart, &c.”

† Mde. the Marchioness de Verdelin.

Rousseau

Rousseau having obtained a passport by the aid of his friends, repaired to Paris, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Hume to England. Many were the plans devised for obtaining a comfortable residence for him after his arrival, some of which are detailed in the *Exposé* inserted in the Appendix. "For upwards of two months," says Hume, "I employed myself and my friends, in looking out for a situation which might be agreeable to him. We gave way to all his caprices, excused all his singularities, indulged him in all his humours; in short, neither time nor trouble was spared to procure him what he desired; and although he rejected most of the projects I had formed for his establishment, I thought myself sufficiently recompensed for my trouble, by the gratitude, and even affection with which he appeared to repay my solicitude."

Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of family, fortune, and worth, had a house at Wooton, in the county of Derby, where he himself seldom resided. This house he offered to Rousseau, who finally agreed to live there at a very moderate board.

On his arrival at Wooton he wrote to Mr. Hume the following letter :

"Wooton, March 22, 1766.

"You see already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my destination; but you cannot see all the charms

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which

which I find in it; to do this, you should be acquainted with the situation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read there my sentiments with respect to you, sentiments which you have so well deserved. If I live in this agreeable asylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greatest pleasures of my life will be, to reflect that I owe it to you. To make another happy is to deserve to be happy one's self. May you, therefore, find in yourself the reward of all you have done for me! Alone, I might perhaps have met with hospitality, but I should never have relished it so highly as I now do, in owing it to your friendship. Retain still that friendship for me, my dear patron; love me for my sake, who am so much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done me. I am sensible of the full value of your sincere friendship: I ardently wish it: I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel something in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reasons agreed on between us, I shall receive nothing by the post, I beseech you, when you have the goodness to write to me, to send your letters to Mr. Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjusted, because I know I was imposed on; it is a trifling fault, however, which may be only the effect of an obliging vanity, unless it should happen to be repeated. If you were concerned in it, I would advise you to give up, once for all, these little impositions, which cannot proceed from any good motive, when converted
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into snares for simplicity. I embrace you, my dear patron, with the same cordiality I hope to find in you."

Some days afterwards Mr. Hume received another letter from Rousseau, as follows:

"Wooton, March 29, 1766.

"You will see, my dear patron, by the letter which Mr. Davenport will have transmitted you, how I find myself situated in this place, according to my wishes. I might, perhaps, be more at my ease if I were less noticed; but the sollicitude of so polite a host as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as every thing in life is mingled with inconvenience, that of being too good is one of those which is the most tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the servants understand me, and particularly in my not understanding a word of what they say. Luckily Mademoiselle le Vasseur serves me as interpreter, and her fingers speak better than my tongue. There is one advantage, however, attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compensation; it serves to tire and keep at a distance impertinent visitors. The minister of the parish came to see me yesterday, who, finding that I spoke to him only in French, would not speak to me in English, so that our interview was almost without the interchange of a word. I have taken a fancy to this expedient, and shall make use of it with all my

neighbours, if I have any. Nay, if I should learn to speak English, I will converse with them only in French, especially if I were so happy as to find they did not understand a word of that language. It is an artifice much of the same kind with that which the negroes say the monkeys practise, who, though they are capable of speech, will not be prevailed upon to talk, lest they should be set to work.

“ It is by no means true, that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr. Goffet as a present. On the contrary, I asked him the price, which he told me was a guinea and a half, adding that he intended to present me with it; an offer I did not accept. I beg of you, therefore, to pay him for it, and Mr. Davenport will be so good as repay you the money. If Mr. Goffet does not consent to this, it must be returned to him, and purchased by some other hand. It is designed by M. du Peyrou, who long since desired to have my portrait, and caused one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this respect than he, but I am sorry that, by your assiduity to serve me, you deprive me of the pleasure of discharging the same friendly obligation with regard to yourself. Be so good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be sent to Messrs. Guinand and Hankey, Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, in order to be transmitted to M. du Peyrou by the first safe conveyance. It has been a frost ever since I have been here: the snow falls daily, and the wind

is cutting and severe ; notwithstanding all which I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree, in this country, than in the most superb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart."

When it was first proposed, that Rousseau should take up his residence in Britain, it was also in view with his friends to procure a pension of 100*l.* a-year to him from his Majesty ; but the arrangement of this was likely to be much impeded by the peculiar sensibility of Rousseau's temper. As Hume and he were conversing together one evening at Calais, where they were detained on their way to England by contrary winds, our historian asked him, if he would accept of a pension from the king in case his Majesty should grant it. He replied, that it was a matter of some difficulty to resolve on ; but that he would be entirely guided by the advice of Lord Marischal.

Encouraged by this answer, Hume, immediately on his arrival in London, stated the matter to his Majesty's ministers, and particularly to General Conway, Secretary of State, and General Græme, Secretary and Chamberlain to the Queen. Application was accordingly made to their Majesties, who readily assented, on condition that the transaction should not be made public. The reason of this stipulation was, that these great personages did not chuse to appear publicly to countenance the author of obnoxious writings. Hume afterwards

wrote to Lord Marischal, to whom Rousseau also wrote, and expressed himself highly pleased with the conditional article of secrecy. Lord Marischal, as it will easily be supposed, sent his approbation, and Rousseau set out for Wooton, the completion of the affair being retarded by the indisposition of General Conway.

“ In the mean time,” observes Mr. Hume, “ I began to be afraid, from what I had observed of M. Rousseau’s disposition and character, that his natural restlessness of mind would prevent his enjoying that repose, to which the hospitality and security he found in England invited him. I saw with infinite regret, that he was born for storms and tumults, and that the disgust which might succeed the peaceful enjoyment of solitude and tranquillity, would soon render him a burden to himself and every body about him. But as I lived at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from the place of his residence, and was constantly employed in doing him good offices, I did not expect that I myself should be the victim of this unhappy disposition.”

The late Lord Orford, better known as Horace Walpole, happened to be at Paris, while Hume resided there ; and his turn for pleasantries led him to exercise it at the expence of poor Rousseau, in the following letter written in the name of the King of Prussia.

“ My

“ MY DEAR JEAN JACQUES,

“ You have renounced Geneva, your native land. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made such boast in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuse myself with your reveries; on which, however, by the way, you bestow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy: you have made yourself sufficiently talked of for singularities little becoming a truly great man: show your enemies that you have sometimes common sense: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions offer you a peaceful retreat: I am desirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it such. But if you are obstinate in refusing my assistance, you may expect that I shall say not a word about it to any one. If you persist in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuse such as you like best: I am a King, and can make you as miserable as you can wish; and what your enemies certainly never will, I will cease to persecute you, when you are no longer yain of persecution.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ FREDERICK.”

Although this letter had been written three weeks before the departure of the two philosophers from
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the French capital, its author, out of regard to Hume, concealed it from him, although they lodged in the same hotel. Walpole afterwards showed it to his friends, and copies of it being taken, the epistle was handed about and spread over Europe. "It was" says Hume, "in every body's hands when I saw it, for the first time, in London. I believe every one, who knows any thing of the liberty of this country, will allow that such a piece of raillery could not even by the utmost influence of King, Lords, and Commons, by all the authority ecclesiastical, civil, and military, be kept from finding its way to the press."

It was accordingly published in the St. James's Chronicle, and a few days afterwards the following piece appeared in the same paper.

M. ROUSSEAU to the Author of the ST. JAMES'S
CHRONICLE.

"Wooton, April 7, 1766.

"SIR,

"You have been wanting in that respect which every private person owes to crowned heads, in publicly ascribing to the king of Prussia a letter full of extravagance and baseness; by which circumstance alone you might be very well assured he could not be the author. You have even dared to subscribe his name, as if you had seen him write it with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, that that letter was fabricated at Paris; and, what
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rends and afflicts my heart, the impostor has his accomplices in England.

“In justice to the king of Prussia, to truth, and to myself, you ought therefore to print the letter I now write you, and to which I set my name; by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourself for, if you knew of what atrociousness you have been made the instrument. Sir, I make you my sincere salutations.”

However much Mr. Hume might regret, that his friend should have condescended to notice a puerile *jeu d'esprit* in a newspaper, he never could have surmised that he himself would be accused of being the writer of it. “I am surely,” says he, “the last man in the world, who, in common sense, ought to be suspected: yet, without even the pretence of the smallest proof or probability, I am, of a sudden, the first man, not merely suspected, but fixed upon to be the publisher: I am, without any inquiry or explanation, insulted in a public journal: I am, from the dearest friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant enemy; and all my present and past services are at once adroitly cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reasoning on such a subject, and with such a man, I might ask M. Rousseau, why I am supposed to have any malignity against him? My actions, in a hundred instances, had sufficiently demonstrated the contrary; and it is not usual for favours conferred

ferred to beget ill-will in the person who confers them."

Two days after the last letter of Rousseau to Hume (29th March) in which he employs the most fulsome adulation, he wrote to M. d'Ivernois, in a very different style, his sentiments of our author; and it appears from the following passage of his letter to that gentleman, that at the time this philosopher was overwhelming Mr. Hume with ardent expressions of gratitude, he had conceived against him the most absurd suspicion and violent animosity.

"Wooton, March 31, 1766.

"My friend, I wrote you the day before yesterday, and the same evening I received your letter of the 15th. It had been opened and sealed again: it came to me through Mr. Hume, who is very intimate with the son of the juggler Fronchin, and resided in the same house with him. He is also much connected with my most dangerous enemies at Paris, and if he be not a cheat, I owe him in my heart many reparations. I owe him thanks for the trouble he has taken respecting me, in a land where I know not the language. He concerns himself much about my little interests; but my reputation gains not by this, and I know not how it happens, that the public papers, which spoke much of me, and always with honour, before our arrival, have ceased to do so since he came to London, or only speak to my disadvantage.

tage. All my affairs, all my letters pass through his hands : those I write, arrive not ; those I receive, are open. Several other circumstances render me suspicious of his conduct, and even of his zeal. I cannot yet discover what his intentions are, but I cannot help thinking them sinister ; and I am much deceived, if all our letters are not divulged by the jugglers, who will infallibly endeavour to injure us. In the hope of learning something to aid my inquiry, seal your letters with more care, and I will try on my part to open with your correspondents a direct communication, without the letters passing through this dangerous entrepôt."

Rousseau had brought over with him a copy of M. du Peyrou's letters concerning the treatment he met with at Neufchatel, and given them to Mr. Becket the bookseller to publish. A delay having arisen in consequence of the indisposition of the translator, the fretful Rousseau immediately perceived conspiracy and treason in this circumstance ; and under that impression wrote the following letter to Messrs. Becket and De Hondt : a further explanation of the accidental causes of this delay will be afterwards given.

" Wooton, April 9, 1766.

" GENTLEMEN,

" I was surprised at not seeing published the translation of the letters of M. du Peyrou, which I had transmitted to you, and about which you seemed
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so earnest. But on reading in the public papers a pretended letter of the king of Prussia to me, I readily conceived why those of M. du Peyrou had not appeared. Well, gentlemen, as the public wish to be deceived, let them be so. I myself feel but very little interest in it, and hope that the black vapours, raised at London, will not disturb the serenity of the air I breathe here. But it appears to me, that as you make no use of the copy, you ought to have returned it, before my bringing it to your recollection. Have the goodness, I request you, to send it back, &c."

It was the practice of Rousseau, on the occurrence of a storm, of which he himself was generally the author, to fill Europe with his complaints; and he was not wanting in industry upon the present occasion. The Countess de Boufflers, the common friend of both philosophers, had long interested herself in behalf of Rousseau, and was one of those who had arranged his journey to England; she was a woman of ability, a *sçavante*, mistress of the Prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. To this lady the angry citizen of Geneva, two days after he had written to the editor of the St. James's Chronicle, sent a letter containing a violent attack on the integrity of Hume. He wrote in a like style to the Marchioness de Verdelin, to Lord Marischal, to M. d'Ivernois, and M. de Malfherbes. His letter to the Countess was as follows:

"Wooton,

“ Wooton, April 9, 1766.

“ MADAM,

“ It is with regret, that I have to afflict your benevolent heart; but it is absolutely necessary that you should know this David Hume, into whose hands you have delivered me, in the belief of obtaining a quiet situation for me. Since our arrival in England, where I knew only himself, some one, who seems acquainted with all my affairs, labours in secret, but without intermission, to dishonour me, and has prevailed with a success which astonishes me. All that happened to me in Switzerland has been misrepresented: my last journey to Paris, and the reception I met with there, have been falsified. It is alleged, that I was generally despised in France for my bad conduct, and that it is on that account I dare not show myself in that country. It is inserted in the public papers, that, without Mr. Hume's protection, I durst not, in my last journey, have ventured to cross France in order to embark at Calais, and that he had procured my passport. A forged letter of the king of Prussia, fabricated by d'Alembert, and circulated at Paris by their common friend Walpole, has been translated and published. They have endeavoured to present me and Madlle. le Vasseur at such times as they could turn me into ridicule. They have suppressed at a bookseller's an edition and translation which was to have been made of the letters of M. du Peyrou. In less than six weeks, all the

the public papers, which at first spoke of me only in honourable terms, have changed their style, and speak no more, except in contempt. The court and the public have altered their sentiments respecting me with the same rapidity; and, above all, the persons with whom Mr. Hume is most connected are those who distinguish themselves by the most pointed contempt;—affecting, from a regard to him, to do me an act of charity rather than of courtesy, without the least mark of affection or esteem: and as if they were persuaded, that it is only pecuniary services which can be of use to a man like me.

“During the journey, he spoke to me of the juggler Fronchin, as a man who had made deceitful advances to him, which he had reason to mistrust. In the mean time, he lodged at London, with the son of that juggler, lived in the greatest intimacy with him, and at last placed him with M. Mitchell, the minister at Berlin, where this young man goes, no doubt, charged with instructions relating to me. I had the misfortune to reside two days with Mr. Hume in that same house, on a visit from the country to London.

“I cannot express to you to what a pitch hatred and scorn have been manifested towards me in the hostesses and servants, and what a disgraceful reception they have given Madlle. le Vasseur. In fine, I was almost certain of meeting with a malicious and contemptuous behaviour in those connected

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ed with Mr. Hume; and I have, a hundred times, heard conversation held even in my own presence, tending to inflame against me those to whom he spoke. The difficulty is to divine his object; and this is encreased by my being at his discretion in a country, of the language of which I am ignorant, and where all my letters pass through his hands. These he has ever been very earnest to see and to get hold of: few of those I have written, have arrived; almost all I have received, have been opened; and such as I might have drawn some light from were probably suppressed.

“ There were two incidents, which I cannot forget: one of them was, that, on the evening after our departure from Paris, as we were all three lying in the same chamber, I heard, in the middle of the night, David Hume exclaim several times with a loud voice, *I have J. J. Rousseau*. These words I could only interpret favourably at the time; yet there was in the tone, something I cannot describe, hideous and deceitful, which I never will forget.

“ The second incident arose from a kind of overflowing of the heart which I gave way to on another occasion with him, respecting a letter which I am about to mention. In the evening I was writing on his table to Mad. de Chenonceaux. He was very anxious to know what I had written, and could scarcely refrain from reading it. I closed my letter without shewing it to him; but he earnestly

nestly asked for it, saying, that he would send it next day by the post. I was forced to give it him ; and it remained on the table. Lord Newnham arrived, and David left us a moment, but for what reason I know not. I took up my letter, observing that it would be in time to send it to morrow. Lord Newnham offered to send it by the packet of the French Ambassador. I accepted this offer, and David entered while Lord Newnham was putting the letter under cover. His Lordship drew out his seal, but David offered his with so much eagerness, that it was necessary to take it in preference. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to a servant to be sent immediately to the ambassador's house. I said to myself, I am sure that David will follow the servant. This he did not fail to do ; and I will lay a wager that my letter was not sent, or that it was first unsealed.

“ At supper, he fixed his eyes alternately on Madelle. le Vasseur and on me, in such a manner as to terrify me,—eyes which an honest man is seldom so unfortunate as to receive from nature. When she had gone to bed in the dog-kennel allotted her, we remained some time without speaking. He fixed his attention on me in a similar manner ; and I endeavoured to do the same on him, but found it impossible to support his hideous looks. I felt my soul troubled within me ; I experienced a horrible emotion : in fine, the remorse of judging evilly of so great a man on mere appearances overcame me. I threw myself in his arms,

arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, *No, David Hume is not a traitor; that is impossible: but if he is not the best of men, he must be the blackest.* Upon this, my gentleman, instead of being softened as I was, or putting himself in a passion; instead of demanding explanations from me, remained tranquil, and returned my transports with some cold caresses, patting me gently on the back, and saying several times, *my dear Sir; what, my dear Sir!* I declare, that this manner of receiving the overflowing of my heart struck me more than every thing else. I set out next day for the country, where I have collected new facts, and now conclude with a wish to die.

“ In this reverse of my affairs, which does not permit me to speak to you of any thing else, I possess all my faculties. Madam, do not be disheartened by my miseries, and deign to love me still, although the most unfortunate of men.

“ I have seen Dr. Gatti* in strong intimacy with our gentleman; and two interviews have satisfied me, that, whatever you may say of him, Doctor Gatti does not love me. I ought also to have apprized you, that the box you sent to me by him has been opened, and that another seal than yours was put on it. It would tempt one to laugh, to think how my inquisitive folks have been punished.”

* Query. Should not this be Dr. Maty?

One of his letters from Wooten to M. de Malherbes contains farther details, highly characteristic of the eccentricity of the writer. It is dated the 10th May; and after some introductory remarks of a general nature, proceeds as follows:

“ Allow me, for the second time in my life, to inform you of my situation. How altered is my fortune, since my residence at Montmorency! You thought me then unhappy, and you deceived yourself: if you think that I am happy at present, you still more deceive yourself. You are going to hear of a new species of misfortunes, worthy of crowning all the others, and such as I could not indeed have supposed in reserve for me.

“ I lived in Switzerland as a mild and quiet man, shunning the converse of the world, without concerning myself about any thing, never engaging in dispute, and not even expressing my opinions. I was driven from it by persecutions, without an object, without a motive, without pretext; by persecutions the most violent and undeserved that it is possible to imagine; yet some have even the barbarity to reproach me, as if I had drawn them on myself through vanity. Languid, sick, and afflicted, I made preparations in the beginning of winter to go to Berlin. While at Strasburgh, I received from Mr. Hume the most affectionate invitation to put myself under his protection, and

to follow him to England, where he would procure for me an agreeable and tranquil retreat. I had formerly a design of retiring into that country, and Lord Marischal had always advised me to it. The Duke d'Aumont, at the request of Mad. de Verdelin, procured for me a passport, by means of which I set out with a heart full of the good David. I hastened to Paris to throw myself into his arms. The Prince of Conti honoured me with a reception more suitable to his generosity than to my situation; and I acquiesced in it from a sentiment of respect, though with repugnance, as I foresaw that my enemies would make me pay dear for the eclat of it.

“ It was very gratifying to me to perceive the increase of good will towards Mr. Hume, which this act of kindness procured him at Paris. He ought, as well as myself, to have been touched with it; yet I doubt if he was in a similar manner. But what gave me extreme uneasiness was, to see the Prince of Conti loading me in his presence with such great favours, that they might have passed as if done in jest, if I had had less reason to be melancholy, or the Prince had been less generous. All these attentions were directed to me: Mr. Hume was in a manner forgotten, or merely asked to share in them. It was clear, that this preference of kindness, of which I was the object, was not very flattering to him; for it was as much as to say,—*my friend Hume, aid me in shewing commiseration to this unfortunate.* But his
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jealous heart was too brutal to feel this distinction.

“ We set out. His mind was so occupied about me, that he spoke of me in his sleep. You will learn afterwards what he said on the first night of our journey. On landing at Dover, I was transported on touching at last that land of liberty, and at being conducted to it by that illustrious man : I leaped on his neck, embraced him without uttering a word, and covered his face with kisses and with tears. It was not the only time, nor the most remarkable instance, that he had witnessed in me a sudden emotion of an affectionate heart. I know not what he does with these recollections, if he feels them ; but I suspect that they have been sometimes importunate.

“ We arrived in London. In both Houses of Parliament, and even at court, they were eager to shew me kindness and esteem. Mr. Hume presented me politely to every body, and I naturally ascribed to him the chief part of this reception. The resort of company made a residence in London inconvenient : immediately country-houses presented themselves in abundance : I had my choice in every county. Mr. Hume charged himself with these proposals, communicated them to me, and even conducted me to two or three places in the neighbourhood. I hesitated long in my choice ; but at last determined on this place. Mr. Hume immediately arranged every thing : all difficulties were

were removed : I set out, and arrived at a commodious, agreeable, and solitary habitation, where the master provides every thing, and nothing is wanting : I am quiet and independent. This was the moment so much desired, when all my misfortunes were to terminate : no, it was only the moment when they were to commence, misfortunes more cruel than any I had hitherto experienced.

“ Perhaps, Sir, you may not be ignorant, that before my arrival in England, it was one of the countries in Europe where I had the greatest reputation, and I will almost venture to say, consideration. The public papers were full of my praises, and there was only one cry of indignation against my persecutors. This was the tone on my arrival, which the papers announced with triumph : England was honoured by becoming my place of refuge, and she was justly proud of her laws and her government. On a sudden, and without any assignable cause, this tone was changed ; but so strongly and so rapidly, that, in all the caprices of the public, never was any thing more surprising. The signal was given in a certain magazine, as full of absurdities as of lies ; and in it the author, doubtless well informed, gave me out for the son of a musician. From that moment, all was insult and outrage : crowds of books and other writings attacked me personally, without respect or discretion ; and no paper dared appear, unless it contained some rudeness towards me. Though too much accustomed to injuries from the public

was affected by this, I could not help being surprised at a change so quick, a concert so completely unanimous, that not one of those who had so much praised me said a single word in my defence.

“ I thought it strange, that precisely on the return of Mr. Hume, who has so much influence here with the men of letters, and such great connection with them, his presence should have produced an effect so contrary to what I might have expected ; in so much, that not one of his friends shewed himself to be mine ; and it was easy to perceive that those who treated me so ill were none of his enemies ; for while speaking highly of his quality of minister, they said that I could not have travelled through France except under his protection, and that he had obtained for me a passport from the court of France ; and they were little from adding, that I had made the journey at his expence.

“ Another thing astonished me still more. Every body had caressed me on my arrival ; but in proportion to the length of our stay, I observed the behaviour of his friends to alter in a very striking manner. I own, that they have ever taken the same trouble on my account ; but far from giving me their esteem, they accompanied their services with the most shocking air of disdain, and it might be said, that they sought to oblige me, merely to have a right to load me with contempt.

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Unfortunately I was in their power. At their mercy in a country, the language of which was unknown to me, what could I do?—bow down my head, and see none of these affronts. If some Englishmen have continued to give me their esteem, they are persons with whom Mr. Hume has no connection.

“ Flattery I have always suspected. He has offered me the lowest, and in every way; but I have never remarked in his language any thing which indicated real friendship. It might be said, that, in seeking to procure patrons to me, he strove to bereave me of their good will. He wished that I should obtain aid rather than affection; and I have a hundred times been surprised at the repulsive turn he gave to my conduct before people who might have taken offence at it. An example will illustrate this. Mr. Penneck of the Museum, a friend of Lord Marischal, and clergyman of a parish in which they wanted me to reside, came to see me. Mr. Hume, in my presence, made my excuses for not having paid him a visit. Doctor Maty, said he, had invited us to the Museum on Thursday, where M. Rousseau should have seen you, but he preferred going with Mrs. Garrick to the play; he could not do so many things on the same day.

“ A forged letter of the King of Prussia was circulated at Paris, and afterwards translated and published here. I heard with astonishment, that

the person who circulated the letter was a Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume. I asked him, if this was true; but instead of answering me, he coldly demanded, who told me so; and a few days afterwards, he wanted me to intrust this same Mr. Walpole with some papers of consequence to me, which I wished to send by a safe conveyance. I saw this pretended letter of the King of Prussia, and immediately recognized in it the style of M. d'Alembert, another friend of Mr. Hume, and my enemy, who is the more dangerous as he takes care to conceal his hatred. I learned that the son of the juggler Fronchin, my most deadly foe, was not only a friend of Mr. Hume, but that he resided with him; and when Mr. Hume saw that I knew this, he confidently assured me that the son did not resemble the father. I lodged two or three nights with my governante in the same house with Mr. Hume, and from the reception his hostesses, who are his friends, gave us, I judged of the manner in which this man, who was said not to resemble his father, had spoken of her and me to them.

“ All these facts taken together, and others I observed of a similar nature, insensibly produced an uneasiness which I repulsed with horror. In the mean time, the letters I wrote did not arrive, several of those I received had been opened, and all of them passed through the hands of Mr. Hume: if any one escaped him, he could not conceal his anxiety to see it. I still recollect a circumstance, which

which struck me one evening, respecting a letter. It was this, for it is necessary that I relate it; and in doing so, I must be particular. After supper, we were both sitting in silence by the fireside, when I observed him to fix his eyes on me; which he often did, and in a very remarkable manner. His eager and prolonged attention was this time almost distressing. I endeavoured to fix my eyes on him in my turn: but when mine struck his, I felt an unaccountable terror, and I was soon obliged to turn them elsewhere. The physiognomy and tone of the good David are those of a good man; but to engage me in a tête-à-tête with him, the good man must have other eyes than those he has.

“The impression of this look remained with me. My uneasiness encreased even to oppression. Very soon afterwards a violent remorse seized me: I was indignant at myself. At last, in a transport, which I still recollect with pleasure, I threw myself on his neck, and inundating it with my tears, I exclaimed, *No, no, David Hume is not a traitor: if he were not the best of men, he would be the blackest.* David returned my embraces, and patting me on the back with his finger, repeated several times in a placid tone: *What, my dear Sir? Eh, my dear Sir! What then, my dear Sir?* He said no more; I felt my heart yearn within me; our explanation stopt there; we went to bed, and next day I set out for the country.

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“ I return now to what I heard at Raye the first night after our departure. We were in bed in the same chamber; and several times in the middle of the night I heard him cry with extreme violence, *I have J. J. Rousseau*. I took these words in a favourable sense, which his tone certainly did not warrant. It was a tone of which it is impossible to give an idea, and which had no resemblance to that he has during the day, but corresponded very well with the looks I formerly mentioned. Every time he uttered these words, I shuddered with terror which I could not resist: but a moment only was necessary to restore me, and I then laughed at my fright. Next day every thing was so completely forgot, that I did not even think of the affair during my stay in London and its neighbourhood; and it was not until my arrival here, that, on reviewing the observations I had made, and the number of which augmented daily, the circumstance came to my recollection. At present, I am too certain that I shall not again forget it. This man, whom my unlucky destiny seems to have created to distress me, is not in the ordinary sphere of human nature, and you have certainly, more than any one, a reason to hold his character incredible.

“ It is, however, not my object that you should judge of him on my representation, but only that you judge of my situation. Alone in a country unknown to me, among a people but little mild, whose

whose language I know not, and whose hatred is inflamed against me,—without support, without a friend, without the means of warding off the blows aimed against me, I might, from these alone, feel reasons for sorrow. But I protest, that it is neither for the troubles I endure, nor the dangers I run, that I am uneasy. I repose so confidently on my reputation, that I no longer think of defending it. Without pain I abandon it, at least during my life, to my indefatigable enemies; but to think that a man with whom I have never had any difference,—a man of merit, estimable for his talents, and respected for his character, should stretch out his arms to me in my distress, and when I throw myself into them, stifle me with his embrace—that, Sir, is the idea which overwhelms me. Voltaire, d'Alembert, Fronchin, have not for an instant affected my soul; but were I to live a thousand years, I should feel at the last moment of my existence, that David Hume would never cease to be present to my view.

“ Yet I endure my misfortunes with sufficient patience, and, above all, felicitate myself, that my temper is not soured by them: this renders them less insupportable to me. I have renewed my solitary walks; but instead of indulging in a reverie, I botanise: it is a change of pursuit of which I stand in need. Unfortunately I have no great resource here; we have few fine days; I have bad eyes, and a bad microscope. I am to collect plants without

without books, for I have none here. Besides my nights are unpleasant, my body suffers still more than my heart : the total loss of sleep renders me a prey to the most melancholy ideas : the air of the country joins its sombre influence to all this, and I begin to feel frequently that I have lived too long. The worst is, that I fear death still more, not merely for itself, not merely because I have not a friend to sweeten my last hours, but on account of the desolate state in which I shall leave here the companion of my misfortunes, abandoned to inhumanity, or, what is worse, the insulting pity of those whose cares are only a refinement of cruelty to make one endure opprobrium in silence. I know not, in fact, what resources philosophy can offer to a man in my situation. Indeed, I perceive two only which can be of use,—hope and resignation.

“ The pleasure, Sir, which I have in writing you is so wholly independent of the expectation of an answer, that I do not send you any address for that purpose, and I am very certain you will not make use of that of Mr. Hume, with whom I have broken off all connection. Your sentiments are known to me ; and I have the evidence of a hundred letters that you think of me sometimes with interest. I have resolved to break off hereafter all commerce by letters, except in the case of absolute necessity,—to read in future neither journals nor public papers, but to pass the
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the tranquil days which may be left me, in total ignorance of what is said or done in the world."

Inconscious of having committed any fault, the unsuspecting Hume continued his kind offices in behalf of Rousseau, and renewed his solicitations respecting the pension, as soon as the state of General Conway's health permitted. The General applied again to his Majesty, who likewise renewed his consent. Application had been also made to the Marquis of Rockingham, then first Commissioner of the Treasury. In fine, Hume, having happily accomplished his purpose according to his wishes, informed Rousseau of his success; but all his exertions were blasted by the following letter, which the philosopher thought proper to write to General Conway.

" May 12, 1766.

" SIR,

" Affected by a most lively sense of the favour his Majesty has honoured me with, and of your goodness, which procured it me; I experience the most agreeable sensation in reflecting that the best of Kings, and the person most worthy of his confidence, are pleased to interest themselves in my fortune. This, Sir, is an advantage of which I am justly tenacious, and which I will never deserve to lose. But it is necessary I should speak to you with the frankness you admire. After so many misfortunes, I thought myself armed against all possible events: there have happened
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to me some, however, which I did not foresee; and which indeed an ingenuous mind could not have foreseen. Hence it is that they affect me so much the more severely, and the trouble in which they involve me deprives me of the ease of mind necessary for directing my conduct. All I can reasonably do, in so distressed a situation, is to suspend my resolutions about every affair of such importance as that in agitation. So far from refusing the beneficence of the King from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowledging it, and am only sorry I cannot do so more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I wish to be able to give up myself entirely to those sentiments which it would inspire, and to have a heart replete with gratitude for his Majesty's goodness and yours. I am not at all afraid that this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, Sir, to preserve that kindness for me, till a more happy opportunity: you will then be satisfied, that I defer taking advantage of it, only to render myself more worthy of it. I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my most humble and respectful salutations."

This letter appeared both to General Conway and to our historian a plain refusal, as long as the stipulation of secrecy was insisted on. Hume, however, being willing to overlook the apparent neglect in writing him, prevailed on the General to keep the matter still open, and wrote a friendly letter to Rousseau, exhorting him to return to his

his former way of thinking, and to accept of the pension. As to the pretended distress which he mentions in his letter to the General, all fears were removed by a letter from Mr. Davenport, who reported his guest to be at the time extremely happy, easy, cheerful, and even sociable. “I saw plainly in this occurrence,” observes Mr. Hume, “the usual infirmity of my friend, who wishes to interest the world in his favour by passing for sickly, and persecuted, and distressed, and unfortunate, beyond all measure, even while he is the most happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme sensibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was so well acquainted with them.”

After waiting three weeks in vain for an answer to his letter, but having to do with a very eccentric character, and still accounting for his silence by supposing him ashamed to write to him, Hume nevertheless determined not to abate in his endeavours to do him an essential service; and accordingly renewed his applications to the ministers, the result of which he communicated to him in the following letter:

“Lisle-street, Leicester-Fields,
June 19, 1766.

“SIR,

“As I have not received any answer from you, I conclude, that you persevere in the resolution of refusing all marks of his Majesty’s goodness, as
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long as they must remain a secret. I have, therefore, applied to General Conway to have this condition removed; and I have been so fortunate as to obtain his promise that he would speak to the King for that purpose. It will only be requisite, said he, that we know previously from M. Rousseau, whether he would accept of a pension publicly granted him, that his Majesty may not be exposed to a second refusal. He gave me authority to write to you on the subject; and I beg to hear your resolution as soon as possible. If you give your consent, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I know that I can depend on the good offices of the Duke of Richmond to second General Conway's application; so that I have no doubt of success. I am, my dear Sir, your's, with great sincerity."

Five days afterwards Rousseau returned the following answer:

"Wooton, June 23, 1766.

"SIR,

"I imagined, that my silence, truly interpreted by your conscience, had said enough; but since you have some design in not understanding me, I shall speak. You have but ill disguised yourself. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any connection, quarrels or disputes; while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me an offer of the good offices of yourself and friends. Affected by this generosity, I threw myself into your arms; you brought me to England, apparently to procure me
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an asylum; but, in fact, to bring me to dishonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of your heart, and a success worthy of your abilities. To succeed, it was not necessary to take so much pains: you live in the world, and I in solitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you cannot deceive; I mean yourself. You know with what horror my heart rejected the first suspicion of your designs. I told you with tears in my eyes, while I embraced you, that if you were not the best of men, you must be the basest. In reflecting on your secret conduct, you must say to yourself, sometimes, you are not the best of men; and I doubt, if, under that impression, you will ever be the happiest.

“ I leave your friends and you to carry on your schemes as you please; and I give up to you, without regret, my reputation during life, certain that, one day, justice will be done to the reputation of both. As to your good offices in matters of interest, which you have made use of as a mask, I thank you for them, and shall dispense with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correspondence with you any longer, or to accept of it even to my advantage in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, Sir, I wish you the truest happiness; but as we ought not to have any thing to say to each other for the future, this is the last letter you will receive from me.”

To this letter Mr. Hume immediately sent the following reply :

“ June 26, 1766.

“ As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part, of having always given you the most tender and the most active proofs of sincere affection, you may judge of my extreme surprise on perusing your epistle. Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generalities, it is as impossible to answer, as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose, that some infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But, in that case, it is your duty, and, I am persuaded, it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of justifying myself ; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accused. You say, that I myself know that I have been false to you ; but I say it loudly, and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary ; that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted ; and that though I have given you instances of it, which have been universally remarked both in France and England, the public as yet are acquainted only with the smallest part of it. I demand, that you name to me the man who dares assert the contrary ; and, above all, I demand, that he shall mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this
to

to me; you owe it to yourself; you owe it to truth, and honour, and justice, and to every thing deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man, —for I will not say, as your friend; I will not say, as your benefactor; but I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any scandalous falsehood which may have been invented against me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have sent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, will, I am confident, second my demand, and tell you, that nothing can be more equitable. Happily I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wooton; and you there express, in the strongest terms, in terms indeed, too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you. The little epistolary intercourse, which afterwards passed between us, has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes. Tell me then, what has since given you offence. Tell me, of what I am accused. Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions to my satisfaction, and to that of Mr. Davenport, you will still have great difficulty to justify your employing such outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been so intimately connected, and who was intitled, on many accounts, to have been treated by you with more regard and decency.

“ Mr. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your pension, because I thought it necessary

that the person who had undertaken your settlement, should be fully acquainted with your circumstances; lest he should be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of offence.

“I am, Sir.”

In consequence of Mr. Davenport's interposition, Rousseau was prevailed on to write, three weeks afterwards, the following long epistle to Hume, which is the more interesting, as it contains Rousseau's statement of facts, and to which are subjoined the notes annexed by our historian, in his French pamphlet, already mentioned, and inserted in the Appendix.

“Wooton, July 10, 1766.

“SIR,

“I am indisposed, and little in a condition to write; but you require an explanation, and it must be given you. It was your own fault, that you had it not long since; but as you did not desire it, I was silent: at present you do, and I have sent it. It will be a long one: for this I am sorry; but I have much to say, and wish not to return hereafter to the subject.

“I live retired from the world, and am ignorant of what passes in it. I have no party, no associate, no intrigue. I am told nothing, and I know only what I feel; but that I well know, as care has
been

been taken to make me severely feel. The first care of those who engage in bad designs is to secure themselves from legal proofs of detection ; it would not be very advisable to seek a remedy against them at law. The innate conviction of the heart admits of another kind of proof, which influences the sentiments of an honest man. You well know the basis of mine.

“ You ask me, with great confidence, to name your accuser. That accuser, Sir, is the only man in the world whose testimony I should admit against you : it is yourself. Without reserve or fear, I shall give myself up to the natural frankness of my disposition ; and being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I shall speak with the same freedom, as if you were a person in whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you a history of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them. While speaking of Mr. Hume in the third person, I shall make yourself the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithstanding the length of my letter, I shall pursue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premises, and ending with the demonstration.

“ I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment which I had experienced, but which affected only my personal safety, while my honour was secure. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join Lord Marischal, when I received at Strasburg a most affectionate invitation from

Mr. Hume, to go over with him to England, where he promised me the most agreeable reception, and more tranquillity than I had met with. I hesitated some time between my old friend and my new one; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was still more so; but the desire of visiting in person a celebrated nation, of which I had heard both so much good and so much ill, prevailed. Assured that I was not to lose George Keith, I was flattered by the acquisition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and established probity of character, made me desirous of annexing his friendship to that with which I was honoured by his illustrious countryman. Besides, I gloried not a little in setting an example to men of letters, in a sincere union between two men so different in their principles.

“ Before I had received an invitation from the King of Prussia, and Lord Marischal, and while undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had requested and obtained, by the interest of my friends, a passport from the court of France. I made use of this, and went to Paris to join Mr. Hume. He saw, and perhaps saw too much of the favourable reception I met with from a great Prince, and, I will venture to say, from the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that *eclat*; concluding how far it would excite the envy of my enemies. At the same time, I saw, with pleasure, the regard which the public entertained for Mr. Hume sensibly increasing throughout

throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with respect to me. Doubtless he was affected too ; but I know not if it was in the same manner as I was.

“ We set out with one of my friends, who came to England almost entirely on my account. When we landed at Dover, I was transported with the thoughts of having set foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of so celebrated a person ; I threw my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my heart, without speaking a syllable ; bathing his cheeks, as I kissed them, with tears sufficiently expressive. This was not the only time, nor the most remarkable instance I have given him of the effusions of a heart full of sensibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens ; but I have a notion they must be sometimes troublesome to him.

“ On our arrival in London, all ranks of people eagerly pressed to give me marks of their kindness and esteem. Mr. Hume politely presented me to every body : and it was natural for me to ascribe to him, as I did, the best part of my good reception. My heart was full of him : I spoke in his praise to every one ; I wrote to the same purpose to all my friends : my attachment to him gathered new strength every day, while his appeared the most affectionate to me ; of which he frequently gave me instances that touched me extremely. That of causing my portrait to be painted, however,

ever, was not of the number. This seemed to me to carry with it too much affectation, and had an air of ostentation which by no means pleased me. All this, however, might have been easily excusable, if Mr. Hume had been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures, containing the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confess, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong*.

“ But what appears to me an act of friendship and generosity the most undoubted and estimable, in a word, the most worthy of Mr. Hume, was the care he took to solicit for me of his own accord, a pension from the King ; to which, most assuredly, I had no right to aspire. As I was a witness to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected by it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of service of that nature ; not merely for the sake of interest ; for, too much attached perhaps to what I actually possess, I am not capable of desiring what I have not ; and as I am able to subsist on my labour and the aid of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of

* The fact was this. My friend, Mr. Ramsay, a painter of eminence, and a man of merit, proposed to draw M. Rousseau's picture ; and when he had begun it, told me he intended to make me a present of it. Thus the design of having M. Rousseau's picture drawn did not come from me, nor did it cost me any thing. M. Rousseau, therefore, is equally contemptible in paying me a compliment for this pretended gallantry, in his letter of the 29th of March, and in converting it into ridicule here. HUME.

receiving

receiving testimonies of the goodness, I will not say of so great a monarch, but of so good a father, so good a husband, so good a master, so good a friend, and, above all, so worthy a man, sensibly affected me ; and when I considered farther, that the minister who had obtained for me this favour, was a living instance of that probity so useful to mankind, and so rarely met with in one of his situation, I could not forbear to pride myself, at having for my benefactors three men, whom, of all the world, I could most desire to have my friends. Thus, so far from refusing the pension offered me, I only made one condition necessary for my acceptance ; and that was the consent of a person, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to consult.

“ Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad state of health, and my custom of living in the country, made my residence in town very disagreeable. Immediately country-houses presented themselves in plenty ; I had my choice of all the counties of England. Mr. Hume took the trouble to receive these proposals, and to represent them to me ; accompanying me to two or three places in the neighbouring counties. I hesitated a good while in my choice, and he increased the difficulty of determination. At length, I fixed on this place, and immediately Mr. Hume settled the affair ; all difficulties vanished, and I departed. I arrived at this solitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation ;

habitation ; where the owner of the house superintends every thing, and provides every thing ; and where nothing is wanting. I became tranquil and independent ; and this seemed to be the wished for moment when all my misfortunes were to have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began ; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

“ Hitherto I have spoken in the fulness of my heart, and to do justice, with the greatest pleasure, to the good offices of Mr. Hume. Would to heaven, that what remains for me to say were of the same nature ! It would never give me pain to speak what would redound to his honour ; nor is it proper to set a value on benefits till one is accused of ingratitude ; and Mr. Hume now accuses me. I will, therefore, venture to make one observation. In estimating his services by the time and pains they cost him, they were of an infinite value, and that still more from his good will in their performance ; but for the actual service they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than in reality. I did not come over as a mendicant to beg my bread in England ; I brought the means of subsistence with me. I came merely to seek an asylum in a country which is open to every stranger. I was, besides, not so totally unknown, that even, if I had arrived alone, I should have wanted either assistance or service. If some persons have sought my acquaintance for the sake of Mr. Hume, others have sought it for my own. Thus when Mr.

Davenport,

Davenport, for example, was so kind as to offer my present retreat, it was not for the sake of Mr. Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he saw only in order to desire him to make me his obliging proposal. So that when Mr. Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he seeks to take from me what he did not give me *. All the good that has been done me, would have been done me nearly the same without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me: for why should I have enemies in England? Why are those enemies the very friends of Mr. Hume? Who could have excited their enmity against me? It was certainly not I, who knew nothing of them, nor ever saw them in my life: I should not have had a single enemy, if I had come to England alone †.

“ I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts, which, from their own nature, and my

* M. Rousseau forms a wrong judgment of me, and ought to know me better. I have written to Mr. Davenport, even since our rupture, to engage him to continue his kindness to his unhappy guest. HUME.

† How strange are the effects of a disordered imagination! M. Rousseau tells us he is ignorant of what passes in the world, and yet talks of the enemies he has in England. How does he know this? Where did he see them? He has received nothing but marks of beneficence and hospitality. Mr. Walpole is the only person who has thrown out a little piece of raillery against him; but is not therefore his enemy. If M. Rousseau could have seen things exactly as they are, he would have seen that he had no other friend in England but me, and no other enemy but himself. HUME.

acknowledgment, have made the greatest *eclat*. Those which are to follow are not only particular, but secret, at least, in their cause, and all possible measures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are well known to the person interested, they will not have the less influence towards his own conviction.

“ A very short time after our arrival in London, I observed there an absurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which soon became very apparent. Before I arrived in England, there was not a country in Europe in which I had a greater reputation, I might indeed venture to say, greater estimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed against my persecutors. This was the case at my arrival, which was announced in the newspapers with triumph: England prided itself in affording me refuge, and justly gloried on that occasion in its laws and government. On a sudden, and without the least assignable cause, this tone was changed; and that so speedily and totally, that of all the caprices of the public, there never was known any thing more surprising. The signal was given in a certain magazine, equally full of follies and falsehoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be so, gives me out for the son of a musician. From this time, I was constantly spoken of in the public prints in a very equivocal or flighting manner. Every thing that had been published concerning my misfortunes was misrepresented, altered,

tered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as possible to my disadvantage. So far was any body from speaking of the reception which I met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noise, it was not even supposed, that I durst have appeared in that city; and one of Mr. Hume's friends was very much surpris'd when I told him I came through it.

“Accustomed as I had too much been to the inconstancy of the public, to be affected by this instance of it, I could not help being astonish'd, however, at a change so very sudden and general, that not one of those who had so much praised me in my absence, appeared, now I was present, to think even of my existence. I thought it something very odd, that, exactly after the return of Mr. Hume, who has so much credit in London, so much influence over the booksellers and men of letters, and such great connections with them, his presence should produce an effect so contrary to what might have been expected; that among so many writers of every kind, not one of his friends should shew himself to be mine; while it was easy to be seen, that those who spoke of him were not his enemies, since, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a passport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almost went so far as to insinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expence.

“All

“ All this was of little signification, and was only singular ; but what was much more so, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. I shall always take a pleasure in saying, that they were still equally solicitous to serve me, and that they exerted themselves greatly in my favour ; but so far were they from shewing me the same respect, particularly the gentleman at whose house we alighted on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with discourse so rude, and sometimes so insulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occasion to oblige me, merely to have a right to express his contempt *. His brother, who was at first very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with so little reserve, that he would hardly deign to speak a single word to me, even in their own house, in return to a civil salutation, or to pay any of those civilities which are usually paid in like circumstances to strangers. Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rousseau and David Hume ; and certainly the cause of these alterations did not come from me, unless indeed too great a portion of simplicity, discretion, and modesty be the cause of offence in England.

* This relates to my friend Mr. John Stewart, who entertained M. Rousseau at his house, and did him all the good offices in his power. M. Rousseau, in complaining of this gentleman's behaviour, forgets that he wrote Mr. Stewart from Wooton, a letter full of acknowledgments, and just expressions of gratitude. What M. Rousseau adds, regarding the brother of Mr. Stewart, is neither civil nor true. HUME.

“ As

“ As to Mr. Hume, he was so far from assuming such a disgusting tone, that he gave into the other extreme. I have always looked upon flatterers with an eye of suspicion; and he was so full of all kinds of flattery *, that he even obliged me, when I could bear it no longer †, to tell him my sentiments on that head. His conduct was such as to render few words necessary; yet I could have wished he had sometimes substituted, in the place of such gross encomiums, the style of a friend; but I never found in his language any thing which favoured of true friendship, not even in his manner of speaking of me to others in my presence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he strove to deprive me of their good-will; that he sought rather to have me assisted than beloved; and I have been sometimes surprised at the rude turn he has given to my behaviour before people, who might not unreasonably have taken offence at it. An example will explain this. Mr. Penneck of the museum, a friend of Lord Marischal, and pastor of a parish where they wished me

* I shall mention only one, which made me smile: it was his care to have every time, I came to see him, a volume of *Eloisa* upon his table; as if I did not know enough of Mr. Hume's taste, to be well assured that of all books in the world, *Eloisa* must be one of the most tiresome to him. ROUSSEAU.

† The reader may judge from the two first letters of M. Rousseau, which I have published with that view, on which side the flatteries commenced. As for the rest, I loved and esteemed M. Rousseau, and took a pleasure in giving him to understand so. I might perhaps be too lavish in my praises; but I can assure the reader, that he never complained of it. HUME.

to reside, came to see us. Mr. Hume made my excuses, while I myself was present, for not having paid him a visit. Doctor Maty, said he, invited us to the Museum on Thursday, where M. Rousseau should have seen you; but he chose rather to go with Mrs. Garrick to the play: we could not do both the same day*. You will confess, Sir, this was a strange method of recommending me to Mr. Penneck.

“ I know not what Mr. Hume might say of me in private to his acquaintances, but nothing was more extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confession, and even often through his own means. Although my purse was not empty, and I needed not that of any other person, as he very well knew; yet any one would have thought, that I was come over to subsist at the expence of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in such a manner as to save me a little embarrassment†. I must own, that this constant and insolent piece of affectation was one of

* I don't recollect a single circumstance of this history; but what makes me give very little credit to it is, that I remember very well we had settled two different days for the purpose of visiting the Museum, and going to the play. HUME.

† I conceive M. Rousseau hints here at two or three dinners which weré sent him from the house of Mr. Stewart, when he chose to dine at his own lodgings: this was not done, however, to save him the expence of a meal, but because there was no convenient tavern or chop-house in the neighbourhood. I beg the reader's pardon for descending to such trivial particulars. HUME.

those

those things which made me averse to reside in London. This certainly is not the footing on which a man should be introduced in England, if there be a design of procuring him ever so little respect; but this display of charity may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I consent it should. To proceed.

“ At Paris was published a fictitious letter from the King of Prussia, addressed to me, and replete with the most cruel malignity. I learned with surprise, that the publisher of it was one Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume. I asked him, if it was true; but in answer to this question, he asked me from whom I had the information. A moment before he had given me a card for this same Mr. Walpole, for the purpose of prevailing on him to bring over some papers of mine from Paris, which I wanted to have by a safe hand.

“ I was informed that the son of that quack Fronchin, my most mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the same house; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew this, he imparted it in confidence to me; assuring me that the son by no means resembled the father. I lodged a few nights myself, together with my governante, in the same house; and from the air and coldness with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he

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said,

said, was by no means like his father, must have spoken to them both of her and me*.

“ All these facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, insensibly gave me an uneasiness, which I rejected with horror. In the mean time, the letters I wrote did not come to hand ; those I received had often been opened ; and all went through the hands of Mr. Hume †. If at any time a letter escaped him, he could

* Thus am I accused of treachery, because I am a friend of Mr. Walpole, who has thrown out a little raillery on M. Rousseau ; and because the son of a man whom M. Rousseau does not like, lodges by accident in the same house with me ; because my landladies, who do not understand a syllable of French, received M. Rousseau coldly. As to the rest, all that I said to M. Rousseau about the young Franchin was, that he had not the same prejudices against him as his father had. HUME.

† The following note was inserted in some editions of the pamphlet already mentioned :

The story of M. Rousseau's letters is as follows : He had often been complaining to me, and with reason, that he was ruined by postage at Neufchatel, which commonly cost him 25 or 26 louis d'ors a-year ; and all for letters which were of no significance, being wrote, some of them by people, who took that opportunity of abusing him, and most of them by persons unknown to him. He was, therefore, resolved, he said, to receive in England, no letters which came by the post ; and the same resolution he reiterates in his letter to me, dated the 22d of March. When he went to Chiswick, near London, the postman brought his letters to me. I carried him out a cargo of them : he exclaimed, desired me to return the letters, and recover the price of postage : I told him, that, in that case, the clerks of the post-office were entire masters of his letters. He said, he was indifferent ; they might do with them what they

could not conceal his eagerness to see it. One evening in particular I remember a circumstance of this kind, which greatly struck me *. After

they pleased. I added, that he would by that means be cut off from all correspondence with his friends: he replied, that he would give a particular direction to such as he desired to correspond with. But till his instructions for that purpose could arrive, what could I do more friendly, than to save, at my own expence, his letters from the curiosity and indiscretion of the clerks of the post-office? I am indeed ashamed to find myself obliged to discover such petty circumstances. HUME.

* It is necessary to explain this circumstance. I was writing on Mr. Hume's table, during his absence, an answer to a letter I had just received. He came in, very curious to know what I was writing, and hardly able to contain himself from desiring to read it. I closed my letter, however, without shewing it him; and as I was putting it into my pocket, he asked me for it eagerly, saying, he would send it away on the morrow, being post-day. The letter lay on the table. Lord Newnham came in. Mr. Hume went out of the room for a moment; on which I took the letter up again, saying I should find time to send it the next day. Lord Newnham offered to get it inclosed in the French ambassador's packet; which I accepted. Mr. Hume re-entered the moment his Lordship had inclosed it, and was pulling out his seal. Mr. Hume officiously offered his own seal, and that with so much earnestness, that it could not well be refused. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to Mr. Hume's servant, who was to give it to his Lordship's lacquey waiting below with the chariot, in order to have it sent to the ambassador. Scarcely had Mr. Hume's servant got out of the room, but I said to myself, I will lay a wager the master follows. He did not fail to do as I expected. Not knowing how to leave Lord Newnham alone, I staid some time before I followed Mr. Hume. I said nothing; but he easily perceived that I was uneasy. Thus, although I have received no answer to my letter, I doubt not of its going to hand; but I confess, I cannot help suspecting it was read first. ROUSSEAU.

supper, as we were sitting silent by the fire-side, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a stedfast, piercing look, mingled with a sneer, which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of my embarrassment, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in fixing my eyes upon his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was soon obliged to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man; but where, great God! did this honest man borrow those eyes which he fixes on his friend's?

“ The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by a flood of tears, I must have been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse: I even despised myself; till, at length, in a transport, which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, and embraced him eagerly; while almost choked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous; if he be not the best of men, he must be the basest* *. David Hume politely returned my

* The whole dialogue in this scene is artificially contrived to prepare, and found on it, a part of the tissue of fables in this letter. What I have to say on this point will appear in my answer to M. Rousseau. HUME.

embraces,

embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a placid tone, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh! my dear Sir!* He said nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country.

“ Arrived at this agreeable asylum, to which I have travelled so far in search of repose, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleasant habitation; the master of which, a man of understanding and worth, spares in nothing to render my residence agreeable. But what repose can be tasted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the most cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love, I sought to get rid of that fatal doubt, by placing confidence in my benefactor. For from what inconceivable caprice should he display so much apparent zeal for my happiness, and, at the same time, entertain secret designs against my honour? Among the observations which disturbed me, each fact was in itself of no great moment: it was their concurrence that was surprising; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Hume, informed of other facts of which I was ignorant, could have given me a satisfactory solution of them, if we had come to an explanation. The only inexplicable thing was, that he refused to come to such an explanation; which both his honour and his friendship for me rendered equally necessary. I perceived there was something in the affair which I did not comprehend, and

which I earnestly wished to know. Before I came to an absolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was desirous of making a last effort, and to write him with a view to try to recover him, if he had permitted himself to be seduced by my enemies, or to prevail on him to explain himself one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural *, if he were guilty ; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his services, and, at the same time, of distrust of his sentiments ; and in which, placing, as it were, his actions on one side, and his sentiments on the other, instead of speaking of the proofs of friendship he had given me, I besought him to love me, for the good he had done me †. I did not take the precaution to preserve a copy of this letter ; but as he has done so, let him produce it : and whoever reads it, and sees in it a man labouring under a secret trouble, which he is desirous of expressing, but is afraid to do so, will, I am persuaded, be curious to know what eclaiircissement it produced, especially after the preceding scene. None : absolutely none. Mr. Hume contented himself, in his answer, with

• It appears from what he wrote to me afterwards, that he was very well satisfied with this letter, and that he took it very well. ROUSSEAU.

† My answer to this is contained in M. Rousseau's letter of the 22d of March, wherein he expresses himself with the utmost cordiality, without any reserve, and without the least appearance of suspicion. HUME.

telling me the obliging offices Mr. Davenport proposed to do for me. As for the rest, he said not a word on the principal subject of my letter, nor on the situation of my heart, of the distress of which he could not be ignorant. I was more struck with this silence, than I had been with his phlegm during our last conversation. I was wrong: this silence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one has ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, and he has not the curiosity to ask you *for what*, it may be depended on he will never have any such curiosity as long as he lives: and it is easy to judge of this man from these slight indications.

After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined at length to write to him no more. Soon after, every thing served to confirm me in the resolution to break off all farther correspondence with him. Curious to the last degree concerning the minutest circumstance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me in our conversations; but, as I learned, never let slip an opportunity of being alone with my governante*, to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my resources, my friends, my acquaintances, their names, situations, places of

* I had only one such *tête-a-tête* with his governante, which was on her arrival in London. I must own it never entered into my head to talk to her upon any other subject than the concerns of M. Rousseau. HUME.

abode; nay, with the most jesuitical address, he would ask the same questions of us separately. One ought undoubtedly to interest one's self in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be satisfied with what he thinks proper to tell of them, especially when people are so frank and confiding as I am. Indeed all this petty inquisitiveness is very little becoming a philosopher.

“About the same time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr. Boswell, the seal of which was in so bad a condition, that Mr. Davenport, when he received it, made the same remark to Mr. Hume's servant. The other was from M. d'Ivernois, in Mr. Hume's packet: it had been sealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, being awkwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impression. On this I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to take charge of all letters which might be sent to me, and to trust none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr. Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution regarded Mr. Hume, shewed him my letter; but I know that Mr. Hume had every reason to think he had lost my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheless in his usual manner, without troubling himself about the recovery of it.

“But what was to become of me, when I saw, in the public papers, the pretended letter of the King of Prussia, which I had never before seen; that

that fictitious letter, printed in French and English, given for genuine, even with the signature of the King, and in which I recognized the pen of M. d'Alembert as certainly as if I had seen him write it.

“ In a moment, a ray of light discovered to me the secret cause of that touching and sudden change in the English public respecting me ; and I saw that the plot, which was put in execution at London, had been laid in Paris.

“ M. d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr. Hume, had been long my secret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without exposing himself. He was the only person among the men of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to see me *, or send their civilities during my last journey through Paris ; I knew his secret disposition, but I gave myself very little trouble about it, contenting myself with occasionally apprising my friends of it. I remember, that being asked about him one day by Mr. Hume, who afterwards asked my governante the same question ; I told him that M. d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that surprised me ; who did not then know

* M. Rousseau declares himself to have been fatigued with the visits he received : ought he, therefore, to complain that M. d'Alembert, whom he did not like, did not importune him with his ? HUME.

that they stood so well with each other, and that it was his own cause he defended.

“ The perusal of the letter above mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in consequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing where it was, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words which Mr. Hume had made use of, and of which I shall speak hereafter. What could be thought of a paper in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midst of my distress, to deprive me of the compassion of the world, and, to render its effect still more cruel, pretended to have been written by a prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the consequence of such a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in nowise prepossessed in favour of foreigners. Even a coat, cut in a different fashion from their own, is sufficient to excite their ill-humour. What then had not a poor stranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleasures of his life, when the good people were persuaded he was fond of being pelted with stones? Doubtless they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amusement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bitterest indeed I ever felt, did not arise from the danger to which I was exposed. I had braved
too

too many others to be much moved by that. The treachery of a false friend * to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumstance that filled my too susceptible heart with deadly sorrow. In the impetuosity of its first emotions, of which I never yet was master, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote several letters full of distress, in which I did not disguise either my uneasiness or indignation.

“ I have, Sir, so many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For instance, a narrative in form of a letter, on my mode of living at Montmorency, was given by the booksellers to Mr. Hume, who shewed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr. Hume undertook the care of editing it ; but it never appeared. I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of M. du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met with at Neufchatel. I gave them into the hands of the same booksellers at their own request, to have them translated and reprinted. Mr. Hume charged himself with the care of them ; but they never appeared †. The supposititious letter of the
King

* This *false friend* is, undoubtedly, myself. But what is the *treachery* ? What harm have I done, or could I do to M. Rousseau ? On the supposition of my entering into a project to ruin him, how could I think to bring it about by the services I did him ? If M. Rousseau should gain credit, I must be thought still more weak than wicked. HUME.

† The booksellers have lately informed me that the edition is finished, and ready to be published. This may be ; but it is

King of Prussia, and its translation, had no sooner made their appearance, than I immediately comprehended why the other pieces had been suppressed *, and I wrote as much to the booksellers. I wrote several other letters also, which probably were handed about London : till at length I employed the credit of a man of quality and merit, to insert a declaration of the imposture in the public papers. In this declaration, I concealed no part of my extreme concern ; nor did I in the least disguise the cause.

“ Hitherto Mr. Hume seems to have walked in darkness. You will soon see him appear in open day, and act without disguise. We have only to act ingenuously towards cunning people : sooner or later they will infallibly betray themselves.

“ When this pretended letter from the King of Prussia was first published in London, Mr. Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him so, said nothing of the matter ; he did not write to me, but was totally silent ; and did not even think of making any declaration of the

too late, and what is still worse, it is too opportune for the purpose intended to be served. ROUSSEAU.

* It is about four months since Mr. Becket, the bookseller, told M. Rousseau that the publication of these pieces was retarded by the indisposition of the translator. As for any thing else, I never promised to take any charge of the edition, as Mr. Becket can testify. HUME.

truth,

truth, in favour of his absent friend *. It answered his purpose better to let the report take its course, as he did.

“ Mr. Hume having been my conductor into England, was in a manner my protector and patron. If it were natural in him to undertake my defence, it was not less so, that, when I had a public protestation to make, I should address myself to him; but having already ceased writing to him, I had no wish to renew our correspondence. I addressed myself therefore to another person. This was the first slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

“ In saying that the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little consequence to me whether it was understood particularly of M. d’Alembert, or of Mr. Walpole, whose name he borrowed on the occasion. But in adding that what afflicted and tore my heart was, that the impostor had got his accomplices in England, I expressed myself very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was desirous of passing for mine. For certainly he was the only person in England, whose hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the second slap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

* Nobody could possibly be mistaken with regard to the letter’s being fictitious; besides it was well known, that Mr. Walpole was the author of it. HUME.

“ On

“ On the contrary, he maliciously pretended, that my affliction arose solely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me pass for a vain man, who was excessively affected by satire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted : he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. To this affectionate friend, who had so much at heart the filling of my purse, it gave little trouble to think that my heart was bleeding with sorrow.

“ Another piece appeared soon after, in the same papers, by the author of the former, and still, if possible, more cruel, in which the writer could not disguise his rage at the reception I met with at Paris *. This, however, did not affect me ; it told me nothing new. Libels may take their course without giving me any emotion ; and the inconstant public may amuse themselves as long as they please with the subject. This is not an affair of conspirators, who, bent on the destruction of my honest fame, are determined by some means or other to effect it : it was necessary to change the battery.

“ The affair of the pension was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr. Hume to obtain its settlement, from the humanity of the minister and the generosity of the Prince. He was charged with informing me of it, and he did so. This, I must confess, was one of the critical mo-

* I knew nothing of this pretended libel. HUME.

ments of my life. How much did it cost me to do my duty. My preceding engagements, the necessity of shewing a due respect for the goodness of the King, the honour of being the object of his attentions and those of his minister, with the desire of shewing how sensible I was of both, and the advantage of being made a little more easy in circumstances in the decline of life, surrounded as I was by enemies and evils ; in fine, the embarrassment I was under to find a decent excuse for declining a benefit already half accepted : all these together made the necessity of that refusal very difficult and cruel ; for necessary it was, else I should have been one of the basest of mankind to have voluntarily laid myself under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.

“ I did my duty, though not without reluctance. I wrote immediately to General Conway, and, in the most civil and respectful manner possible, without giving an absolute refusal, excused myself from accepting the pension for the present.

“ Mr. Hume had been the negociator of this affair, and the only person who had spoke of it. Yet I not only did not give him any answer, though it was he who wrote to me on the subject, but did not even so much as mention him in my letter to General Conway. This was the third slap on the face I gave my patron ; which, if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault : he can feel nothing.

Q

“ My

“ My letter was not clear, nor could it be so to General Conway, who did not know the motives of my refusal ; but it was very plain to Mr. Hume, who knew them but too well. He nevertheless pretended to be deceived as well with regard to the cause of my discontent, as to that of my declining the pension ; and in a letter he wrote me on the occasion, gave me to understand that the King’s goodness might be continued towards me, if I would re-consider the affair of the pension. In a word, he seemed determined, at all events, to remain still my patron, in spite of my teeth. You will imagine, Sir, he did not expect my answer ; and he had none.

“ Much about this time, for I do not know exactly the date, nor is such precision necessary, appeared a letter from M. de Voltaire to me, with an English translation, which still improved on the original *. The noble object of this ingenious performance

* This piece of satire was addressed, *au Docteur Jean-Jacques Pansophe*. Rousseau had accused Voltaire of being an atheist ; and this gave rise to the letter in which Voltaire is made to deny, that he is an atheist, either in his heart, or his books. It is particularly severe, as the following paragraph will shew :

“ Judicieux admirateur de la bêtise et de la brutalité des sauvages, vous avez crié contre les sciences, et cultivé les sciences. Vous avez traité les auteurs et les philosophes comme charlatans ; et pour prouver d’exemple, vous avez été auteur. Vous avez écrit contre la comédie, avec la dévotion d’un Capuchin, et vous avez fait de méchantes comédies. Vous avez regardé comme une chose abominable qu’un fatrape ou un Duc eût

formance was to draw on me the contempt and hatred of the people among whom I was come to reside. I made not the least doubt that my dear patron was one of the instruments of its publication ; particularly when I saw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me those who might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtless knew that it was superfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was necessary to be said. The omission of his name so impolitically in this letter, recalled to my mind, what Tacitus says of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral solemnity, viz. that every body took notice of the circumstance, merely because the picture was not there.

eût du superflu, et vous avez copié de la musique pour des fatrapes ou des Ducs qui vous payoient avec ce superflu. Vous avez barbouillé un Roman ennuyeux, ou un pédagogue suborne honnêtement sa pupille en lui enseignant la vertu ; et la fille modeste couche honnêtement avec le pédagogue ; et elle souhaite de tout son cœur qu'il lui fasse un enfant ; et elle parle toujours de sagesse avec son *doux ami* ; et elle devient femme, mere, et la plus tendre amie d'un époux qu'elle n'aime pourtant pas ; et elle vit et meurt en raisonnant, mais sans vouloir prier Dieu. Docteur Panfophe, vous êtes fait le précepteur d'un certain Emile, que vous formez insensiblement par des moyens impraticables ; et pour faire un bon chrétien, vous détruisez la religion chrétienne. Vous professez par-tout un sincere attachement à la révélation, en prêchant le déisme, ce qui n'empêche pas que chez vous les déistes et les philosophes conséquens ne soient des athées. J'admire, comme je le dois, tant de candeur et de justesse d'esprit ; mais permettez-moi de grace de croire en Dieu. Vous pouvez être un sophiste, un mauvais raisonneur, et par conséquent un écrivain pour le moins inutile, sans que je sois un athée," &c. R.

“ Mr. Hume then is not mentioned, but he lives and converſes with people that were mentioned. It is well known, that his friends are all my enemies,—the Fronchins, d’Alemberts, and Voltaires * : but it is much worſe in London, for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, ſhould I have any other? Why ſhould I have even theſe? What have I done to Lord Littleton †, whom I don’t even know? What have I done to Mr. Walpole, of whom I know as little? What do they know of me, except that I am unfortunate, and the friend of their friend Hume? What can he have ſaid to them, for it is only through him they know me? I can very well imagine that, conſidering the part he has to play, he does not unmask himſelf to every body; for then he would be diſguiſed to nobody. I can very well imagine that he does not ſpeak of me to General Conway, or the Duke of Richmond, as he does in his private converſations with Mr. Walpole,

* I have never been ſo happy as to meet with M. de Voltaire: he only did me the honour to write me a letter about three years ago. I never ſaw M. Fronchin in my life, nor ever had any correſpondence with him. Of M. d’Alembert’s friendſhip, indeed, I am proud to make boaſt. HUME.

† M. Rouſſeau, ſeeing the letter addreſſed to him in the name of Voltaire advertiſed in the public papers, wrote to Mr. Davenport, who was then in London, to deſire he would bring it him. I told Mr. Davenport, that the printed copy was very faulty, but that I would aſk of Lord Littleton a manuſcript copy, which was correct. This is ſufficient to make M. Rouſſeau conclude, that Lord Littleton is his mortal enemy, and my intimate friend; and that we have formed a conſpiracy againſt him. He ought rather to have concluded that the printed copy could not come from me. HUME.

and

and his secret correspondence with M. d'Alembert ; but let any one observe the clue which has been unravelled at London since my arrival, and it will easily be seen whether Mr. Hume does not hold the principal thread.

“ At length the moment arrived when it was thought proper to strike the great blow ; the effect of which was prepared by a new satirical piece, published in the newspapers *. Had there remained in me the least doubt, it would have been impossible to have harboured it after perusing this piece, as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr. Hume, though exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

“ It is said in this paper that my door was open to the rich and shut to the poor. Where is the man who knows when my door was open or shut, except Mr. Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom every body was introduced that I saw ? I will except one great personage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I should still have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr. Hume who told me his name, when he was gone ; on which information I was really chagrined, that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of stairs, he was not received in the first floor.

“ As to the poor I have nothing to say. I was constantly desirous of seeing less company ; but, un-

* I have never seen this piece, either before or after its publication ; nor has it come to the knowledge of any person to whom I have spoken of it. HUME.

willing to displease any one, I suffered myself to be directed by Mr. Hume, and received every body he introduced, without distinction, whether rich or poor.

“ It is said in the same piece, that I received my relations very coldly, *not to say any thing worse*. This general charge relates to my having once received with some indifference the only relation I have out of Geneva, and that in the presence of Mr. Hume*. It must necessarily be either Mr. Hume, or this relation, who furnished that piece of intelligence. Now, my cousin, whom I have always known for a friendly relative, and a worthy man, is incapable of furnishing materials for public satires against me. Besides, his situation in life confining him to the conversation of persons in trade, he has no connection with men of letters, or paragraph writers, and still less with satirists; so that the article could not come from him. At the worst, can I help thinking that Mr. Hume must have endeavoured to take advantage of what he said; and that he construed it in a way the most favourable to his own purpose? It is not improper to add, that after my rupture with Mr. Hume, I wrote an account of it to my cousin.

“ In fine, it is said in the same paper, that I am apt to change my friends. No great subtlety is

* I was not present when M. Rousseau received his cousin: I only just saw them afterwards together for a moment on the terrace in Buckingham-street. HUME,

necessary to comprehend what this reflection was preparative to.

“ But let us inquire into facts. I have preserved some very valuable and solid friends for twenty-five or thirty years. I have others whose friendship is of a later date, but no less firm: and if I live, I may preserve them still longer. I have not found, indeed, the same security in general among those friendships I have made with men of letters. I have for this reason sometimes changed them, and shall always change them when they appear suspicious: for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I wish to have them only with a view to shew them my affection.

“ If ever I was fully and clearly convinced of any thing, I am convinced that Mr. Hume furnished the materials for the above paper. What is still more, I have not only this absolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr. Hume intended I should: for how can it be supposed that a man of his subtlety would expose himself thus, if he had wished to conceal himself?—What was his design in it? Nothing is more clear. It was to raise my resentment to the highest pitch, that he might, with greater eclat, strike the blow he was preparing to give me. He knew, that, to make me commit a number of absurdities, he had nothing more to do than to put me in a passion. We are now ar-

rived at the critical moment, which is to shew whether he reasoned well or ill.

“ It is necessary to have all the presence of mind, all the phlegm and resolution of Mr. Hume, to be able to take the part he took, after all that has passed between us. In the embarrassment I was under, in writing to General Conway, I could make use only of obscure expressions ; to which Mr. Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleased. Pretending, therefore, though he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumstance of secrecy which gave me uneasiness, he obtained the promise of the General to endeavour to remove it ; and then this stoical and truly unfeeling man wrote to me the most friendly letter, in which he informed me that he was exerting his endeavours to remove this clause ; but that before any thing could be done, it was necessary to know whether I would accept without that condition, in order not to expose his Majesty to a second refusal.

“ This was the decisive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An answer was required : he would have it. To prevent effectually my neglect of it, he sent to Mr. Davenport a duplicate of his letter ; and not content with that precaution, wrote me word, in another billet, that he could not possibly stay any longer in London to serve me. I was giddy with amazement, on reading this note.

Never

Never in my life did I meet with any thing so unaccountable.

“ At length he obtained from me the so much desired answer, and began presently to triumph. Already, in writing to Mr. Davenport, he had treated me as a brutal man, and a monster of ingratitude. But he wanted to do still more. He thinks his measures well taken, and no proofs can be made to appear against him. He demands an explanation : he shall have it, and here it is.

“ That last stroke was a master-piece. He himself proves every thing, and that beyond reply.

“ I will suppose, though by way of impossibility, that my complaints against Mr. Hume never reached his ears ; that he knew nothing of them ; but was as perfectly ignorant of them, as if he had held no cabal with those who are acquainted with them.—as completely as if he had resided all the while in China *. Yet our behaviour to each other ; the last striking words which I said to him in London ; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety ; my persevering silence, more expressive than words ; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of M. d’Alembert ; my letter to the Minister, who did not write

* How could I divine such chimerical suspicions ? Mr. Davenport, the only person of my acquaintance who then saw M. Rousseau, assures me, that he was perfectly ignorant of them himself. HUME.

to me, in answer to that which Mr. Hume wrote to me himself, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refusal, without deigning to address myself to him, to acquiesce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privacy, and without any opposition on my part: all this must have spoken in a very forcible manner, I will not say to any person of the least sensibility, but to every man of common sense.

“Strange, that after I had broken off all correspondence with him for three months; after I had made no answer to any one of his letters, however important the subject of it,—surrounded as I was by both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity occasioned,—this man, of so penetrating a genius when he pleases, and yet so dull as if by nature, should see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but without one word of complaint, justification, or explanation, should continue to give the most striking marks of his good will to serve me, in spite of myself! He wrote to me affectionately, that he could not stay any longer in London to do me service; as if we had agreed that he should stay there for that purpose! This blindness, this insensibility, this obstinacy, are not in nature; they must be accounted for from other motives. Let us set his behaviour in a still clearer light; for this is the decisive point.

“Mr. Hume must necessarily have acted in this affair, either as one of the first or last of mankind.

There

There is no medium. It remains to determine which of the two it is.

“ Could Mr. Hume, after so many instances of disdain on my part, have still the astonishing generosity to persevere sincerely in serving me? He knew it was impossible for me to accept his good offices, while I entertained for him such sentiments as I had conceived. He had himself avoided an explanation. So that to serve me without justifying himself, would have been to render his services useless; this, therefore, was no generosity.

“ If he supposed that in such circumstances I should have accepted his services, he must have believed me to have been a villain. It was then in behalf of a man whom he supposed to be a scoundrel, that he so warmly solicited a pension from his Majesty. Can any thing be imagined more extravagant?

“ But, suppose that Mr. Hume, constantly pursuing his plan, should only have said to himself, This is the moment for its execution; for, by pressing Rousseau to accept the pension, he will be reduced either to accept or refuse it. If he accepts it, I shall, with the proofs I have in hand against him, be able completely to disgrace him: if he refuses after having accepted it, he will have no pretext, but must give a reason for such refusal.

This

This is what I expect: if he accuses me, he is ruined.

“ If, I say, Mr. Hume reasoned with himself in this manner, he did what was consistent with his plan, and in that case very natural. Indeed, this is the only way in which his conduct in the affair can be explained, for upon any other supposition it is inexplicable: if this be not demonstrable, nothing ever was.

“ The critical situation to which he had now reduced me, recalled strongly to my mind the four words which I mentioned above, and which I heard him say and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the first night after our departure from Paris. We slept in the same chamber, when, during the night, I heard him several times cry out with great vehemence, in the French language, *I have you, Rousseau*. I know not whether he was awake or asleep *.

“ The expression was remarkable in the mouth of a man, who is too well acquainted with the French language to be mistaken with regard to the force or choice of words. I took these words,

* I cannot answer for every thing I may say in my sleep, and much less am I conscious whether or not I dream in French. But as M. Rousseau did not know whether I was asleep or awake, when I pronounced these terrible words with such a terrible voice, how is he certain that he himself was well awake when he heard them? HUME.

however,

however, and I could not then take them otherwise than in a favourable sense, although the tone of voice indicated this less than the expression. It was indeed a tone of which it is impossible for me to give any idea; but it corresponded exactly with those terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of these words I was seized with a shuddering and horror I could not resist; though a moment's recollection restored me, and made me smile at my terror. The next day, all this was so perfectly obliterated, that I did not even once think of it during my stay in London and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that so many things have contributed to recal these words to my mind; and indeed recal them every moment.

“ These words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but just heard them; the long and fatal looks so frequently cast on me; the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *my dear Sir*, in answer to my suspicions of his being a traitor: all this affects me to such a degree, after what preceded, that the recollection, had I no other cause, would be sufficient to prevent all return of confidence: not a night indeed passes but I think I hear, *I have you, Rousseau*, ring in my ears, as if he had just pronounced them.

“ Yes, Mr. Hume, I know you *have me*; but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You
have

have my reputation, and perhaps my security. The general prepossession is in your favour; it will be very easy for you to make me pass for the monster, you have begun to represent me; and I already see the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer spare me, and without any farther inquiry; every body is on the side of those who have conferred favours, because each is desirous to attract the same good offices, by displaying a sensibility of the obligation. I foresee readily the consequences of all this, particularly in the country to which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends and a stranger to every body, I lie almost entirely at your mercy. The sensible part of mankind, however, will comprehend that I must have been so far from seeking this affair, that nothing more terrible could possibly have happened to me in my present situation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible aversion to all kind of falsehood, and the impossibility of my professing a regard for a person who had forfeited it, could have prevented dissimulation on my part, at a time when my interests made it, on so many accounts, a law. But the sensible part of mankind are few in number, nor do they make a noise in the world.

“ Yes, Mr. Hume, you *have me* by all the ties of this life; but you have no power over my probity or my fortitude, which being independent either of you or of mankind, I will preserve in spite of you. Think not to frighten me with the fortune that
awaits

awaits me. I know the opinions of mankind. I am accustomed to their injustice, and have learned to care little about it. If you have taken your resolution, as I have reason to believe you have, be assured mine is also taken. I am feeble indeed in body, but my strength of mind was never greater.—Mankind may say and do what they please. It is of little consequence to me; but it is of consequence to me, that I should end as I have begun; that I should maintain my rectitude and candour to the end, whatever may happen; and that I should have no cause to reproach myself either with meanness in adversity, or insolence in prosperity. Whatever disgrace may attend, or misfortune threaten me, I am prepared. Though I am to be pitied, I am much less so than you; and all the revenge I shall take on you, is, to leave you the tormenting consciousness of being obliged, in spite of yourself, to respect the unfortunate person you have oppressed.

“ In concluding this letter, I am surprised at my having been able to write it. If it were possible to die with grief, every line was sufficient to kill me. Every circumstance of the affair is equally incomprehensible. Such conduct as yours is not in nature: it is contradictory, and yet it is demonstrable. On each side of me there is an abyss, and I am lost in one or the other.

“ If you are guilty, I am the most unfortunate of mankind; if you are innocent, I am the most culpable.

culpable. You even make me desire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the situation to which you see me reduced, prostrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; publishing aloud my own unworthiness, and paying the most marked homage to your virtues, would be to my heart a state of joy and genial emotion, after the state of restraint and mortification into which you have plunged me.

“I have but one word more to say. If you are guilty, write to me no more: it would be superfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, deign to justify yourself. I know my duty; I love, and shall always love it, however difficult and severe. There is no state of abjection from which a heart, not formed for it, may not recover. Once again, I say, if you are innocent, deign to justify yourself; if you are not, adieu for ever.

“JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.”

After hesitating some time whether he should make any reply to this strange memorial, Hume at last resolved to write to Rousseau, as follows:

Lisle street, Leicester-fields,
July 22, 1766.

“SIR,

“I shall only answer one article of your long letter: it is that which regards the conversation we had the evening before your departure. Mr. Davenport had contrived a good-natured artifice, to make

you believe that a retour chaise was ready to set out for Wooton ; and I believe he caused an advertisement be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpose only was to save you some expences in the journey, which I thought a laudable project ; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, a suspicion of his design, while we were sitting alone by my fire-side ; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the discourse ; but to no purpose. You sat sullen, and was either silent, or made me very peevish answers. At last you rose up, and took a turn or two about the room ; when all of a sudden, and to my great surprise, you clapped yourself on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kissed me with seeming ardour, and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, “ My dear friend, can you
“ ever pardon this folly ! After all the pains you
“ have taken to serve me, after the numberless in-
“ stances of friendship you have given me, here I
“ reward you with this ill-humour and sullenness.
“ But your forgiveness of me will be a new in-
“ stance of your friendship ; and I hope you will
“ find at bottom, that my heart is not unworthy
“ of it.”

“ I was very much affected, I own ; and I believe a very tender scene passed between us. You added, by way of compliment no doubt, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to posterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment

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to

to a poor unhappy and persecuted man would not be altogether overlooked.

“ This incident was somewhat remarkable ; and it is impossible that either you or I could so soon have forgot it. But you have had the assurance to tell me the story twice, in a manner so different, or rather so opposite, that when I persist, as I do, in this account, it necessarily follows that either you are, or I am, a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that because the incident passed privately without a witness, the question will lie between the credibility of your assertion and of mine. But you shall not have this advantage or disadvantage, which ever you are pleased to term it. I shall produce against you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controversy.

“ First, You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine *.

“ Secondly, I told the story the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a view of preventing any such good-natured artifices for the future. He surely remembers it.

* That of the 22d of March, which is full of cordiality, and proves that M. Rousseau had never, to that moment, entertained any of those black suspicions of perfidy which he publishes at present. There is only in that letter a peevish passage about the affair of his chaise. HUME.

“ Thirdly,

“ Thirdly, as I thought the story much to your honour, I told it to several of my friends here. I even wrote an account of it to Mad. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine that I was preparing before-hand an apology, in case of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I should then have thought the most incredible, especially as we were separated almost for ever, and I still continued to render you the most essential services.

“ Fourthly, The story, as I tell it, is consistent and rational: there is not common sense in your account. What! because sometimes, when absent in thought, (a circumstance common enough with men whose minds are intensely occupied,) I have a fixed look or stare, you suspect me to be a traitor, and you have the assurance to tell me of such black and ridiculous suspicions! For you do not even pretend that before you left London you had any other solid grounds of suspicion against me.

“ I shall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: you yourself well know, that all the other articles of it are without foundation. I shall only add in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago an uncommon pleasure, in thinking that, in spite of many difficulties, I had, by assiduity and care, and even beyond my most sanguine expectations, provided for your repose, honour, and fortune. But that pleasure was soon embittered, by finding, that you had voluntarily and wantonly thrown away

all those advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repose, fortune, and honour: I cannot be surpris'd after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever.

“D. H.”

Not content with writing this exculpatory letter, Mr. Hume called on Mr. Horace Walpole, to state publicly the concern he had in the affair; and an epistolary correspondence took place between these two gentlemen, which nearly terminated in an open rupture.

MR. HUME to MR. WALPOLE.

“Dear Sir,

“When I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from d’Alembert, who tells me, that on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D’Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me, to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the King of Prussia. I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not shew it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray

recollect if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and I shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter, and Rousseau's answer. Pray, assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

“I am, &c.”

To this letter Mr. Walpole sent the following answer, which Hume inserted in the *Exposé* he published, with the exception of the first paragraph, and the concluding sentence *; an omission which gave much offence to the former gentleman.

“Dear Sir, Arlington-Street, July 26, 1766.

“Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character, to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed; not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not, till he does.

“I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth, that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof, for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out

* See Appendix, No. III.

of delicacy to you ; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau, or to any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account ; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shewn in your case into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes. Yours, &c.

“ P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.”

All hopes of accommodating the unfortunate difference between Hume and Rousseau having vanished, it soon came to the knowledge of the public, who felt an interest in it, proportioned to the celebrity of the personages concerned. Both parties thought it incumbent on them to justify themselves ; and, with this view, Rousseau wrote letters to several of their common friends, detailing
all

all the circumstances of his story. With some of them, however, he does not seem to have been very successful, as appears from the following reply to a letter from the Marchioness de Verdelin in August 1766.

“ ——— You ask, what are the wrongs of which I accuse Mr. Hume? Wrongs! no, Madam, that is not a proper term. A proper term exists not in the French language; and, for the honour of human nature, I hope, that it exists not in any language.

“ Mr. Hume has promised to publish all the papers relating to this affair. If he keeps his word, you will see, in the letter I wrote him on the 10th July, the particulars you require, at least enough to render more of them superfluous. You also see his public conduct since my last letter: it speaks, I think, sufficiently clear, to preclude the necessity of my saying any thing more.—— Duty, however, requires of me, Madam, to examine what you allege against me on this subject.

“ Whether the forged letter of the King of Prussia was the production of M. d’Alembert, the friend of Mr. Hume,—or of Mr. Walpole, the friend of Mr. Hume,—is not the point on which the question rests. It is, whether Mr. Hume was the accomplice of the author of that letter, whoever he was. You insinuate, that

Mad. du Deffand had a share in that letter:— Well; but two other pieces successively inserted in the same papers, and from the same hand, are not surely the labours of a female; and as to Mr. Walpole, all I can say is, that I must certainly be badly acquainted with style, to take the French of an Englishman, for the French of M. d'Alembert.

“Your objection, drawn from the known character of Mr. Hume, is very strong, and will ever surprise me. Nothing less than what I have seen of an opposite character, was necessary to produce a belief in it. All I can conclude from this contradiction is, that apparently Mr. Hume has never hated any one but me;—but what hatred! what profound art to conceal it, and to satiate it! Can the same heart suffice for two such passions!

“You are told that I have vowed an implacable hatred against Mr. Hume, because he wished to dishonour me by forcing me to accept benefits. Do you know, Madam, what Lord Marischal, to whom you referred me, would have done, if they had told the same thing to him? He would have answered, that it was not true, and would not even have deigned to mention it to me.

“All that you add on the honour which a pension from the King of England would have done me, is very just. It is only surprising that you thought you had need of mentioning these things to me.

me. To convince you, Madam, that I think exactly as you do on the point, I send you subjoined a copy of a Letter, which I wrote about three months ago to General Conway; in which I felt indeed much embarrassment, as I knew the treasons of Mr. Hume, and yet did not wish to name him. The question is not, whether this pension would have been honourable to me, but if I ought to have accepted it at any price,—even that of infamy.

“When you ask, where is the subject who would dare to solicit his master in behalf of a man whom he wanted to disgrace; you do not perceive that he employed this solicitation as the principal means of accusing me soon afterwards of the blackest ingratitude. If Mr. Hume himself had laboured publicly to disgrace me, you would be in the right; but it is not necessary to suppose that he executed foolishly a project so profoundly meditated. The objection would be good also, if, known a long time ago to Mr. Hume, I had been unknown to the King of England and his court; but your letter even owns the contrary. The whole court of England says now, *This poor man! he thought that all the world resembled himself: we have been deceived in this as well as he.*

“In the plan which was formed and so fully executed, to make a show of serving me in public with the greatest ostentation, and of defaming me afterwards with the greatest address, it was necessary
to

to write and speak honourably of me. Would you have him speak ill of a man, for whom he affected so much friendship?—That would have been to contradict himself, and play his part very ill. He wanted to appear to have been entirely my dupe; he prepared the objection you make to me to-day. You refer me on what you call my wrongs, to Lord Marischal, to judge of them. Lord Marischal is too wise to believe that he can see better than I what passes on the spot where I stand; and when a man buries with redoubled blows a poignard in my breast, I am in no need, in order to know if he has touched me, to go and ask another.

“Let us, I beseech you, say no more in future on this subject. To you, Madam, I acknowledge all my weakness. *If I did not know that Mr. Hume will be unmasked before his death, I should have a difficulty to believe in Providence.*”

The extensive correspondence which Rousseau had on the continent, enabled him to circulate every where his complaint, and he generally affected the greatest anxiety that all letters to him should have an envelope addressed to another, lest they should be kidnapped or opened. He wrote to M. Guy, a bookseller at Paris, who was engaged in printing his Dictionary of Music; and in this, as in all his other letters, he accused Hume of having entered into a league with his enemies to betray and defame him, and challenged him to print the
papers

papers which had passed between them. Guy communicated the letter to several persons at Paris, and a translation of it was inserted in the newspapers at London.

The publicity of this accusation overcame the scruples which Mr. Hume felt in laying the matter before the world, as longer silence might be construed to his disadvantage. In the beginning of the rupture, he had deemed it a duty which he owed to his friends, to draw up and communicate to them a narrative of his connection with Rousseau; but he had hitherto resisted their solicitations to print it. This narrative was now translated into French, and published by his friends at Paris *. It was immediately translated into English under Hume's own eye, who took the precaution to deposit all the original letters in the British Museum. "The persons," says he, in the conclusion of this narrative, "to whom I have shown the original papers which authenticate the facts I have related, differed very much in their opinion, as well of the use I ought to make of them, as of M. Rousseau's present sentiments, and the state of his mind. Some of them have maintained, that he is insincere in his quarrel with me, and his opinion of my guilt; and that the whole is to be ascribed to that excessive pride, which forms the basis of his character, and which leads him to seek the eclat of refusing the King of England's bounty, and at the same time to shake off

* It is printed at length in the Appendix to this work, No. III.

the insupportable burden of an obligation to me, by every sacrifice of honour, truth, and friendship, as well as of interest. They rest their sentiments on the absurdity of that first supposition on which he grounds his anger; I mean, that I caused print Mr. Walpole's piece of pleasantry, which M. Rousseau himself well knew had been circulated every where at London as well as at Paris. As this proposition is, on the one hand, contrary to common sense, and, on the other, is unsupported by the slightest probability, they conclude that it never had any weight even with M. Rousseau himself. In this opinion they are confirmed, by the crowd of fictions and lies which M. Rousseau employs to justify his resentment, lies respecting matters as to which it was impossible for him to be mistaken. They urge also his zeal, cheerfulness, and gaiety, in opposition to that profound melancholy with which he pretended to be oppressed. It would be superfluous to add, that the mode of reasoning, which prevails in all his accusations, is too absurd to convince any one.

“ Although M. Rousseau may appear to make in this matter a considerable sacrifice of his interest, it is to be observed that money is not always the prime mover of human actions: there are men on whom vanity has a more powerful influence, and that is the case of this philosopher. An ostentatious refusal of a pension from the King of England, an ostentation which he has often sought with respect to other princes, might alone be a sufficient motive for his conduct.

“ Others

“ Others of my friends view this affair with more indulgence, and regard M. Rousseau as an object of pity, rather than of indignation. They suppose that pride and ingratitude form the basis of his character ; but they are at the same time disposed to believe that his restless mind, once set a-float, is led aside by the current of his humours and passions. The absurdity of his allegations is not, according to them, a proof that he is insincere. He imagines himself the only important being in the universe, and believes that all mankind are in a conspiracy against him. His greatest benefactor, being the person who most hurts his pride, becomes the principal object of his animosity. It is true, that, in order to support these eccentricities, he employs fictions and lies ; but this is so common a resource with those weak heads which float continually between reason and folly, that nobody can be surpris'd at it.

“ I own that I am inclined to this latter opinion ; though, at the same time, I doubt much whether, in any period of his life, M. Rousseau was ever more in his senses, than he is at present. Even in those strange letters which he has written me on the subject, there are conspicuous traces of his eloquence and genius. He has often told me, that he was composing Memoirs of his life, in which justice would be done to himself, his friends, and his enemies ; and as Mr. Davenport tells me, that since his return to Wooton he has been much occupied in writing, I have reason to conclude that he is finishing that work. Nothing could be more unexpected by me,
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than to pass so suddenly from the class of his friends to that of his enemies ; but this transition being once made, I must expect to be treated accordingly. If his Memoirs should appear after my death, there would be none to justify my memory, by being able to tell the truth : if they are published after the death of the author, my justification would thereby lose great part of its authenticity. This reflection has induced me to collect all the circumstances of the transaction into a narrative, that I may shew it to my friends, and make use of it hereafter as they and I may judge proper. But I am so attached to peace, that necessity only, or the most cogent reasons, could have determined me to bring this dispute before the public."

To this pamphlet a declaration by M. d'Alembert, disclaiming any share in the transaction, was annexed by the French editors. "I have," said that Academician, "learned from Mr. Hume with the greatest surprise, that M. Rousseau accuses me of being the author of the ironical letter addressed to him in the public papers, under the name of the King of Prussia. Every body knows, both at Paris and at London, that the letter was written by Mr. Walpole, who does not disown it. He acknowledges only, that he was a little assisted, with respect to the stile, by a person whom he does not name, but whom perhaps he ought to name. As to myself, on whom the public suspicion could never have fallen in this matter, I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Walpole : I do not even believe

I ever spoke to him; having only happened to meet once occasionally on a visit. I have not only had not the smallest concern, either directly or indirectly, with the letter in question, but I can mention above a hundred persons, among the friends as well as enemies of M. Rousseau, who have heard me greatly disapprove of it; because, as I said, we ought not to ridicule the unfortunate, especially when they have done us no harm. Besides, my respect for the King of Prussia, and the acknowledgments I owe him, might, I think, have persuaded M. Rousseau, that I would not have taken such a liberty with the name of that Prince, even though in pleasantry.

“ I may add, that I never was an enemy to M. Rousseau, either open or secret, as he pretends; and I defy him to produce the least evidence of my having ever endeavoured to injure him in any shape whatever. I can prove to the contrary, by the most respectable witnesses, that I have always sought to oblige him, whenever it lay in my power.

“ As to my pretended *secret correspondence* with Mr. Hume, it is very certain that we did not begin to write to each other, till about five or six months after his departure, on occasion of the quarrel between him and M. Rousseau, and into which the latter thought proper to introduce me so gratuitously.”

Mr.

Mr. Hume, who had gone to Scotland, thought it his duty to apprise Mr. Walpole of the use made of his letter, as follows :

“ Dear Sir, Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1766.

“ A few posts ago I had a letter from M. d’Alembert, by which I learn that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish is the same with that which I left with Lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. d’Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission, and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the King of Prussia’s letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology, and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to shew it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely to
make

As soon as a copy of the *Exposé* reached Mr. Hume, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Walpole :

“ Yesterday I received by the post a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rousseau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the necessity under which they found themselves to publish this narrative ; and an appendix in D’Alembert’s name, protesting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rousseau. I have no objection with regard to the first, but the second contains a clause which displeases me very much, but which you will probably laugh at : it is that where he blames the King

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of Prussia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to use this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it possible, that a man of his superior parts can bear you ill will because you are the friend of his enemy, Madame du Deffand? What makes me suspect, that there may be something true of this suspicion is, that several passages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the translation, and rendered much less obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative sent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in Lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for surely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be translated in London, if there be hopes of selling a hundred copies of it. For this reason, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be published, in which case I shall give orders that all the passages altered in my narrative shall be restored."

Madame du Deffand, mentioned in the preceding letter, had been, for the short space of a fortnight, mistress of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. She was now become stone-blind: yet, notwithstanding this misfortune and her extreme old age, she retained all her former wit and vivacity. Her memory and judgment were unimpaired, and she could still contrive to make herself agreeable: even those passions, to which senility is generally reckoned unfriendly, had not forsaken the breast of Madame du Deffand. She was seen at the play, the opera, and Versailles;

faillies ; she made songs and epigrams, and gave suppers twice a week, to which the literati of Paris, and among others D'Alembert, resorted ; for it was in the company of these modern Aspasia's, that the *gens de lettres* of the French capital spent their moments of leisure and enjoyment. This lady used to write very pretty letters to Voltaire, in which she contradicted him without ceremony, for, as she was no bigot to any creed, she laughed both at the clergy and the philosophers.

A young lady who resided with Madame du Deffand, left her in consequence of some difference between them, and set up for herself. D'Alembert, who had been a frequent visitor at Madame's, now absented himself from her parties, and paid court to the young one ; Walpole, it seems, kept by the old lady, from gratitude or generosity : hence the allusion to the possibility of D'Alembert being influenced by pique towards Walpole ; an allusion for which Mr. Hume appears to have had very little foundation.

Mr. Walpole, on receiving Mr. Hume's letter of the 30th Oct. immediately sent him the following answer :

“ DEAR SIR,

Nov. 6, 1766.

“ You have, I own, surpris'd me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and

against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well; I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends extorted your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear Sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its b—f—e. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles V. and Francis I. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them, as if they could quote all the Phillippics of the learned.

“ You have acted as I should have expected, if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency,
and,

and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But Europe is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

“ What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification, and, had it been necessary, I could have added much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

“ I must confess that I am more concerned, that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject, proves that I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted too my contempt of

learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned block-heads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

“ Your friend D’Alembert, who, I suppose, has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D’Alembert might be offended at Rousseau’s ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author, and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear Sir; I am apt to laugh, you know; and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims,

claims. They may treat me as freely : I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controverfy with them.

“ Yours most sincerely.”

Mr. WALPOLE, to Mr. HUME, in answer to his letter of the 4th November.

“ Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1766.

“ Indeed, dear Sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D’Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter ; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surpris’d at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago ? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you ; when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine ; it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I suppose he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

“ What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of Madame du Deffand, is astonishing, indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau’s ascribing my letter to him ; but to carry resentment

to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far, as to hate a friend of her's, *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world, that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions: that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see;—and yet that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed if they had not prevented us. But when, in this enlightened

ened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear Sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

“D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard Madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris, and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now. She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means
we

we are not troubled by their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us ; but that was no business of mine. I who am an author must own this conduct very sensible ; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

“ That D’Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God’s sake, do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D’Alembert’s underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

“ Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many symptoms in his writings, and what I had heard of him, that his love of singularity made him chuse to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D’Alembert reprehends this,—and
3 where?

where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms, by serious proofs, what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and, in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau has offended D'Alembert by ascribing the King of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *precipue sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill nature?—In short, my dear Sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

“Yours ever.”

“P. S. It occurs to me that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on Madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *ſçavant*, but respect learning, when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

“I wrote

"I wrote to you last Thursday; and by Lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Ninewells: I hope you will receive it."

Mr. HUME to Mr. WALPOLE.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1766.

"I readily agree with you, my dear Sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the necessity of consenting to this publication: but it had certainly become necessary. Even those who at first joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me, and represented, that this strange man's defiance had made such impression, that I should pass universally for the guilty person, if I suppressed the story. Some of his greatest admirers and partisans, who had read my manuscript, concurred in the same sentiments with the rest. I never consented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I should have persevered in my refusal. One reason of my reluctance was, that I saw this publication, if necessary at Paris, was yet superfluous, not to say worse, at London. But I hope it will be considered that the publication is not, properly speaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in consequence of a discretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a distance to form a judgment in the case.

"I am as sensible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have exposed themselves, by running every moment to the public with all their
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their private squabbles and altercations ; but surely there has been something very unexpected and peculiar in this affair. My antagonist, by his genius, his singularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the subject of general conversation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any person in it. I do not even except Voltaire, much less the King of Prussia and Mr. Pitt. How else could it have happened, that a clause of a private letter, which I wrote somewhat thoughtlessly to a private gentleman at Paris, should in three days time have been the only subject of conversation in that capital, and should thence have propagated itself every where as fast as the post could carry it ? You know, that at first I was so little inclined to make a noise about this story, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the insult, which was really so ridiculous ; but you very properly dissuaded me from this resolution ; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly no body will find fault with.

“ Having made this apology for myself (where, however, I expect to be absolved as much by your compassion as your judgment), I proceed to say something in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D’Alembert who suppressed that clause of your letter, but me, who did not transcribe it in the copy I sent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needlessly in a quarrel with these literati ; and as that clause had no
reference

reference to the business in hand, I thought I might fairly secrete it. I wish I could excuse him as well on another head. He sent me above two months ago something like that declaration, and desired me to convey it to Rousseau ; which I refused to do, and gave him some reasons of my refusal : but he replied to me, that he was sure my true secret reason was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be disagreeable to me to see such a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked also the omission of a phrase in the translation ; and this omission could not be altogether by accident : it was where I mention your suppressing the King of Prussia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I said it was *agreeable to your usual politeness and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookseller to restore this passage, which is so conformable to my real sentiments ; but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I saw the Paris edition I had desired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other respects but inconsiderable.

“ It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendship with Madame du Deffand ; because I can find no other ground for it. I see also, that in his declaration there is a stroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not understand, but I do ; because he wrote me that he heard she was your corrector. I found these two persons in great and intimate friendship when I arrived

arrived at Paris ; but it is strange how intemperate they are both become in their animosity : though perhaps it is more excusable in her, on account of her age, sex, and bodily infirmities. I am very sensible of your discretion in not citing me on this occasion ; I might otherwise have a new quarrel on my hands.

“ With regard to D’Alembert, I believe I said he was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius* ; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import. He is surely entitled to the former character, from the works which you and I have read : I do not mean his translation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I suppose neither you nor I have read, his geometry and algebra. I agree with you, that in some respects Rousseau may more properly be called a superior genius ; yet is he so full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny even him that appellation. I fancy D’Alembert’s talents and Rousseau’s united might fully merit such a eulogy.

“ In other respects, D’Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the Czarina and the King of Prussia, he has shown himself above interest and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions : one from the King of Prussia, one from
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the French King, one as member of the academy of sciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not 6,000 livres a-year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions) is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

“ You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable and almost synonymous, though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incompatible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication both of myself and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of Mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another, because the qualities of the heart and temper and natural understanding are the most essential to the personal character; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of
genius;

genius ; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations ; but the sentiment in general was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flourishing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century. If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at best but half civilized, and is now relapsing fast into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages. But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of common place ; I cut the matter therefore short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good natured, friendly man ; but at the same time that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear Sir, &c.

“ P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.”

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Mr.

Mr. Walpole thought proper to draw up a narrative of the concern he had in the quarrel between Rousseau and Hume; and annexed to it the whole of his correspondence with our author. It is dated at Paris, Sept. 13, 1767; and speaking in it of the *Exposé*, he has the following passage, which could not fail to give offence to Hume, and which we submit to the reader's judgment without any comment. "I am sorry to say," observes Mr. Walpole, "that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him. I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was, therefore, a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to shew, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter? Much less could they imply permission to curtail my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again, was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed
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my feeling in such harsh terms as a *thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should treat the present *gens de lettres* at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published he made an apology to me."

The literary world, as it may be supposed, took part in this dispute between two characters so celebrated as Hume and Rousseau; and although the conduct of the latter was universally condemned, a few took up the pen in his defence. In November 1766, there was published at Paris a pamphlet under the title of *Observations sur l'Exposé succinct de la Contestation qui s'est élevée entre M. Hume et M. Rousseau*; and in the same year was published at London, and translated into French, *Justification de J. J. Rousseau dans la Contestation qui lui est survenue avec M. Hume* *. There also appeared at London *A Letter to the Hon. Horace Walpole concerning the Dispute between Mr. Hume and M. Rousseau*. The Parisian press gave to the public *Reflexions sur qui s'est passé au Sujet de la Rupture de J. J. Rousseau et de M. Hume*; and also a very long tract entitled *Plaidoyer pour et contre J. J. Rousseau et le Docteur*

* I have seen the French copy only.

D. Hume, l'Historien Anglois : avec des Anecdotes interessantes relative au sujet : ouvrage moral et critique, pour servir de suite aux œuvres de ces deux grands hommes. In the first part of this work, the author is exceedingly severe against Hume, but he afterwards softens a little as to him, and attacks Rousseau at great length. It is written in a sprightly style, and is rather interesting. He appears, however, to be totally unacquainted with Hume's character, and confesses and laments his ignorance of our historian's works: the word *Docteur*, prefixed to Hume's name in the title, is a faint evidence of this. He is inclined, on the whole, to ascribe Rousseau's conduct à un dérèglement de son esprit,—et non pas à la perversité de son cœur.

Even the fair sex stood forward in defence of their favourite man of feeling; and a lady at Paris signalized herself in a pamphlet, which was rewarded with the thanks of Rousseau: it was entitled *La Vertu vengée par l'Amitié, ou Recueil de Lettres sur J. J. Rousseau, par Madame ****. Voltaire, on the other side, addressed a Letter to Mr. Hume, in which he assailed the unfortunate Genevese with all the acuteness of his satire, and the brilliancy of his wit.

While occupied in composing an elaborate review of this controversy, and gravely weighing the conduct of both parties, we accidentally met with the following *jeu d'esprit* in the St. James's Chronicle, the newspaper in which the translation of the celebrated letter of the King of Prussia first appeared. Before inserting it, however, we may premise, that
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it does not seem possible for any unprejudiced person to suppose that Mr. Hume could entertain the slightest malevolence towards his *protégé*, or that the concern he took in his behalf originated from any other motive than the most generous philanthropy. We may bewail the eccentricity of mind which could conjure up suspicions like those entertained by Rousseau, and give consequence to empty trifles; but justice and honour call on us to condemn the man who could convert these into premeditated crimes, and found on them injurious accusations against innocence,—nay more, against the very person who had loaded him with benefits. It must be owned, that symptoms of a crazy intellect were at times perceptible in the conduct of Rousseau: his caprices, his brutal rudeness, his eternal wrangling with all who came in contact with him as friends and benefactors, were forcible indications of a species of mental derangement. We may, therefore, relax a little from the austere laws of criticism, and indulge in a harmless jocularly, now, perhaps, the best medium through which this singular dispute can be contemplated.

The humorous production alluded to is in the form of an indictment, as follows:

HEADS OF AN INDICTMENT *laid by J. J. Rousseau,*
philosopher, against D. Hume, Esq.

1. That the said David Hume, to the great scandal of philosophy, and not having the fitness of

things before his eyes, did concert a plan with Mess. Fronchin, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, to ruin the said J. J. Rousseau for ever, by bringing him over to England, and there settling him to his heart's content.

2. That the said David Hume did, with a malicious and traitorous intent, procure, or cause to be procured, by himself, or somebody else, one pension of the yearly value of 100 *l.* or thereabouts, to be paid to the said J. J. Rousseau, on account of his being a philosopher, either privately or publicly, as to him the said J. J. Rousseau should seem meet.

3. That the said David Hume did, one night after he left Paris, put the said J. J. Rousseau in bodily fear, by talking in his sleep; although the said J. J. Rousseau doth not know, whether the said David Hume was really asleep, or whether he shammed Abraham, or what he meant.

4. That, at another time, as the said David Hume and the said J. J. Rousseau were sitting opposite each other by the fire-side in London, he, the said David Hume, did look at him, the said J. J. Rousseau, in a manner of which it is difficult to give any idea: That he, the said J. J. Rousseau, to get rid of the embarrassment he was under, endeavoured to look full at him, the said David Hume, in return, to try if he could not stare him out of countenance; but in fixing his eyes against his, the said David Hume's, he felt the most inexpressible terror, and
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was obliged to turn them away, infomuch that the said J. J. Rousseau doth in his heart think and believe, as much as he believes any thing, that he the said David Hume is a certain composition of a white-witch and a rattle-snake.

5. That the said David Hume on the same evening, after politely returning the embraces of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, and gently tapping him on the back, did repeat several times, in a good-natured easy tone, the words, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh my dear Sir!*—From whence the said J. J. Rousseau doth conclude, as he thinks upon solid and sufficient grounds, that he the said David Hume is a traitor; albeit he, the said J. J. Rousseau, doth acknowledge, that the physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man, all but those terrible eyes of his, which he must have borrowed; but he the said J. J. Rousseau vows to God he cannot conceive from whom or what.

6. That the said David Hume hath more inquisitiveness about him than becometh a philosopher, and did never let slip an opportunity of being alone with the governante of him the said J. J. Rousseau.

7. That the said David Hume did most atrociously and flagitiously put him the said J. J. Rousseau, philosopher, into a passion; as knowing that then he would be guilty of a number of absurdities.

8. That the said David Hume must have published Mr. Walpole's letter in the newspapers, because, at that time, there was neither man, woman, nor child, in the island of Great Britain, but the said David Hume, the said J. J. Rousseau, and the printers of the several newspapers aforesaid.

9. That somebody in a certain magazine, and somebody else in a certain newspaper, said something against him the said John James Rousseau, which he, the said J. J. Rousseau, is persuaded, for the reason above-mentioned, could be nobody but the said David Hume.

10. That the said J. J. Rousseau knows, that he, the said David Hume, did open and peruse the letters of him the said J. J. Rousseau, because he one day saw the said David Hume go out of the room, after his own servant, who had, at that time, a letter of the said J. J. Rousseau's in his hands; —which *must* have been in order to take it from the servant, open it, and read the contents.

11. That the said David Hume did, at the instigation of the Devil, in a most wicked and unnatural manner, send, or cause to be sent, to the lodgings of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, one dish of beefsteaks, thereby meaning to insinuate, that he, the said J. J. Rousseau, was a beggar, and came over to England to ask alms: whereas be it known to all men by these presents, that he, the said John James Rousseau, brought with him the means of subsistence,

ence, and did not come with an empty purse; as he doubts not but he can live upon his labours,—with the assistance of his friends; and in short can do better without the said David Hume than with him.

12. That besides all these facts put together, the said J. J. Rousseau did not like a certain appearance of things on the whole.

In the summer of 1766, Mr. Hume went to Edinburgh with an intention of spending his days there in philosophical retirement. He himself tells us, that he returned to that place, not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by means of Lord Hertford's friendship, than he had left it: and that he was now desirous of trying what superfluity could produce, as he had formerly made an experiment of a competency. Of this scheme, however, he was not long permitted to make trial. General Henry Seymour Conway, the brother of Lord Hertford, had been made one of the Secretaries of State, in 1765, in place of Lord Sandwich, with Mr. Burke as his under Secretary: but in Feb. 1767, Mr. Burke resigned, and the General invited Mr. Hume to succeed him. Our author accordingly repaired to London, and entered on his high office. Whether he possessed talents eminently adapted to this situation, it would now be superfluous to inquire; certain it is that the state papers of those times evince no extraordinary marks of splendid abilities. On the 20th January 1768, the

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General

General retired, and was succeeded by Viscount Weymouth; and Mr. Hume followed his example.

Notwithstanding the interruption, which politics necessarily occasioned to his literary pursuits, Mr. Hume continued to correspond with his old friends as usual, and to employ in their behalf what influence he possessed. Some of these letters have been preserved.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ My dear Sir,

London, March 19, 1767.

“ You do extremely right in applying to me wherever it is the least likely I can serve you or any of your friends. I consulted immediately with General Conway, who told me, as I suspected, that the chaplains to forts and garrisons were appointed by the war-office, and did not belong to his department. Unhappily I have but a slight acquaintance with Lord Barrington, and cannot venture to ask him any favour; but I shall call on Pryce Campbell, though not of my acquaintance, and shall enquire of him the canals through which this affair may be conducted: perhaps it may lie in my power to facilitate it by some means or other.

“ I shall endeavour to find out the unhappy philosopher you mention, though it will be difficult for me to do him any service. He is an ingenious
man,

man, but unfortunate in his conduct, particularly in the early part of his life. The world is so cruel as never to overlook those flaws; and nothing but hypocrisy can fully cover them from observation. There is not so effectual a scourer of reputations in the world. I wish that I had never parted with that *Lixivium*, in case I should at any future time have occasion for it.

“ * * * * *

* * A few days before my arrival in London, Mr. Davenport had carried to Mr. Conway a letter of Rousseau's, in which that philosopher says, that he had never meant to refuse the King's bounty, that he would be proud of accepting it, but that he would owe it entirely to his majesty's generosity and that of his ministers, and would refuse it if it came through any other canal whatsoever, even that of Mr. Davenport *.

“ Mr.

* The following is an extract from M. Rousseau's letter to Mr. Davenport on this subject :

“ SIR,

Wootton, 1766.

“ Very far from being so vain, foolish, and ill disposed, as to refuse the favours of the King, I have ever regarded, and will regard, them as the greatest honour, which can be conferred on me. When I consulted my Lord Marischal if I should accept them, it certainly was not that I myself could have a doubt on the matter; but it was merely complying with an indispensable duty, which did not permit me to act in this matter without his consent. I was very certain he would not refuse it. But, Sir, were the King of England, and all the sovereigns in the universe,
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“ Mr. Davenport then addressed himself to Mr. Conway, and asked whether it was not possible to recover what this man’s madness had thrown away? The secretary replied, that I should be in London in a few days, and that he would take no steps in the affair but at my desire and with my approbation. When the matter was proposed to me, I exhorted the General to do this act of charity to a man of genius, however wild and extravagant. The King, when applied to, said, that since the pension had once been promised, it should be granted, notwithstanding all that had passed in the interval. And thus the affair is happily finished, unless some new extravagance come across the philosopher, and engage him to reject what he has a-new applied for. If he knew my situation with General Conway, he probably would; for he must then conjecture, that the affair could not be done without my consent.

“ Ferguson’s book goes on here with great success. A few days ago I saw Mrs. Montague,

to lay at my feet all their treasures and crowns by the hands of David Hume, or any other man of his kind, if any such exists, I would reject them with as much indignation, as, in another case, I would receive them with respect and gratitude. Such are my sentiments, from which nothing will make me depart. I know not what fate, what misfortunes, providence has in reserve for me; but this I know, that the sentiments of rectitude and honour, engraven on my heart, will never leave me but with my last sigh. I hope that for once I have expressed myself with distinctness.”

Rousseau got his pension, after he left England.

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who had just finished it with great pleasure : I mean she was sorry to finish it, but had read it with great pleasure. I asked her whether she was satisfied with the style? Whether it did not favour somewhat of the country? O yes, said she, a great deal : It seems almost impossible, that any one could write such a style except a Scotsman.

“ I find you prognosticate a very short date to my administration. I really believe, that few (but not evil) will be my days. My absence will not probably allow my claret time to ripen, much less to four. However that may be, I hope to drink out the remainder of it with you in mirth and jollity.

“ I am sincerely yours *usque ad aras*.”

The production of Dr. Adam Ferguson, alluded to in this letter, was the first or quarto edition of his *Essay on the History of Civil Society*. In the same year (1767) appeared the well-known work, intitled *An Appeal to Common Sense in behalf of Religion*, by Mr. James Oswald, minister of Methven. Mr. Tytler also published a second edition of his *Inquiry*, with additions ; and Dr. Campbell, in the preceding year, printed a new edition of his *Dissertation on Miracles*, with additions and corrections. In 1768, Dr. Robertson published his *History of Charles V.*, and Mr. Hume took charge of transmitting the sheets as they were printed to M. Suard at Paris, who was engaged in translating that work into French. Suard was then director of the *Gazette de France*, and undertook the translation of Charles V.

at

at the request of Baron d'Holbach, the correspondent of Dr. Robertson. This undertaking he accomplished with so much ability, that it was one cause of his admission into the French academy.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ I got yesterday from Strahan about thirty sheets of your History to be sent over to Suard, and last night and this morning have run them over with great avidity. I could not deny myself the satisfaction (which I hope also will not displease you) of expressing presently my extreme approbation of them. To say only they are very well written, is by far too faint an expression, and much inferior to the sentiments I feel : they are composed with nobleness, with dignity, with elegance, and with judgment, to which there are few equals. They even excel, and I think in a sensible degree, your History of Scotland. I propose to myself great pleasure in being the only man in England during some months, who will be in the situation of doing you justice ; after which you may certainly expect, that my voice will be drowned in that of the public.

“ You know that you and I have always been on the footing of finding in each other's productions *something to blame*, and *something to commend* ; and, therefore, you may perhaps expect also some seasoning of the former kind ; but really neither my leisure nor inclination allowed me to make such remarks, and I sincerely believe you have afforded
me

me very small materials for them. However, such particulars as occur to my memory I shall mention. *Maltreat* is a Scotticism, which occurs once. What the devil had you to do with that old-fashioned dangling word *wherewith*? I should as soon take back, *whereupon*, *whereunto*, and *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable, decent gentleman of the family is *wherein*; and I should not chuse to be often seen in his company. But I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to Dean Swift, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve, but surely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics. But what a fancy is this you have taken of saying always *an hand*, *an heart*, *an head*? Have you *an ear*? Do you not know that this *n* is added before vowels to prevent the cacophony, and ought never to take place before *h* when that letter is founded? It is never pronounced in these words; why should it be wrote? Thus, I should say, *a history*, and *a historian*; and so would you too, if you had any sense. But you tell me, that Swift does otherwise. To be sure there is no reply to that, and we must swallow your *bath* too upon the same authority. I will see you d—d sooner. But I will endeavour to keep my temper.

“ I do

“ I do not like this sentence in page 149. *This step was taken in consequence of the treaty Wolfey had concluded with the Emperor at Bruffels, and which had hitherto been kept secret.* Si fic omnia dixisses, I should never have been plagued with hearing your praises so often sounded, and that fools preferred your style to mine. Certainly it had been better to have said, *which Wolfey, &c.* That relative ought very seldom to be omitted, and is here particularly requisite to preserve a symmetry between the two members of the sentence. You omit the relative too often, which is a colloquial barbarism, as Mr. Johnson calls it.

“ Your periods are sometimes, though not often, too long. Suard will be embarrassed with them, as the modish French style runs into the other extreme.”

* * * * *

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

“ 28th March, 1768.

“ I find, then, that you are not content without a particular detail of your own praises, and that the very short but pithy letter I wrote you gives you no satisfaction, but what can I say more? The success has answered my expectations: and I who converse with the great, the fair, and the learned, have scarcely heard an opposite voice, or even whisper,
to

to the general sentiment. Only I have heard, that the fanhedrim at Mrs. Macauley's condemns you as little less a friend to government and monarchy than myself."

Previous to undertaking the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, on the suggestion of his friend M. Deyverdun, commenced a History of the Swiss Republic in the French language. In the winter of 1767, the first book, as a specimen of the work, was read in a literary society of foreigners in London; and the production being anonymous, Gibbon, who was present, listened without observation to the free strictures of his judges. Their decision was unfavourable; and his own cooler thoughts having ratified this sentence, he renounced for ever the prosecution of his design. Hume, however, to whom the manuscript was submitted, seems to have entertained a different opinion, unless we are to consider the expressions in the following letter by him to Mr. Gibbon, as merely the language of unmeaning politeness.

"Sir,

London, 24th Oct. 1767.

"It is but a few days ago since M. Deyverdun put your manuscript into my hands, and I have perused it with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compose in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace says with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek?

U

I grant,

I grant, that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffused than your native tongue : but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages ? The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in some measure, outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language.

“ Your use of the French tongue has also led you into a style more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language seems to admit of in historical productions : for such is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than custom will permit us. On the whole, your history, in my opinion, is written with spirit and judgment ; and I exhort you very earnestly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were so frivolous, that I shall not trouble you with them, and should, I believe, have a difficulty to collect them.

“ I am, with great esteem.”

In 1768, a new edition of Mr. Hume's *Essays and Treatises on several Subjects* was published in

two

two volumes, quarto. In the following year he returned to Edinburgh; and though now advanced in life, he had still, from the state of his health, the prospect of long enjoying his ease, and perceiving the increase of his reputation. He was now become opulent, for he possessed a revenue of 1000*l.* a-year, including a pension of 500*l.* from government.

From this time to the period of his death, his life presents nothing worthy of notice; for his migrations from Edinburgh to London, and back again, ceased to be interesting in the history of literature, and were so devoid of incident as not to intitle them to attention. In spring 1775, he was struck with a disorder in his bowels, which at first gave him no alarm; but, a twelvemonth afterwards, proved mortal. It is impossible not to admire and envy the serenity of his mind, at the very time he felt the malady to be incurable. "I now," says he, "reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; infomuch that were I to name a period of my life, which I should most chuse to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my

literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I knew that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present." Such was the state of mind in which this extraordinary man sat down to compose the biographic sketch he has intitled, *My Own Life* *. He had already settled his affairs, and it is said, that the property he left to his relations amounted to upwards of ten thousand pounds, all of his own acquiring †.

In

* It is dated, 18 April, 1776.

† The following is a copy of his latter will and testament:

"I, DAVID HUME, second lawful son of Joseph Home, of Ninewells, advocate, for the love and affection I bear to John Home, of Ninewells, my brother, and for other causes, do, by these presents, under the reservations and burdens after-mentioned, GIVE and DISPOSE to the said John Home, or, if he die before me, to David Home, his second son, his heirs and assigns whatsoever, all lands, heritages, debts, and sums of money, as well heritable as moveable, which shall belong to me at the time of my decease, as also my whole effects in general, real and personal, with and under the burden of the following legacies, viz. to my sister Catharine Home, the sum of twelve hundred pounds sterling, payable the first term of Whit-sunday, or Martinmas, after my decease, together with all my English books, and the life-rent of my house in St. James's court, or in case that house be sold at the time of my decease, twenty pounds a-year during the whole course of her life: to my friend Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh, two hundred pounds sterling: to my friend M. d'Alembert, member of the French Academy, and of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, two hundred pounds: to my friend Dr. Adam Smith, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in
Glasgow,

In 1775, Mr. Gibbon published the first volume of his History, in quarto; and Mr. Hume, who was

Glasgow, I leave all my manuscripts without exception, desiring him to publish my *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which are comprehended in this present bequest; but to publish no other papers which he suspects not to have been written within these five years, but to destroy them all at his leisure: and I even leave him full power over all my papers, except the Dialogues above-mentioned; and though I can trust to that intimate and sincere friendship, which has ever subsisted between us, for his faithful execution of this part of my will, yet, as a small recompence of his pains in correcting and publishing this work, I leave him two hundred pounds, to be paid immediately after the publication of it: I also leave to Mrs. Anne and Mrs. Janet Hepburn, daughters of Mr. James Hepburn, of Keith, one hundred pounds a piece: to my cousin, David Campbell, son of Mr. Campbell, minister of Lillysleaf, one hundred pounds; to the Infirmary of Edinburgh, fifty pounds: to all the servants, who shall be in my family at the time of my decease, one year's wages; and to my housekeeper, Margaret Irvine, three year's wages: and I also ordain, that my brother, or nephew, or executor, whoever he be, shall not pay up to the said Margaret Irvine, without her own consent, any sum of money which I shall owe her at the time of my decease, whether by bill, bond, or for wages, but shall retain it in his hand, and pay her the legal interest upon it, till she demand the principal: and in case my brother above-mentioned shall survive me, I leave to his son David, the sum of a thousand pounds to assist him in his education: but in case that by my brother's death before me, the succession of my estate and effects shall devolve to the aforesaid David, I hereby burden him, over and above the payment of the aforesaid legacies, with the payment of the sums following: to his brothers, Joseph and John, a thousand pounds a-piece: to his sisters, Catharine and Agnes, five hundred pounds a-piece: all which sums, as well as every sum contained in the present

was ever gratified by the success of his friends, testified his happiness on the occasion in the following letter to the author.

disposition (except that to Dr. Smith to be payable the first term of Whit-sunday and Martinmas, after my decease; and all of them, without exception, in sterling money. And I do hereby nominate and appoint the said John Home, my brother, and failing of him by decease the said David Home, to be my sole executor and universal legatee, with and under the burdens above mentioned; reserving always full power and liberty to me at any time in my life, even in death-bed, to alter and innovate these presents, in whole or in part, and to burden the same with such other legacies as I shall think fit. And I do hereby declare these presents to be a good, valid, and sufficient evidence, albeit found in my custody, or in the custody of any other person at the time of my death, &c. (*in common style*) Signed, 4 January, 1776, before these witnesses, the Right Honourable the Earl of Home, and Mr. John M'Gowan, Clerk to the Signet.

“DAVID HUME.

“I also ORDAIN, that if I shall die any where in Scotland, I shall be buried in a private manner in the Calton churchyard, the south side of it, and a monument to be built over my body, at an expence not exceeding a hundred pounds, with an inscription containing only my name, with the year of my birth and death, leaving it to posterity to add the rest.

“*At Edinburgh, 15 April, 1776.* DAVID HUME.

“I also leave for rebuilding the bridge of Churnside the sum of a hundred pounds; but on condition that the managers of the bridge shall take none of the stones for building the bridge from the quarry of Ninewells, except from that part of the quarry which has been already opened. I leave to my nephew Joseph, the sum of fifty pounds to enable him to make a good sufficient drain and sewer round the house of Ninewells, but on condition that if that drain and sewer be not made, from what-
ever

“ Dear Sir, Edinburgh, 18th March, 1776.

“ As I ran through your volume of history with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering somewhat of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present, and expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem; and I own, that if I had not previously had the happiness of your personal acquaintance, such a performance, from an Englishman in our age, would have given me some surprise. You may smile at this sentiment; but as it seems to me that your countrymen, for almost a whole generation, have given themselves up to barbarous and absurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleasure (as it did me) to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.

ever cause within a year after my death, the said fifty pounds shall be paid to the poor of the parish of Churnside: to my sister, instead of all my English books, I leave her a hundred volumes at her choice: to David Waite, servant to my brother, I leave the sum of ten pounds, payable the first term after my death.

“ DAVID HUME.”

“When I heard of your undertaking, (which was some time ago,) I own I was a little curious to see how you would extricate yourself from the subject of your two last chapters. I think you have observed a very prudent temperament; but it was impossible to treat the subject so as not to give grounds of suspicion against you, and you may expect that a clamour will arise. This, if any thing, will retard your success with the public; for in every other respect your work is calculated to be popular. But, among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a struggle in your first advances.

“I see you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is, indeed, strange, that any men of sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all European nations, the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions, and their national prejudices.

You

You are, therefore, over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation.

“I must inform you, that we are all very anxious to hear, that you have fully collected the materials for your second volume, and that you are even considerably advanced in the composition of it. I speak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot expect to live so long as to see the publication of it. Your ensuing volume will be more delicate than the preceding, but I trust in your prudence for extricating you from difficulties; and, in all events, you have courage to despise the clamour of bigots.

“I am, with great regard.”

A few months before his death, Mr. Hume was prevailed on by the entreaties of his friends, to try the effects of a long journey and the Bath waters*. Having accordingly settled his affairs, and drawn up the account of his life, which was afterwards published by Mr. Strahan, he set out for London towards the end of April 1776. At Morpeth he met Mr. John Home and Dr. Adam Smith, who had come from London purposely to see him. Mr. Home returned with him to the capital, and Dr. Smith proceeded to Edinburgh.

* For an account of the closing scene of our author's life, I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Adam Smith's letter to Mr. Strahan, which contains a very circumstantial narrative of that event.

On his arrival in London, our author found his health so much improved by exercise and the change of air, that he was able to continue his journey to Bath, where he derived so much benefit from the waters, that even he himself began to entertain a slight hope of his recovery. But the symptoms returning with their accustomed violence, and his malady increasng, he found it necessary to set out for Scotland. His cheerfulness, however, never forsook him. He wrote letters to his literary friends, informing them of his intention to be at Edinburgh on a certain day, and inviting them to dine with him on the day following. It was a kind of farewell dinner, and among those who came to partake of the hospitality of the dying historian, were Lord Elibank, Dr. Smith, Dr. Blair, Dr. Black, Professor Ferguson, and John Home.

After his return to Edinburgh, Mr. Hume, though extremely debilitated by disease, went abroad at times in a sedan chair, and called on his friends; but his ghastly looks indicated the rapid approach of death. He diverted himself with correcting his works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and sometimes in the evening with a party at his favourite game of whist. His facetiousness led him to indulge occasionally in the bagatelle. Among other verbal legacies, in making which he amused himself, the following whimsical one has been related. The author of Douglas is said to have a mortal aversion to port wine, and to have had frequent

quent disputes with the historian about the manner of spelling his name. Both these circumstances were often the subject of Mr. Hume's raillery; and he verbally bequeathed to the poet a quantity of port wine, on condition that he should always drink a bottle at a sitting, and give a receipt for it under the signature of John Hume.

Dr. Smith has recorded an instance of Mr. Hume's sportive disposition, and it also shews the placidity of his mind, notwithstanding the prospect of speedy dissolution. Colonel Edmondstone came to take leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing Hume a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him the French verses in which the Abbé Chau-lieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend the Marquis de la Fare. Dr. Smith happened to enter the room while Mr. Hume was reading the letter; and in the course of the conversation it gave rise to, Hume expressed the satisfaction he had of leaving his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in prosperous circumstances. This, he said, he felt so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, he could not, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, find one that fitted him. He had no house to finish; he had no daughter to provide for; he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse

cuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them : I therefore have all reason to die contented."

He then diverted himself, continues Dr. Smith, with inventing several jocular excuses which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very furly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you see the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses ; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency : "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue."

The

The hour of his departure had now arrived. His decline being gradual, he was, in his last moments, perfectly sensible, and free from pain. He shewed not the slightest indication of impatience or fretfulness, but conversed with the people around him in a tone of mildness and affection; and his whole conduct evinced a happy composure of mind. On Sunday, the 25th of August 1776, about four o'clock in the afternoon, this great and amiable man expired. He was buried in a rocky spot, which he had purchased in the Calton burying ground; and, agreeably to his will, a plain monument was afterwards erected on the place of his interment.

After Mr. Hume's death, his *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion* were, according to the directions he had left, published under the superintendence of Dr. Adam Smith, and now form part of his collected Essays. Two tracts, ascribed to him, were afterwards published at London; the one *On Suicide*, and the other *On the Immortality of the Soul*. These essays, though the mode of writing and of reasoning might induce one to suppose them genuine, have never been acknowledged by his friends, and are believed to be spurious.

The private character of Mr. Hume is universally acknowledged to have been unexceptionable: but notwithstanding the eulogium he sometimes bestows on the equanimity of his own temper, it is known, that he felt the attacks on his literary reputation with exquisite sensibility; and although he persevered

persevered in the resolution of writing no answers to his antagonists, except in the single case of the quarrel with Rousseau, he did not always receive the criticisms of others with the apathy he professes. The severe animadversions of Mr. Gray, in his Letters published by Mason, are said to have given him much concern; and his behaviour to Mr. Tytler, the vindicator of Queen Mary, had something like illiberality in it. Such, indeed, was the antipathy which subsisted between him and the last named gentleman, that they would not sit in company together, and the appearance of the one caused the immediate departure of the other.

There is a vein of sportive humour and a playfulness of fancy in the epistolary correspondence of our author. Dr. Robertson used frequently to say, that in Mr. Hume's gaiety there was something which approached to infantine, and that he had found the same thing so often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almost disposed to consider it as characteristical of genius*. But the best and justest account of Mr. Hume is that given by himself in the conclusion of his biographic narrative, so often alluded to in the course of this work. "To conclude historically," says he, "with my own character, I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments,) I

* Professor Stewart's Life of Dr. Robertson; a work to which I am indebted for several letters by Mr. Hume.

was,

was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked, by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct; not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself; but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained."

In his literary character, Mr. Hume is to be considered, 1. As a *metaphysician*: 2. As a *moralist*: 3. As a *writer on general polity*: and 4. As a *historian*.

rian. His lighter pieces on subjects connected with the *belles lettres* or polite literature, we may pass over unnoticed, as agreeable trifles involving none of those important questions which interest the welfare, or demand the serious inquiry, of mankind.

1. In appreciating Mr. Hume's knowledge of metaphysical science, we naturally commence with a review of his first work, or Treatise on Human Nature; taking care, however, not to ascribe to him any of its tenets, which have been subsequently altered in his Essay on the Human Understanding.

It may, perhaps, appear to be a homely remark, but it is not the less just, that, in perusing any work of a disquisitionary nature, the first thing, to which a reader ought to direct his attention, is the table of contents. It is not a mere enumeration of the different topics treated of in the text, which this table presents to an intelligent inquirer. If he finds in it a *lucidus ordo* in the arrangement of the plan; if he finds that natural succession, or connect series of discussion, which gives perspicuity and precision to a literary performance, he is inclined to form a favourable opinion of the abilities of the writer. A very slight inspection of the tables of contents, prefixed to the writings of Adam Smith or Dr. Reid, who were contemporaries of Mr. Hume, will enable a man of ordinary capacity to observe the intimate dependence, which each successive chapter has
on

on that preceding it, and to comprehend at one view the general scope and object of the author. But we look for this in vain in Mr. Hume's Treatise; and the consequence of his failure or neglect in correctness of arrangement and division of the subject, is a tiresome repetition of arguments and opinions, which tends to involve the whole in confusion and obscurity.

Our author begins his Treatise with an inquiry into the origin of ideas; and as this forms the basis of his system, it merits particular notice. He informs us, that all perceptions of the human mind resolve themselves into two distinct kinds, which he styles *impressions* and *ideas*. The difference between these he makes to consist in the degrees of force and liveliness, with which they strike upon the mind, and make their way into our thought or consciousness. The perceptions, which enter with most force and violence are impressions, and comprehend our sensations, passions, and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By ideas he means "*the faint images* of these impressions in thinking and reasoning; such as, for instance, are all the perceptions excited by the present discourse, excepting only those which arise from the sight and touch, and excepting the immediate pleasure or uneasiness it may occasion*." Without attempting to elucidate the obscure verbiage in the latter part of this sentence, it may be ob-

* Page 12. v. l.

served, that the distinction made by our author, although not very perspicuous, seems to refer the first series of perceptions to feeling, and the last to thinking. If an uncouthness of style occasionally appear in the detail of Mr. Hume's opinions in this work, it will serve as an apology that his own language is always employed, which, in his earlier productions, was not very remarkable for its classic elegance and correctness.

He farther explains in a *note*, the meaning which he affixes to each of these words. "I here," he observes, "make use of these terms, *impression* and *idea*, in a sense different from what is usual, and I hope this liberty will be allowed me. Perhaps I rather restore the word *idea* to its original sense, from which Mr. Locke had perverted it in making it stand for all our perceptions. By the term *impression*, I would not be understood to express the manner in which our lively perceptions are produced in the soul, but merely the perceptions themselves, for which there is no particular name, either in the English or any other language that I know of." Mr. Hume, however, and not Mr. Locke, has perverted the true sense of the word *idea*; for according to the philosophical import of that term, it does not signify that act of the mind, which we call thought, and with which our author confounds it; but it implies some object or agent of thought, or, more correctly speaking, ideas and perceptions, whether lively or faint, are essentially the same, and they are so without the intermedium of images.

Metaphysicians

Metaphysicians who reason by analogy from the phenomena of the material world, without considering that the laws of matter are inapplicable to the operations of mind, are continually exposing themselves to error by the assumption of erroneous *data*, and the deduction of false conclusions; and in no instance is this more frequent than in the examples derived from the sense of sight. Mr. Hume, indeed, professes to employ the experimental mode of reasoning; but he deviates from it in the very outset. Instead of trusting to an accurate observation of the manner, in which his own mind is called into action, and continues to act, he readily adopts the arguments of his predecessors, which they again have borrowed from the common theories of vision, without trying them by the test of their other senses.

It would require greater amplitude of investigation than the nature of this work will permit, to point out the causes which have given rise to so universal a mistake on the part of metaphysicians. To draw general inferences, whether well or ill-founded, from one sense only, is obviously taking too narrow a view of the subject. We can easily understand a person, when he speaks of an external object and of its coloured image on the retina of the eye. That image, however, is neither an impression nor an idea: it is an agent employed by nature to excite an idea, or produce a perception; but the manner in which it does so is unknown; and in consequence of a morbid state of the optic nerve,

an individual may not even be conscious of the existence of this image, that is, experience a sensation from the agency of it, although his eye still continues to form the image on the retina.

But, says Mr. Hume, the faint images of these impressions in thinking and reasoning constitute our ideas. Now, it may be asked, what is meant by the images of sound, taste, smell, or touch? What is the image of hardness, heat, cold, or any of the qualities and modes of matter? and, as he comprehends under the generic term of impressions, not only all our external sensations, but also our passions and emotions, it may be likewise asked, what can he mean by images of pride, anger, pleasure, or pain? The answer is obvious; for no man, from the actual phenomena of his senses and passions, can pretend to a consciousness of these images. Yet it would follow from our author's doctrine, that we can have no ideas without the pre-existence of images, which, in fact, have no existence. Such are the palpable contradictions and absurdities into which Mr. Hume has fallen, by inconsiderately adopting the notions of his predecessors, and their inaccurate modes of philosophizing.

The division of perceptions into impressions and ideas, is still farther exceptionable; for a difference in degree is not a difference in quality. When a person touches any thing, he experiences, is conscious of, or has a perception or idea of a certain feeling,

feeling, and to distinguish its quality or relative degrees, particular words have been contrived. The sensation he thus experiences may, perhaps, be that which we style hardness; but this sensation, or, what is the same, the consciousness of it, may actually be mind itself; for we have no good reason to authorize our believing, that the sensation of hardness forms an object distinct from, although present to, the mind. In fine, the identity of perception, consciousness, and idea, may be fairly maintained; at least, the faculties of the human understanding are incapable of distinguishing them.

The subsequent illustrations, which Mr. Hume introduces, are no less defective and unphilosophical. From the resemblance, which he discovers between impressions and ideas in every other particular, except their degree of force and vivacity, he maintains, that the one seem to be, in a manner, the reflection of the other; so that all the perceptions of the mind are double, and appear both as impressions and ideas. "When," he adds, "I shut my eyes, and think of my chamber, the ideas I form are exact representations of the impressions I felt, nor is there any circumstance of the one, which is not to be found in the other."

Here he confounds perception and memory, two very different powers of the mind. When he views his chamber with his eyes open, he experiences, not only sensations, but what in his system

he calls impressions, which “strike with a very lively force upon the mind.” Still, however, according to his own doctrine, he has not acquired any ideas; for these are only “the faint images of impressions in thinking and reasoning.” It would follow, therefore, that to obtain an exact idea of his chamber, he must contemplate it with his eyes shut; or would he rather be understood to signify, that if he kept his eyes open, and thought of his chamber, his mind embraced, at the same time, both the lively impressions and their faint images or ideas? A more accurate reasoner would have explained the phenomena in a very different manner. He would have shewn, that perception, consciousness, and idea in its true philosophical meaning, (and even the term impression in Mr. Hume’s sense of it, for he disclaims the synonymy of impression and sensation) are the same, as far as our mental powers are competent to discover; and he would have shewn, that memory is the faculty which nature employs in preserving, or recalling, ideas or perceptions arising from the operation of external objects on our senses.

Notwithstanding these obvious errors, Mr. Hume, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, persists in giving the same division of perceptions which he had adopted in his Treatise, as will appear from the following passage in Section II. “Of the Origin of Ideas.” — “We may, therefore,” says he, “divide all the perceptions of the mind into two classes or species, which are distinguished by

by their different degrees of force and vivacity. The less forcible and lively are commonly denominated thoughts or ideas. The other species want a name in our language, and in most others; I suppose, because it was not requisite for any, but philosophical purposes, to rank them under a general term or appellation. Let us, therefore, use a little freedom, and call them impressions; employing that word in a sense somewhat different from the usual. By the term *impression*, then, I mean all our more lively perceptions, when we hear, or see, or feel, or love, or hate, or desire, or will: and impressions are distinguished from ideas, which are the less lively perceptions of which we are conscious, when we reflect on any of those sensations or movements above-mentioned."

It is, doubtless, allowable to every man, who writes a system of science or of art, to employ what terms he pleases, provided he gives correct definitions of them in the outset. But if he employs, in a sense very different from their common acceptation, terms to which mankind have already attached a definite meaning, it is obvious that this practice must occasion endless confusion. The signs in algebra, and the abstract terms in mathematics, are merely arbitrary; and so were the words of every original language at its commencement; but their use and purport being once fixed by common consent, the person who ventures to alter or reverse them, will scarcely merit applause for his ingenuity. These arguments apply sti^{ll} more

forcibly to moral philosophy, where it is not easy to keep long the mind steady in any train of thought; a difficulty essentially increased by adopting new and unusual explanations of well known terms.

In the passage we have quoted, Mr. Hume, abandoning his theory of images, gives a more strict and determinate limitation to the words, *impression* and *idea*, than he has done in his Treatise. By the former he seems to mean an idea with the presence of a sensation, and by the latter an idea without it. Every philosopher must acknowledge, that the idea he has of an external object is more lively and forcible, when the object is present to the senses, than when it is not. This, however, is merely a difference in degree, and not in quality; and if any writer on metaphysics should chuse to designate the two cases by particular terms, he is warranted in doing so, though not certainly in selecting, as Mr. Hume does, a word to which a specific meaning has been already affixed, very different from that in which he would employ it. A superficial attention to the phenomena, and a description of them in the ordinary phraseology of the English language, would at once have corrected this error of our author; for he must have remarked, that every external object, by making an *impression*, or acting upon the organs of sense, induces a consciousness or *idea* of the object he beheld: and that our ideas, becoming the objects or agents of thought, are employed in the process of reflection.

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As the doctrine of the origin of ideas is the foundation on which the superstructure of every metaphysical system is reared, it is necessary to bestow longer consideration on that part of our author's work, than can be devoted to the rest. To give a complete review of his opinions would be, in fact, to present a complete refutation of them, and compose a volume on the philosophy of the human mind.

Mr. Hume, in his Treatise, again divides our perceptions into simple and complex, that is, into single perceptions and combinations of them, as they may be considered separately or in union. To this division he has recourse, in order to limit the general decision, which he had formed, that our ideas and impressions "are resembling," or resemble each other. "I observe," says he, "that many of our complex ideas never had impressions that corresponded to them, and that many of our complex impressions never are exactly copied in ideas. I can imagine to myself such a city as the New Jerusalem, whose pavement is gold and rubies, though I never saw any such. I have seen Paris, but shall I affirm I can form such an idea of that city, as will perfectly represent all its streets and houses in their real and just proportions?"

This manner of stating the proposition is extremely vague; for it implies, that Mr. Hume might have ideas without impressions, the faint images of which he formerly represented to give rise

rife exclusively to ideas, or rather to be themselves ideas. According to custom, our author, in this passage, confounds imagination and memory, two very different powers of the mind. The human faculties, although wisely adapted to all the possible purposes of man, are limited in their extent and powers, and each has its peculiar province.

When a man lays his hand on a piece of marble, he becomes sensible of its quality of hardness. Let this marble cease to be present to his sense of touch; let it no longer be an immediate object of perception, he can still form a notion of its hardness, still retain an idea of it, or, as some philosophers would express it, still form a just conception of it. In like manner we acquire a knowledge of the various qualities of external objects by our senses; and in preserving or recalling that knowledge, a process takes place similar to that mentioned in the case of the sense of touch. The mind has also a power of modifying its ideas. It can separate the ideas of the different qualities of substances. It can divide them into parts. It can combine these with others in endless variety, and thus form new wholes. This power of creation, if the expression may be allowed, is styled the imagination. But however fantastic these combinations may be, such as elephants with wings, and the like creatures of a prolific and extravagant fancy; it cannot be said that “many of our complex ideas never had impressions corresponding to them;” for all the single perceptions or ideas, which are the
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component parts of such complex ideas, must have been originally excited by external objects, and have continued familiar to the mind. Though Mr. Hume, therefore, could form accurate ideas of the external objects present to his senses, it does not follow that he ought to have been able to form with precision so complex and vast an idea as that of an immense city. In fact, the powers of his imagination as to comprizing at once and correctly the streets and pavements of the New Jerusalem were as much limited, as the powers of his conception or those of his memory respecting Paris. It is, therefore, equally erroneous, that many of our complex impressions are never exactly copied in ideas.

After observing that our complex impressions and ideas, though greatly resembling, are not exact copies of each other, Mr. Hume proceeds to inquire how the case stands with our simple perceptions in this respect, and finishes with a very unexpected conclusion. "Thus," says he, "we find, that all simple ideas and impressions resemble each other, and as the complex are formed from them, we may affirm, in general, that these two species of perception are *exactly* correspondent:" an inference in open hostility with the doctrine which he had just delivered.

As we have endeavoured to point out the very unphilosophical distinction he has introduced between impressions and ideas, and, it is hoped, shewn the fallacy of his ideal theory by faint images of impressions,

pressions, it does not appear necessary to pursue the inquiry, by investigating the principles of causation which he advances, and his opinions respecting the infinite divisibility of space and time, and *the infinite divisibility of our ideas* of space and time: discordant inferences are the inevitable result of an hypothesis essentially erroneous.

Without prosecuting farther, therefore, the review of his Treatise, the tenets in which have been publicly disclaimed by the author, in so far as they differ from those in his Enquiry, we shall confine our subsequent observations to this last performance. It does not profess to be, like the Treatise, a complete system, but is rather a collection of essays on metaphysical subjects, possessing a connection with each other. The topics, however, on which it treats, are nearly the same with those in the Treatise, but it is cleared from the false reasonings and contradictions of the latter; and while it displays the vigour of his understanding, it also affords honourable evidence of his industry, and the progress of his mental improvement, during the time which elapsed between the appearance of these two publications.

The subjects discussed in the Enquiry are the following:

Sect. I. Of the different Species of Philosophy.

II. Of the Origin of Ideas.

III. Of the Association of Ideas.

IV. Sceptical

- IV. Sceptical Doubts concerning the Operations of the Understanding.
- V. Sceptical Solution of these Doubts.
- VI. Of Probability.
- VII. Of the Idea of necessary Connection.
- VIII. Of Liberty and Necessity.
- IX. Of the Reason of Animals.
- X. Of Miracles.
- XI. Of a particular Providence, and of a future State.
- XII. Of the academical or sceptical Philosophy.

These essays are but little susceptible of analysis: we shall, however, endeavour to give a rapid sketch of them, interspersed with a few remarks on peculiar or exceptionable opinions.

In his brief notice of *the different species of philosophy*, Mr. Hume considers man, first, as born for action, and as influenced in his measures by taste and sentiment, pursuing one object, and avoiding another, according to the value which these objects seem to possess, or the light in which they present themselves; and, secondly, as a reasonable rather than an active being. The first species may be referred to ethics, and the last to pure metaphysics. In the *second* Section, he adopts his former theory of the origin of ideas, which we have already condemned; and in the *third*, he discusses, with the astonishing brevity of a few lines, the important subject of the association of ideas.

The title of the *fourth* and most important Section seems to have been adopted at random*; for while it implies doubts in general concerning all the operations of the human mind, it in reality advances a difficulty as to one operation only, or rather explains it in a manner different from the generally received mode. He commences with observing, that the objects of human reason or inquiry may naturally be divided into two kinds, *relations of ideas*, and *matters of facts*. To the first, he refers the sciences of geometry, algebra, and arithmetic. Our reasoning concerning matters of fact, he founds on the relation of cause and effect; and he affirms, as a general proposition admitting of no exception, that the knowledge of this relation is not, in any instance, attained by reasoning *a priori*, but arises entirely from experience, in finding that particular objects are constantly conjoined with each other.

He next investigates the question, what is the foundation of all conclusions from experience? and he maintains, that even after we have experience of the operations of cause and effect, our conclusions from that experience are *not* founded on reasoning, or any process of the understanding. In illustration of this, he observes:—"The bread which I formerly eat nourished me; that is, a body of such sensible qualities was, at that time, endued with such secret powers: but does it follow, that

* Is not the tautological phrase, "sceptical doubts," unwarrantable?

other bread must also nourish me at another time, and that like sensible qualities must always be attended with like secret powers? The consequence seems nowise necessary."—"These two propositions are far from being the same,—*I have found that such an object has always been attended with such an effect,—and I foresee, that other objects which are, in appearance, similar, will be attended with similar effects.*" And he asks, "may I not clearly and distinctly conceive, that a body, falling from the clouds, and which in all other respects resembles snow, has yet the taste of salt or feeling of fire?"

These difficulties, which seem to have puzzled Mr. Hume so much, may be easily removed. Such is the frame of the human mind, that if it once acquire a knowledge of an object by experience, it is drawn by an irresistible necessity to infer, that the same qualities must reside in, and the same consequences follow from, objects *in all respects* similar. This is, in fact, the principle which obliges a man to assent to the axioms in mathematics. He may have experience of one case only in which equals being added to equals, the wholes are equal; yet he is forced to acknowledge it to be a general law. In like manner, if he has once attained a knowledge of the qualities of snow, it is not in his power to conceive, that a substance, possessing all these qualities, could have the taste of salt or feeling of fire. That the bread which nourished him to-day will nourish him to-morrow, is an inference he cannot reject. If the organs of digestion, however, possess
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not the same tone, and the bread of this day has not exactly the qualities of that of yesterday, it is obvious that circumstances are altered, and the mind does not authorize a similar inference. In fine, if he chuses to content himself with superficial resemblances and loose analogies, he proceeds incorrectly, and is not qualified to argue on the operations of the human understanding.

But, says Mr. Hume, “is there any more intelligible proposition than to affirm, that all the trees will flourish in December and January, and decay in May and June? Now whatever is intelligible, and can be distinctly conceived, implies no contradiction, and can never be proved false by any demonstrative argument or abstract reasoning *a priori*.”—Does our author mean to assert, that we are unable *a priori* to prove the impossible existence of the chimerical representations of a lively fancy? Does he mean to assert, that whatever we can conceive may be true? A vigorous imagination can picture the city of London raised in the atmosphere, and the houses dancing a cotillon, while the affrighted inhabitants view the exhibition from their windows. All this is intelligible, and can be distinctly conceived; yet all this is contradictory to the laws of nature, and can be easily proved *a priori* to be physically impossible. It is an affirmation perfectly intelligible, that all the trees will flourish in December and January, and decay in May and June; but it is equally certain, that such an effect can be demonstrated to be impossible, because it is contrary to the laws
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and principles of vegetation. Now, the laws of nature, and the laws and principles of vegetation, are discovered and confirmed by experience and reasoning.

The *Sceptical Solution* of these *Doubts*, in Section V. is by ascribing our belief in the connection of cause and effect to *custom* or *habit*; and asserting that all our inferences from experience are the effects of custom, and not of reasoning. We have already exposed the groundlessness of these opinions; yet we agree with Mr. Hume, that custom is the great guide of human life. When bread, similar to that which nourished a man yesterday, is again laid before him, he is not scrupulously nice in ascertaining the similarity of its qualities; but he supposes this to be the fact, and eats the bread in the belief of receiving similar nourishment from it. This loose mode of inference, denominated *custom*, is, however, very different from the more rigid and correct operations of the understanding, though it serves sufficiently for all the ordinary purposes of mankind.

Mr. Hume's hypothesis respecting causation being thus unfound, all his arguments founded on it in the three following sections, on *Probability*, on *the Idea of necessary Connection*, and on *Liberty and Necessity*, fall to the ground; for what can be more erroneous than the tenets maintained in the following passage: "When," says he, "we look about us towards external objects, and consider the opera-

tion of causes, we are never able, in a single instance, to discover any power or necessary connection; any quality which binds the effect to the cause, and renders the one an infallible consequence of the other. We only find, that the one does actually, in fact, follow the other. The impulse of one billiard-ball is attended with motion in the second. This is the whole that appears to the *outward* senses. The mind feels no sentiment or *inward* impression from this succession of objects; consequently there is not, in any single particular instance of cause and effect, any thing which can suggest the idea of power or necessary connection."

If our author had confined himself to asserting, that we do not know by intuition, that one billiard-ball will communicate part of the motion it has received to another at rest, we would have readily assented to his opinion. All human knowledge is of human acquirement: it is the result of experience and reflection. When, therefore, man has imbibed the spirit of inquiry, and attained a knowledge of the laws of nature, he can demonstrate, that the impulse of one billiard-ball will infallibly give motion to a second; and it is impossible to suggest a case or operation of the mind, in which it feels more forcibly "an *inward* impression from a succession of objects, or one that gives rise to the idea of power or necessary connection." In a passage formerly quoted, Mr. Hume asserted, that, even after we have experience of the operations of cause and effect, our conclusions from that experience
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are *not* founded on reasoning, or any process of the understanding. Exactly the reverse of this is the fact. The senses, as the medium by which we communicate materially with external objects, are one source of our knowledge, and experience is founded on them; but the conclusions from that experience, or, in other words, the immutable laws of matter organized or not organized, are founded on the correctest exertions of human reason.

Passing over the very brief section on the *Reason of Animals*, we come next to that on *Miracles*; but as it does not readily admit of abridgment, we shall content ourselves with mentioning the result of our author's researches on the subject, from which the reader will be able to collect the *bearing* of his religious creed. "The plain consequence," says he, "is (and it is a general maxim worthy of our attention,) that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish: and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior."—And again, "So that upon the whole we may conclude, that the christian religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity: and whoever is

moved by *faith* to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience."

The eleventh section is a kind of rambling essay, by way of dialogue, on a *particular Providence and a future State*; in which his friend, in the character of Epicurus, makes an oration to the Athenians, tending to deny both. It proceeds on, or rather is an argument in favour of, the principle, that we are not authorized to ascribe to a cause any qualities but what are exactly sufficient to produce the effect; and where a cause is known only by its particular effects, it is impossible to infer any new effects from that cause. "Allowing therefore," says Epicurus, "the gods to be the authors of the existence or order of the universe, it follows, that they possess that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence, which appears in their workmanship; but nothing farther can ever be proved, except we call in the assistance of exaggeration and flattery to supply the defects of argument and reasoning. So far as the traces of any attributes at present appear, so far may we conclude these attributes to exist. The supposition of farther attributes is mere hypothesis, much more the supposition, that, in distant regions of space or periods of time, there has been, or will be, a more magnificent display of these attributes, and a scheme of administration more suitable to such imaginary virtues. We can never be
allowed

allowed to mount up from the universe, the effect, to Jupiter the cause; and then descend downwards, to infer any new effect from that cause, as if the present effects alone were not entirely worthy of the glorious attributes which we ascribe to that deity. The knowledge of the cause being derived solely from the effect, they must be exactly adjusted to each other; and the one can never refer to any thing farther, or be the foundation of any new inference and conclusion." The essay is ingenious and argumentative; but as it does not enter on the difficult topic of the deity's moral government of the world, it only glances slightly at its proper objects, and is very far from being conclusive.

As Mr. Hume has concentrated the second volume of his Treatise into a Dissertation on the Passions, which occupies only thirty pages of his Enquiry, and is composed merely of short and fugitive notes preparatory to a more regular and prolonged investigation of the subject, it would be a waste of time to review them.

After the preceding observations, the metaphysical character of our author may be comprised in few words. His Enquiry is not a complete system: its style does not possess the ease and perspicuity of that of Dr. Reid, and still less of that of Professor Stewart, and is, in fact, not always adapted to abstract reasoning. The leading arguments are essentially wrong, and the conclusions must consequently be the same: yet his writings may be useful,

ful, for truth is often elicited and established by the collision of opinion and the boldness of disquisition.

2. In his *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, Mr. Hume treats on the following subjects :

Section I. Of the General Principles of Morals.

II. Of Benevolence.

III. Of Justice.

IV. Of Political Society.

V. Why Utility pleases.

VI. Of Qualities useful to Ourselves.

VII. Of Qualities immediately agreeable to Ourselves.

VIII. Of Qualities immediately agreeable to Others.

IX. Conclusion.

APPENDIX.

I. Concerning moral Sentiment.

II. Of Self-love.

III. Some farther Considerations with regard to Justice.

IV. Of some verbal Disputes.

A DIALOGUE.

In examining the general principles of morals, the first object of his researches is, whether they are derived from reason or from sentiment; and he is inclined to believe, that both concur in almost all

moral determinations and conclusions. He then proceeds “to analyze that complication of mental qualities, which form what, in common life, we call personal merit;” and he begins with the consideration of *benevolence* and *justice*. His general inference is, that the *utility* resulting from the social virtues forms, at least, a part, or rather the whole, of their merit, and is the source of that approbation and regard so universally paid to them. “Who sees not, for instance,” says he, “that whatever is produced or improved by a man’s art or industry ought for ever to be secured to him, in order to give encouragement to such *useful* habits and accomplishments? That the property ought also to descend to children and relations, for the same *useful* purpose? That it may be alienated by consent, in order to beget that commerce and intercourse which is so *beneficial* to human society? And that all contracts and promises ought carefully to be fulfilled, in order to secure mutual trust and confidence, by which the general *interest* of mankind is so much promoted.” And again—“The necessity of justice to the support of society is the *sole* foundation of that virtue; and since no moral excellence is more highly esteemed, we may conclude, that this circumstance of usefulness has, in general, the strongest energy, and most entire command over our sentiments. It must, therefore, be the source of a considerable part of the merit ascribed to humanity, benevolence, friendship, public spirit, and other social virtues of that stamp; as it is the *sole* source of the moral approbation paid to fidelity,
Y 4 justice,

justice, veracity, integrity, and those other estimable and useful qualities and principles."

To adopt mere usefulness as the basis of virtue is certainly taking a very narrow and superficial view of the principles of morality. To refute, however, this Machiavelian doctrine would require greater length of discussion than can be admitted in this work. There is nothing too vicious to be defended on the broad plea of utility; and Mr. Hume himself, in the following passage, is drawn by it to support illiberality and oppression. "Were there," says he, "a species of creatures, intermingled with men, which, though rational, were possessed of such inferior strength, both of body and mind, that they were incapable of all resistance, and could never, upon the highest provocation, make us feel the effects of their resentment; the necessary consequence, I think, is, that we should be bound, by the laws of humanity, to give gentle usage to these creatures, but *should not*, properly speaking, *lie under any restraint of justice with regard to them, nor could they possess any right or property exclusive of such arbitrary lords.*" And again—"In many nations, the female sex are reduced to like slavery, and are rendered incapable of all property, in opposition to their lordly masters. But though the males, when united, have, in all countries, bodily force sufficient to maintain this severe tyranny; yet such are the insinuation, address, and charms of their fair companions, that women are commonly able to break the confederacy, and share with the
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other sex all the rights and privileges of society." Thus what is usually ascribed to the determinations of the moral sense, is here attributed by Mr. Hume to female blandishment and sexual inclinations.

In this performance, which was our author's favourite production, his style and manner are more agreeable than in his Enquiry into the Human Understanding; and as it brings, to use an expression of Lord Bacon, matters home to men's business and bosoms, we feel a greater interest in his investigations, which he has enlivened with historical anecdotes. The sixth and seventh sections are, in fact, lectures on politeness or the art of pleasing, and will not lose by comparison with Lord Chesterfield's celebrated Advice to his Son. But the seductive picture which Mr. Hume has given of his general principle of *utility* may be reversed by another writer, and perverted to the worst of purposes.

In his *Natural History of Religion*, our author endeavours to prove, that polytheism was the primary religion of mankind, and that the deities were not considered as the creators of the world. He then notices the various forms of polytheism; enquires briefly into the origin of theism; and after tracing, what he styles, the flux and reflux of both systems, draws a comparison of them with regard to *persecution* and *toleration*, *courage* and *abasement*, *reason* and *absurdity*, *doubt* and *conviction*. Towards the end
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of the performance, he exposes *some impious conceptions of the divine nature in popular religions of both kinds*, and *the bad influence of popular religions on morality*. The general tendency of this treatise is favourable to deism; and the same tenet is illustrated and enforced at greater length in his posthumous production, entitled, *Dialogues on Natural Religion*. It is impossible to divine any reasonable motive for Mr. Hume's adoption of the form of dialogue in this last work, unless it was that he thought himself more at liberty to employ bold expressions, by putting them in the mouth of a character whose arguments he affects to refute. Dialogue, indeed, affords ample opportunity for digression, and Mr. Hume avails himself so frequently of this, that he becomes insufferably redundant and tiresome.

3. In considering the character of Mr. Hume as a *writer on general policy*, his essays may be divided into those on commercial subjects, and those on constitutional polity.

I. On Commerce and Finance.

1. Of Commerce.
2. Of Refinement in the Arts.
3. Of the Balance of Trade.
4. Of the Jealousy of Trade.
5. Of Money.
6. Of Interest.
7. Of Taxes.
8. Of Public Credit.

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A great and prevalent defect in Mr. Hume's miscellaneous writings is, that he never attempts to treat his subject systematically; and desultory remarks, however just, are unfavourable to instruction. This imperfection is more sensibly felt in the discussion of abstruse and difficult topics, where both the understanding and memory require, that we should proceed from self-evident axioms to the establishment of general principles or laws. To the complicated subject of *Commerce* Mr. Hume devotes thirteen octavo pages; but as he does not profess to give even the outline of a regular system, it is impossible to analyze it.

In his essay on *Refinement in the Arts*, he maintains,—1. That the ages of refinement are both the happiest and most virtuous; and 2. That whenever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious to society. This is a rambling production, but his arguments are generally correct. The essay on the *Balance of Trade* may be perused with real advantage; and the short piece on the *Jealousy of Trade*, though it is confined to the very narrow compass of four pages, derives its value from a just reprobation of the illiberal principles of monopoly. In his concluding sentence, he says, “Not only as a man, but as a British subject, I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even France itself; I am at least certain, that Great Britain, and all these nations would flourish

rish more, did their sovereigns and ministers adopt such enlarged and benevolent sentiments towards each other."

The best account which can be given of his Essay on *Money* is, that its errors, by provoking inquiry, may call forth the more correct lucubrations of others. He advances in it an objection to *banks and paper credit*, though not in the most forcible manner. "That provisions and labour," says he, "should become dear by the increase of trade and money, is, in many respects, an inconvenience; but an inconvenience that is unavoidable, and the effect of public wealth and prosperity; yet there appears no reason for increasing that inconvenience, by a counterfeit money, which foreigners will not accept of in any payment, and which any great disorder in the state will reduce to nothing." Mr. Hume acquired afterwards more enlightened views on this subject, and, in a subsequent edition of his miscellaneous tracts, introduced into the Essay on the Balance of Trade, more favourable sentiments on the benefits arising from paper currency.

In his Essay on *Interest*, Mr. Hume sets out with averments, the fallacy of which is so obvious, that one is rather surpris'd it should have escaped him. "Were," says he, "all the gold in England annihilated at once, and one-and-twenty shillings substituted in the place of every guinea, would money be more plentiful or interest lower? No, surely: we should only use silver instead of gold." Thus
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far he is correct, and the only consequences of such an annihilation and substitution would be the inconvenience arising from the bulkiness of the silver, and the premium which gold imported would bear in the market; but he is peculiarly unfortunate in the extension of his conclusion. "Were gold," continues he, "rendered as common as silver, and silver as common as copper, would money be more plentiful or interest lower? We may assuredly give the same answer," (that is, no, surely.) "Our shillings would then be yellow, and our halfpence white; and we should have no guineas. No other difference would ever be observed; no alteration on commerce, manufactures, navigation, or interest; unless we imagine that the colour of the metal is of any consequence." — If England were the only inhabited country in the world, Mr. Hume's inference would be just; but while the precious metals are in high and universal request among foreign nations, a superabundant quantity of them in this country must ever have an essential effect on our internal and external economy. It is a common practice with writers on this subject to forget, that the wealth of a nation, taken in the aggregate, is to be appreciated by the wants of its neighbours, and not by reference to the individuals of such nation among themselves.

His Essay on *Taxes*, which is comprized in five pages, will not arrest the attention of the reader; but that on *Public Credit*, which is the last of this series, possesses real merit. The subject is discussed

at considerable length, and the tract may be safely recommended to the study of the politician. Mr. Hume reprobates the modern policy of contracting debts and mortgaging the revenue; and speaks favourably of the ancient practice of hoarding, though not on such a scale as to produce any essential impediment to commerce.

2. On Subjects of Constitutional Polity.

1. Of the Origin of Government.
2. Of the First Principles of Government.
3. Of the Original Contract.
4. Of Passive Obedience.
5. Of Civil Liberty.
6. Of the Liberty of the Press.
7. Of some remarkable Customs.
8. Of the Populoufness of Ancient Nations.
9. Of the Independency of Parliament.
10. Whether the British Government inclines more to absolute Monarchy, or to a Republic.
11. Of Parties in general.
12. Of the Parties of Great Britain.
13. Of the Coalition of Parties.
14. Of the Protestant Succession.
15. Of the Balance of Power.
16. Idea of a perfect Commonwealth.

The *Origin of Government*, a subject on which Dr. Adam Ferguson has written an octavo volume, is discussed by Mr. Hume in *four* pages; and the purpose of these is to establish, that all men are sensible

fible of the necessity of justice to maintain peace and order, and of the necessity of peace and order for the maintenance of society. In his *Essay on the First Principles of Government*, he endeavours to prove, that it is founded on opinion only, which is of two kinds, the opinion of interest, and the opinion of right. He likewise divides right into two kinds, right to power, and right to property; and he maintains, that on the opinion of public interest, of right to power, and of right to property, all governments are founded, and all authority of the few over the many.

In the *Essay on the Original Contract*, he observes, that one party, by tracing up government to the Deity, endeavour to render it so sacred and inviolate, “that it must be little less than sacrilege to touch or invade it in the smallest article, however tyrannical it may become;” while the other party, by founding government altogether on the consent of the people, suppose that there is a kind of original contract, by which subjects have tacitly reserved the power of resisting their sovereign, whenever they find themselves aggrieved by that authority, which they have, for certain purposes, voluntarily intrusted to him. Mr. Hume is a mediator between the two parties, and labours to convince them that both systems of speculative principles are just, though not in the sense intended by them; and that the practical consequences derived from these systems may be prudent, though not in the
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the extremes to which each party, in opposition to the other, has commonly endeavoured to carry them.

Our author, in his *Essay on Civil Liberty*, compares it with absolute government, and shews the superior advantages of the former. After alluding in his *Essay on the Liberty of the Press*, to the freedom of political writers in this country in censuring the conduct of ministers, he investigates the question, how it happens that Great Britain alone enjoys this peculiar privilege; and the reason which he assigns for it is our mixed form of government. In the earlier editions of his tracts, he discussed, in this essay, the additional question, "Whether the unlimited exercise of the liberty of the press be advantageous or prejudicial to the public;" and he decided, that it was not only advantageous, but essential to the nature of our government.

In his *Essay on Some Remarkable Customs*, he notices the three following anomalies, which have prevailed in countries professing to be free:—1. The *γραφη παρανομων*, or indictment of illegality at Athens, by which a man was tried and punished, in a common court of judicature, for any law which had passed upon his motion in the assembly of the people, if that law appeared to the court to be unjust, or prejudicial to the republic. 2. The *comitia centuriata*, and *comitia tributa* at Rome. And 3. The pressing of seamen in England.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, in his Essay on the *Populousness of Ancient Nations*, inquires, 1. "Whether it be probable from what we know of the situation of society in both periods, that antiquity must have been more populous?" And 2. "Whether in reality it was so?" He concludes his investigation of the first question with observing, that it seems impossible to assign any just reason, why the world should have been more populous in ancient than in modern times. Liberty, the equality of property among the ancients, and the small extent of their states, were, indeed, circumstances favourable to the propagation of mankind; but their wars were more bloody and destructive, their governments more factious and unsettled, commerce and manufactures more feeble and languishing, and the general police more loose and irregular. These disadvantages seem to be a sufficient counterbalance to the former advantages, and rather, says Mr. Hume, favour the opposite opinion to that which commonly prevails with regard to this subject.

The discussion of the second question is prefaced by a very just observation as to the easy corruption of numbers in ancient manuscripts; and after remarking that few enumerations have been made of the inhabitants of any tract of country by a Greek or Latin writer of good authority, so as to afford us a large enough view for comparison, Mr. Hume shews the ridiculous exaggerations of the numbers of people in remote ages by ancient authors; yet he terminates his inquiry without ventur-

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ing to give a decisive opinion on the subject, and contents himself with suggesting doubts as to the accuracy of some numerical facts related by the historians of former days.

This essay, as we formerly mentioned, was attacked by Dr. Robert Wallace, in his Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind in Ancient and Modern Times, in which he maintained the superior populousness of antiquity. Several years prior to the publication of the Doctor's performance, it was read to the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh; but as that learned body had not determined when they were to give their Transactions to the world, he was advised to embrace the opportunity of publishing it on the appearance of our author's tract. The Dissertation was accordingly printed, with the addition of an Appendix, containing some farther observations corroborative of his former opinions, and remarks on Mr. Hume's Essay.

It may be supposed, that, in the investigation of such a subject, the first step was to establish some general rules to guide the writer in his researches, and the second to apply these rules to facts. Mr. Hume, however, does not adopt this plan, but, intermingling the inquiry concerning causes with that respecting facts, quotes a multitude of passages from ancient writers, and embellishes them with a few scattered observations. Dr. Wallace commences his Treatise with advancing an axiom, a strict adherence to which would have led him to a very different

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ent conclusion. He maintains, that the number of inhabitants in every country is proportionate to the plenty of provisions it affords, as abundance will always encourage the generality of the people to marry. After laying down this principle, the Doctor had only to ascertain the fact of the superiority of the ancients in point of agricultural produce, and we should then have felt less repugnance in giving credit to the extravagant relations of the Greek and Roman writers as to the populousness of former times. But, instead of doing this, he gives us a profusion of references to, and authorities from, Herodotus and others, to prove the vast numbers of men in the armies of those days, and never suggests a doubt as to their authenticity.

Of all ancient authors Diodorus Siculus is acknowledged to be, next to Herodotus, the greatest dealer in the marvellous. Dr. Wallace, however, cites him with implicit credulity. Ninus, he says, led an army into Bactria, of 1,700,000 foot, and 210,000 horse, and wanted only a few of 10,000 chariots. The king of Bactria met him with 400,000 men. Semiramis carried an army into India of three millions of foot, half a million of horse, and 100,000 chariots; and to supply the want of elephants, she caused 100,000 men to ride on as many camels, dressed up in resemblance of elephants. She likewise carried along with her, on the backs of camels, 2000 ships, so framed that they could be taken down in different pieces, and joined together when there was occasion to use them; and notwithstanding

ing all this the Indian king mustered up a greater army!

It was a saying of the celebrated admiral Coligni, that the foundation of an army was laid in the belly; but the necessity of providing a regular supply of subsistence to these enormous assemblages of human beings, seems never to have entered into the minds of Diodorus Siculus, and Dr. Wallace. We cannot, therefore, be surpris'd at his opinion, that ancient wars were not nearly so destructive as those in modern times, or that the decay of population, in modern nations, is to be ascribed to the following moral causes. 1. Difference of religion, and religious institutions. 2. Different customs with respect to servants, and the maintenance of the poor. 3. Different rules of succession to estates, and the right of primogeniture. 4. The little encouragement given to marriage in modern times. 5. The great number of soldiers in the standing armies of Europe. 6. Too extensive trade. 7. *Neglect of Agriculture.* 8. The different extent of ancient and modern governments. 9. The ruin of the ancient states by the greater monarchies, especially by the Roman empire. 10. The loss of that ancient simplicity which had long prevailed.

From this account of Dr. Wallace's Dissertation, it will not appear to have been a very satisfactory refutation of Mr. Hume's essay; and the only notice he took of it was in a note, which he inserted in a subsequent edition, but which he afterwards
thought

thought proper to omit in the octavo editions, of his essays. The note was as follows :—“ An ingenious author has honoured this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned a refutation would have made the author suspect, that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the sceptical side ; and having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar. The author, however, very willingly acknowledges, that his antagonist has detected many mistakes both in his authorities and reasonings ; and it was owing intirely to that gentleman's indulgence, that many more errors were not remarked. In this edition, advantage has been taken of his learned animadversions, and the essay has been rendered less imperfect than formerly.”

We may pass over unnoticed Mr. Hume's four pages on the *Independency of Parliament*. In the Essay on the question, *Whether the British Government inclines more to absolute Monarchy than to a Republic?* he decides that the former is the easiest death, the true euthanasia of the British constitution. Mr. Hume, in his essay on *Parties in general*, divides factions into personal and real, that is,

into factions founded on personal friendship or animosity among such as compose the contending parties, and into those founded on some real difference of sentiment or interest. Real factions he again divides into factions from interest, from principle, and from affection. In applying these distinctions to the *Parties in Great Britain*, he observes, that parties of principle are involved in the very nature of our constitution, and may properly enough be denominated those of court and of country, though the strength and violence of each will much depend upon the particular administration, or persons holding the first offices of state. "Thus," adds he, "court and country, which are the genuine offspring of the British government, are a kind of mixed parties, and are influenced both by principle and by interest. The heads of the factions are commonly most governed by the latter motive; the inferior members of them by the former."

As Mr. Hume devotes only about *five pages*, on an average, to each of these essays, although the subjects of them have, in the hands of other writers, given rise to volumes; and as there is not any thing remarkable in his manner or his arguments, we have confined ourselves to a very superficial notice of their contents. The remaining papers possess little novelty; but from this general character, his Essay, intitled, *An Idea of a perfect Commonwealth*, must be excepted. Plato has given to the world his Republic, Sir Thomas More his Utopia, and Harrington his Oceana; and Mr. Hume

Hume felt an ambition to emulate the reputation of these celebrated writers, by exercising his political acumen in the construction of a republican constitution. The outline of his plan is as follows :

Let a country be divided into 100 counties, and each county into 100 parishes, making in all 10,000 parishes. All the freeholders of twenty pounds a-year in the county, and all the householders worth five hundred pounds in the town parishes, are to meet annually to elect a county representative, after which the 100 county members choose from their own body ten county magistrates and one senator ; so that, in the whole commonwealth, says Mr. Hume, there will be 100 senators, 1100 county magistrates, and 10,000 county representatives. The senate is to possess the whole executive power of the state, the right of making peace or war, and, in fine, all the prerogatives of a British king, except his negative. The county representatives are to assemble in their respective counties, and to enjoy the whole legislative power ; but every new law is to be first debated in the senate, and if passed by them, or if rejected, and ten senators protest against its rejection, it is to be sent to the assemblies of county representatives. As, however, it would be a hardship to assemble these provincial legislators for every trivial law which might be necessary, the senate is to have the option of sending any proposed law to the county magistrates, or county representatives ; and the magistrates, though the bill be referred to them, may, if they please, call

the representatives, and submit the affair to their determination : and also, if five county representatives order the magistrates to assemble the whole court of representatives to decide on the matter, they must obey. These complex arrangements are intended to prevent the dangerous abuse of, what has been styled, the right of the initiation of laws, when it is confined to one body ; a point which Harrington has, perhaps, too much overlooked.

After the annual election of senators, the new members are to be shut up in a conclave like the cardinals, and to elect, from their own body, a protector, who is to represent the dignity of the commonwealth, and preside in the senate ;—two secretaries of state, and six councils, viz. a council of state, of religion and learning, of trade, of laws, of war, and of the admiralty, with seven commissioners of the treasury. Besides these councils or courts, there is to be another called the court of *competitors*, which is thus constituted. If any candidate for the office of senator have more votes than a third of the representatives, that candidate, who has most votes next to the senator elected, becomes incapable for one year of all public offices, even of being a magistrate or representative ; but he takes his seat in the court of competitors. Here then, says Mr. Hume, is a court, which may sometimes consist of a hundred members, sometimes have no members at all, and by that means be for a year abolished. This court is to have no power in the commonwealth, except the inspection of public accounts, and

and the accusation of any person before the senate. If the senate acquit him, the court of competitors may, if they please, appeal to the people, that is, to the magistrates or representatives, who are to choose three for each county, and bring the person accused to a new trial. The court of competitors may also propose any law to the senate; and if refused, may appeal to the people, that is, to the magistrates or representatives, who examine it in their counties.

Another singular institution proposed by Mr. Hume, is, that the protector, the two secretaries, and the five members of the council of state, with any five or more persons appointed by the senate, shall possess, on extraordinary emergencies, *dictatorial* power for six months.

Such are the prominent features of the form of government, which Mr. Hume has proposed as a model of perfection; and the concluding part of his Essay is employed in defending them by several ingenious political aphorisms. He does not betray any suspicion of the confusion, which must arise from a legislative body sitting at the same time, and on the same subject, in each of the hundred counties; or of the turbulence to which a community must be exposed from 10,000 legislators, whose passions are kept perpetually afloat on acts of legislation. It was the most enagaging characteristic of the last republican constitution of France, now erased from her archives by the bold ambition and

violence of Bonaparte, that, while it left free the elective franchises of the people, it confined to a manageable and moderate number the right of legislation; and by dividing that number into two houses, provided a check to precipitancy and faction. But in times of anarchy, when all the ties of social order are dissolved, no constitution, however, perfect, can withstand the outrages of unprincipled men.

4. From this brief review of Mr. Hume's metaphysical, moral, and political writings, we may venture to assert, that the two volumes of his miscellaneous works would have been confined to the closet of the philosopher, if his historical reputation had not rested on a more solid basis, and reflected lustre on his other productions. As his *History of England* is so universally known, and has been so frequently commented on, we may dispense here with an extensive criticism. The first and greatest duty of him, who records the transactions of nations, is to be accurate and impartial. We owe it to our nature, that particular modes of thinking give a bias to the judgment; and that the same facts, contemplated through a different medium, vary the opinions of mankind. Coincidence of sentiments, in historical matters, cannot be universal. It was a saying of D'Alembert, the academician, that truth was what could be demonstrated, and that mathematics only admitted of demonstration. An appearance of candour, seconded by ingenuity of remark and elegance of style, will
ever

ever impose on the weak and the unwary ; contemporary occurrences will receive the colouring of party ; yet the farther he recedes from his own times, the pen of the historian, it may be supposed, is more likely to be guided by impartiality, as the motives for gaining profelytes to a creed, or adherents to a faction, have ceased to influence. Still, however, a diversity of opinion will prevail, and even at this moment it remains undecided, whether Cæsar is to be honoured as a patriot, or branded as a parricide.

Many charges of partiality have been advanced against our author ; and were we to enter into a minute investigation of these, we should be betrayed into an inquiry, which might extend to volumes. But vague accusations, unsupported by evidence, cannot serve the purpose of truth and liberal criticism ; and, in the present case, may be justly consigned to oblivion. Hume could have no motive to pervert facts ; on the contrary, he must have felt every inducement to fidelity : the reputation of his work depended on its correctness, and he cannot be accused of want of industry. In fine, we every where recognize an indefatigable perseverance in research, a manly independence of thinking, and a happy talent in the discrimination of character.

The passages in his History, which have given most offence, and exercised the pens of controversial writers, are those respecting Mary Queen of Scotland and King Charles I. Among the modern believers in the innocence of Mary are the names of Goodall,
Tytler,

Tytler, Stewart, and Whitaker. Dr. Robertson, though inclined to view female frailties with the paternal tenderness of a clergyman, ingenuously acknowledges the guilt of the unfortunate queen, and may be said to have *cut off her head with a clean sword*. Hume has done the same; and a living historian, Mr. Malcolm Laing, has, in our opinion, incontrovertibly proved her participation in the murder of Darnley. Goodall's work preceded our author's by several years. Tytler's narrative is a plain and candid defence of Mary against Robertson and Hume; but the only notice which the latter condescended to take of it was in a note to an edition of his History published in 1770*. It is to be regretted, that the indecorous language of this note has exposed him to retaliation from his antagonists, who allege that he himself could occasionally resort to "the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility of the Warburtonian school:"—terms which he has applied to Dr. Hurd's pamphlet on the Natural History of Religion. It is allowable, and even commendable, to be resolute in opinion; but it is also the part of a generous mind to controvert with dignified mildness, and in the polite language becoming a man of letters.

Mr. Tytler answered this note by a postscript to the third edition of his Defence, published in 1772; in which he accuses Mr. Hume of employing terms very inconsistent with that treatment, which one gentleman is intitled to expect from another; and

* Note N. p. 505) vol. 5. Bensley's edition, in 10 vols. 8vo.
after.

after an ample investigation of the charge brought against him by our author, he concludes with observing, that he does not assume the high tone either of historian or philosopher: "All the inquirer pretends to," says he, "is that of a reader who may and will think for himself. He wrote neither for money nor for applause. If the historian shall point out to him any one circumstance in which he is wrong, either in fact or in argument, he will, with great frankness, retract and acknowledge his error: but as he is a free subject, *no man's heir or slave*, Mr. Hume will find it not so easy a matter to convince him in any other way."

In 1782, Gilbert Stewart published his *History of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary*, in 2 vols. 4to. a second edition of which appeared in the following year. His style is easy and agreeable; and the narrative, although, as to facts, it cannot stand the test of severe inquiry, never fails to make a powerful impression on the heart of the reader. This work was avowed by the author to be an answer to, and refutation of, Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*.

Mr. Whitaker, in his *Vindication of Queen Mary*, a second edition of which was published in 3 vols. 8vo. in 1790, has unfortunately given way to such fallies of rage, and rudeness of language, that he has essentially injured the cause, which he endeavours to support. The whole of his performance is a tissue of outrageous charges against Hume and
Robertson,

Robertson, whom he accuses of suppressing and distorting facts. Every document, which bears against him, he rejects as a forgery, and discharges a volley of harsh epithets on the person who produces or employs it. Dr. Robertson, it is said, publicly intimated his determination not to read Mr. Whitaker's work; and this circumstance was to the irritable author a new incentive to displeasure. But the Doctor prudently maintained an inflexible silence: he beheld in his adversary a man, armed with the club of Hercules, stalking through the field of controversy with fury in his eye, and menacing with immediate destruction all who dared to oppose him*.

In point of style, Mr. Hume's historical production does not possess the ease and polish, which we remark in the compositions of Robertson and Blair. His language is often incorrect, and not unfrequently ungrammatical; the work, therefore, cannot be recommended as a model of elegant writing. Mr. Hume himself seems to have been aware of his imperfections in this respect, for the whole of the later portion of his life was devoted to the correction

* In 1787, Mademoiselle De Keralio published at Paris, *Histoire d'Elizabeth Reine d'Angleterre, tirée des écrits originaux Anglois, d'actes, titres, lettres, et autres pièces manuscrites qui n'ont pas encore paru*: 5 tomes, 8vo. This work I know only by the literary journals, and from some passages of it inserted by Mr. Whitaker in a note, p. 339, vol. 3. She is very loud in her accusations against Hume, Robertson, and Buchanan, and openly and repeatedly charges them with the wilful falsification of documents, &c.

of his History: and the following, taken from a thousand instances which might be given from the first and last editions of it, will evince how very defective he was in classic composition on his first appearance as an historian.

*Chap. I. of the 4to. edition
of the History of the House of
Stewart.*

*Chap. XLVth. of the pre-
sent editions.*

The crown of England was
never transferred from father
to son.

—transmitted from father to
son.

It is strange, that, in the first sentence of his History, Mr. Hume should have committed so obvious an error.

— He, therefore, issued a
proclamation, forbidding this
great resort of business, under
pretext of the scarcity of pro-
visions, and other inconveni-
ences, which would necessarily
attend it.

—on pretence.

He should have said, "Under pretext, therefore, of the scarcity, &c. he issued a proclamation," &c.

Titles of all kinds became
so common, that they were no
longer marks of distinction.

—scarcely marks of distinc-
tion.

— his favour with the king
created great surprize on the
first accession of that monarch.

—on the accession of that
monarch.

—liberalities from the prince
on his first accession.

—on his accession.

Besides

Besides ministers from Venice, Denmark, the *palatine*, Henry Frederick, of Nassau, represented the States of the United Provinces.

— the palatinate, Henry &c. was ambassador from the States of the United Provinces.

When the dominions of the House of Austria *were devolved* on Philip II.

— devolved on.

Though the severities of Elizabeth towards the catholics had much weakened that party, whose *genius* was *averse* to the prevailing spirit of the nation.

— whose genius was opposite to the prevailing spirit of the nation.

This sentence cannot be quoted as a specimen of classical composition.

The king, it must be confessed, from the beginning, shewed.

— from the beginning of the conference, shewed.

This sentence is ill arranged : it ought to have stood thus : " It must be confessed, that the king, from the beginning of the conference, shewed, *or*, From the beginning of the conference, the king, it must be confessed, shewed.

— the practice of puritanical clergymen to *form together* certain assemblies.

— of puritans to form certain assemblies.

— they displayed their pious zeal in prayers and exhortations.

— they displayed their zeal, and prayers and exhortations.

We do not say to *display prayers and exhortations*. Mr. Hume's alteration, although universally inserted in all the late editions,

editions, has probably been incorrectly printed, and instead of, *and prayers*, we should read *in prayers*.

— gave the prince an unlimited power of *garbling* at pleasure the representatives of the nation.

— of modelling at pleasure the representatives of the nation.

— the chancellor's power was still left, by the vote, unlimited.

— left, by this vote, unlimited.

It should be "left unlimited by this vote."

New writs having been issued by the chancellor, where there was no vacancy.

— when there was.

— incapable of a seat in the house.

— of enjoying a seat in the house.

— debts to have been contracted *for* suretiship.

— by suretiship.

— he issued a proclamation, where.

— make a remonstrance, where.

— a letter to the speaker, where.

— a message to the house, where he told them.

in which.

— not been room to believe.

— reason to believe.

— bring himself off with some honour.

— extricate himself.

— in such a manner that while they marked their regard for the king.

— for ever sold to a little temporary advantage of the sovereign.

— reduced the whole island under one empire.

— shewed their regard.

— sacrificed to.

— one government.

CHAP. II.

CHAP. XLVI.

We come now to relate an event, among the most memorable, which history has.

Mary, who had sacrificed her life to their cause, (viz. that of the Roman catholics.)

'Tis pretended—'tis remarkable.

We are now to relate an event one of the most memorable.

Mary, whose life they believed to have been sacrificed to their cause.

— It is.

For the first twenty years of his literary life, Mr. Hume invariably employed this harsh word.

— Whenever they insisted a new conspirator, in order to bind him to secrecy, along with an oath, they always employed the sacrament, the most sacred rite of their religion.

— When they insisted any new conspirator, in order to bind him to secrecy, they always, together with an oath, employed the communion the most——

If we adopt the same words, the sentence should run thus—"When they insisted a new conspirator, they always, in order to bind him to secrecy, employed, along with an oath, the sacrament, &c.

— along

—along with the guilty—
along with them, &c.

— with the guilty—with
them.

— obstinate to their pur-
pose.

— obstinate in.

— startled with hearing a
noise.

— startled at.

— where Sir E. D. making
account that success had at-
tended.

— thinking himself assured
that.

— authority of the present
church.

— established church.

— to have possessed, in some
degree, the affections even of
his English subjects, and, in a
pretty high degree, their es-
teem and regard.

— to have possessed the af-
fections even of his English
subjects, and, in a tolerable de-
gree, their esteem and regard.

— *Scotch*, which he used indiscriminately for the substantive
Scots, and the adjective *Scottish*, is discarded.

— one of the greatest ge-
niuses of Europe.

— in Europe.

— that these popular assem-
blies (parliaments) are rather
ordained to assist with money
and advice.

— were rather instituted to
assist.

— esteemed him partial to-
wards their adversary, esteem-
ed it reasonable.

— deemed him, deemed it
reasonable.

— the new session (viz. of
parliament) was called this
spring.

— was held this spring.

— she (Elizabeth) had very much dissipated the crown lands.

— had alienated many of.

— so soon as the commons.

— as soon as.

— altered all the customs.

— the rates of the customs.

— the commons should determine the funds *from* which this sum should be levied.

— by which.

This alteration is unfortunate, and the original text is also incorrect.

— We must take a survey of him (James) as the legislator of Ireland.

— a view of him.

— all tyranny and oppression of the people.

— over the common people.

— the whole province of Ulster having fallen to the crown.

— into the crown.

“*Fallen into the crown*,” is not so warrantable a phrase as “*fallen to the crown*.”

CHAP. III.

CHAP. XLVII.

— by marking a preference for the English.

— by shewing.

— too diabolical to have been derived from other than an infernal demon.

— from any but an.

— James

— James dropped the act, which.

— an assembly was summoned on the 25th of November.

— were debarred from such sports.

Mr. Hume commits an error in expunging *from*.

— than they lose their credit over the people.

We say *credit with the people*.

CHAP. IV.

— into many grievances, which, though of no great importance, could not be touched without sensibly affecting the king.

— not to touch his son's marriage.

— on which he built the hopes of his liberty.

— that he would turn the point of his sword against Spain.

— of that king or of any other his friends and confederates.

— bill.

— summoned to meet on.

— debarred such sports.

— all credit over the people.

CHAP. XLVIII.

— touched on.

— not to touch on his son's marriage.

— of obtaining his liberty.

— turn his sword.

— or any other of his friends and.

— the King's letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons to terrify them.

— to intimidate them.

However moderate the exercise of his prerogative, however exact his observance of the laws.

How moderate soever the—
how exact soever his.

However is better than *howsoever*; and the disjunction of *how* and *soever* is improper.

— 'tis requisite to watch him with equal care, and to oppose him with equal vigour, as if he had.

— with the same care, &c.
— with the same vigour,

— the greater difficulty they found of fixing just sentiments with regard to them.

— in fixing,

We say *forming sentiments*.

CHAP. V.

— had they been managed with never so great dexterity.

— when Lord D. his ambassador to the Emperor, had desired a cessation of hostilities, he was remitted to the Duke of Bavaria.

— Three armies were levied in Germany by his commission,

CHAP. XLIX.

— with ever so.

— was referred.

— by his authority.

The third general, though much inferior in force to his enemies, still maintained the war; but with no great supplies of money either from the Palatine or.

— but with no equal supplies of money either.

Equal is here improperly used in the sense of *adequate*.

The dispensation of Rome was requisite.

— from Rome.

The lovers of civil liberty were alarmed at so large an exercise of his prerogative.

— so important an exercise of prerogative.

— That the event, however prosperous.

— how prosperous soever.

The expression in the first edition was correct. In the words, *whosoever*, *whatsoever*, *howsoever*, the pronoun or adverb cannot be properly disunited from *soever*.

By the most studied civilities, he marked the respect.

— shewed the respect.

— became desirous of marking a contempt.

— shewing a contempt.

— future councils and deliberations.

— counsels.

The word council he always uses for *counsel*.

The benevolence, which had been rigorously exacted for the recovery of the Palatinate, though levied for so favourable an end, had acquired the king less money.

— so popular an end, had procured the king less money.

— which had lain dormant
for a century *before*.

— for near two centuries.

— After Charles's departure, upon the first appearance of a change of resolution, he still interposed.

— he still, upon the first appearance of a change of resolution, interposed.

— to abstain from all attendance on the parliament.

— in parliament.

— and that aspiring prince, sensible that his credit would languish during peace, on the expiration of the twelve years truce, had renewed the war.

— peace, had, on the expiration of the twelve years truce, renewed.

— ambitious of distinguishing themselves in so favourable a cause.

— so popular a cause.

— by the possessions of one or the other branch of that ambitious family.

— possessions of that ambitious family.

— to prepare his vast enterprizes by subduing.

— to pave the way for his enterprizes by.

— agreed to sequestrate it in the Infanta's hands as a neutral person.

— sequestrate it into the hands of the Infanta as.

This correction is not fortunate: "*sequestrate it into the hands* is incorrect.

— after the unexpected rupture with Spain, when James demanded the execution of the treaty, the Infanta offered him.

— Spain, the Infanta, when James —, offered.

CHAP. VI.

APP. TO JAMES I.'S REIGN.

All the catholics too were liable to be punished, if they exercised—or were any way active in sending abroad their children.

— or sent abroad their children.

Reiterated proclamations he also issued.

He also issued reiterated proclamations.

It was a common practice of Mr. H. to place the word governed before the governing word.

— expensive pleasures or employments which involve their fortune.

— dissipate their fortune.

— their lands, coming to sale, swelled the fortune of those.

— the estates of those.

— a sufficient reason appears, partly from necessary expenses, partly from want of economy, why the king.

— partly for want of a rigid economy.

He should have retained *from*.

— I comprehend not those supplies which were given.

— I do not include those supplies.

— whispered somewhat to one.

— something to one.

— each town paid a sum, which they themselves assessed upon the inhabitants.

— which the inhabitants themselves assessed upon their fellow citizens.

What

What is the difference between *inhabitants* and *fellow citizens* : he should have said—"with which the inhabitants assented themselves."

— or parcels were sold off an estate.

— or part of an estate was sold off.

— horses employed, either for the plough, waggon, or coach.

— in the plough.

— lamentations of the decay of trade.

— concerning the decay.

Not only the peace, which he procured, was favourable.

— he maintained, was.

— the fine English cloth ; that the king was obliged to seek expedients by which he might oblige the people of fashion to wear it.

— might engage.

— They were groundless fears of a like accident, that enslaved the nation.

— It was the groundless fears of.

— and to facilitate the entrance of new adventurers.

— the admission of.

— Men were then imprisoned by their own prejudices.

— fettered by.

— but by James's direction, mulberry-trees were planted, and silk-worms introduced. The climate seems adverse to the execution of this project.

— seems unfavourable to the success of this project.

— the

— the East India company
— and set out several ships on
these adventures.

— fitted out.

— vessel of 1200 tun.

— ton. (Should be in the
plural:—he has always pound
for pounds.)

— one ship, full of riches,
was taken.

— one rich ship was.

It would be better to say, *one ship, richly laden.*

CHAP. I. Charles.

CHAP. L.

No sooner had Charles taken
— than he marked an impa-
tience to assemble.

— shewed an impatience.

This measure, which marks
rather a cruel mockery of
Charles.

— discovers rather,

— while Prince of Wales,
he had indebted himself to the
amount of.

— contracted debts to.

— even condescended to en-
treaties.

— to use entreaties.

— ordered them (the House
of Commons) to finish the law,
which.

— the bill which.

— tonnage and poundage.
This article contained near a
half of the crown revenues.

— constituted near half of.

It should be, *nearly one (or a) half of.*

— and

— and by law it was asserted, this was not sufficient reason.

— and it was asserted, that, by law, this was.

— he was determined to engage England into a rupture with that kingdom.

— in a war with that kingdom.

&c. &c. &c.

Again—CHAP. I. of Vol. I. 4to. and of Vol. I. 8vo. or second edition in 1767, (8 vols.)

CHAP. I. of Vol. I. present editions.

— and that the adventures of barbarous nations, even if they were preserved, could afford little or no entertainment to those born in a more cultivated age.

— to men born.

Little or no, is an inelegant expression; but he has retained it.

— and being ignorant of all the refinements of life, their wants and their possessions were equally scanty and limited.

— and as they were ignorant.

— whose sole property was their sword and their cattle, it was impossible, after they had acquired a relish of liberty.

— was their arms and cattle.

We say the relish *of* a man *for* a thing.

— it was agitated with emulation towards the neighbouring states.

— agitated with jealousy or animosity.

— they

— they (the Druids) were endowed with an immunity.

— they enjoyed an immunity.

— these treasures they preserved—and this continued conquest over.

— they kept—and this steady conquest.

— Without seeking any more justifiable reasons of hostility than were employed by the latter Europeans in subjugating the Africans and Americans.

— by the late Europeans in subjugating.

This correction is as faulty as the original error.

— pierced into the country of the Silures.

— (the same.)

He should have said, *penetrated*.

— to despise the menaces of a superstition they despised.

— by the terrors of their superstition. No species of superstition.

These and similar tautologies ought to have been avoided.

— the Scots—*had* first been established in Ireland, *had* migrated to the north-west coasts of this island, and *had* long been accustomed.

— pierced into the inaccessible forests.

— (the same.)

We do not *pierce* into a forest, and still less into an *inaccessible* one : but we may *penetrate* into forests, hitherto reckoned inaccessible.

— reduced

— reduced every thing to subjection.

— every state to subjection.

— and having fixed a train of garrisons—he thereby cut off the ruder and more barren parts of the island, and secured the Roman province from the incursions of the barbarous inhabitants.

— fixed a chain of garrisons.

Mr. Hume should have corrected this passage still farther, and said—“he thereby separated the Roman province from the more barren parts of the island, and secured it from,” &c.

— taught them to desire and raise all the conveniencies of life.

— (the same.)

We may *desire*, but we never *raise* the conveniencies of life.

— Caledonia alone, defended by its barren mountains, and by the contempt which the Romans entertained for it, sometimes infested the more cultivated parts.

— (the same.)

He should have said—“The inhabitants of Caledonia,” &c.

— and during all the reigns of the Roman emperors.

— and during the reigns of all the Roman emperors.

— and the ancient point of honour, of never contracting the limits of the empire, could no longer.

— honour, never to contract.

— The

— The Picts and Scots — their prey.
now regarded the whole as
their prize.

Of the fourteen succeeding sentences, eleven begin with
“The.”

— had not art of masonry — (the same.)
sufficient to raise.

It should have been — “had not sufficient skill in masonry to
raise.”

— administered justice after — (the same.)
an independent manner.

We do not say, “administer justice *after* a manner,” but
“*in* a manner.”

— the people flying into the — to the mountains and de-
mountains and deserts. ferts.

— and when masters of it, — (the same.)
put all their enemies to the
sword.

He means, “put the garrison and inhabitants to the sword :”
but the expression he employs is too indefinite.

— This is that Arthur so — (the same.)
much celebrated by the songs
of Thalieffen.

This is that, is a most uncouth expression. It should have
been, “This is the Arthur so much celebrated,” or, “Ar-
thur has been celebrated in the songs.” Hector is celebrated
in the Iliad, but not *by* it, but *by* Homer.

— to carry on their conquests against the Britains.

— advanced the Roman conquests over the Britains.

— over the Britons.

We make a conquest *of* a place *from* a person.

None of the northern conquerors, though they over-ran the southern provinces like a mighty torrent, made such devastations in the conquered territories, or were inflamed into so violent an animosity.

— (the same.)

He should have said—“though, like a mighty torrent, they over-ran,” &c. We say, “inflamed *with* rage,” but “not *into* a rage.”

&c. &c. &c.

We have noticed these defects in the style and structure of his sentences, because duty imposed on us the unpleasant task, and not from a wish to depreciate his labours, or shade his reputation:—for notwithstanding all its blemishes, the HISTORY OF ENGLAND is a source of useful information to the statesman, a noble monument of its author's talents, and an invaluable bequest to his country.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

ESSAY I.

OF IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that the common complaints against Providence are ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and these too pretty numerous; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity: nor, indeed, could it be otherwise from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem, which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; besides the satisfaction which immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily attached to virtue and merit; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

B b

I must,

I must, however, confess, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality ; and that *modesty* has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as *impudence* displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for ; and admit his overbearing airs as proofs of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant on virtue, and few men can distinguish impudence from it : as, on the other hand, diffidence, being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

[I was lately lamenting to a friend of mine, who loves a conceit, that popular applause should be bestowed with so little judgment, and that so many empty forward coxcombs should rise up to a figure in the world : upon which he said there was nothing surprising in the case. *Popular fame*, says he, is nothing but breath or air ; and air very naturally presses into a vacuum *.]

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue ; so we may observe, that it is almost as diffi-

* This paragraph is not in the edition of 1760.

cult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter; but it is observable, that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits and is sensible of, he is so much the nearer his end. But when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him; after which every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and they supply its place, in a great measure when it is absent. It is wonderful to observe, what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men

of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations ; or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy. As, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modesty.

These are the reflections, which have occurred upon this subject of impudence and modesty : and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory.

Jupiter, in the beginning, joined *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, and *Confidence* together ; and *Vice*, *Folly* and *Diffidence* ; and thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought that he had matched them with great judgment, and said that *Confidence* was the natural companion of *Virtue*, and that *Vice* deserved to be attended with *Diffidence*, they had not gone far before dissention arose among them. *Wisdom*, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully, to inquire whither it led, what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time ; which delay was
very

very displeasing to *Confidence*, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. *Wisdom* and *Virtue* were inseparable: but *Confidence* one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As *Folly* saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by *Diffidence*, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to *Vice*, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclinations led him to. *Folly*, he knew, though she hearkened to *Diffidence*, would be easily managed when alone; and, therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with *Folly*, from whom he is inseparable. *Confidence* and *Diffidence* being, after this manner, both thrown lose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. *Confidence* went directly up to the great house, which belonged to *Wealth*, the lord of the village; and, without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost

B b 3

apartments,

apartments, where he found *Vice* and *Folly* well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such familiarity with *Vice*, that he was enlisted in the same company with *Folly*. They were frequent guests to *Wealth*, and from that moment inseparable. *Diffidence*, in the meantime, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from *Poverty*, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found *Wisdom* and *Virtue*, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. *Virtue* took compassion of her, and *Wisdom* found, from her temper, that she would easily improve: so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now known by the name of *Modesty*. As ill company has a greater effect than good, *Confidence*, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of *Vice* and *Folly*, as to pass by the name of *IMPUDENCE*. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and know nothing of these mutual desertions, are thereby led into strange mistakes; and, wherever they see *Impudence*, make account of finding *Virtue* and *Wisdom*; and wherever they observe *Modesty*, call her attendants *Vice* and *Folly*.

No. I.

ESSAY II.

OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I KNOW not whence it proceeds, that women are so apt to take amiss every thing which is said in disparagement of the married state; and always consider a satire upon matrimony as a satire upon themselves. Do they mean, that they are the parties principally concerned, and that if a backwardness to enter into that state should prevail in the world, they would be the greatest sufferers? or, are they sensible, that the misfortunes and miscarriages of the married state are owing more to their sex than to ours? I hope they do not intend to confess either of these two particulars, or to give such an advantage to their adversaries the men, as even to allow them to suspect it.

“I have often had thoughts of complying with this humour of the fair sex, and of writing a panegyric upon marriage; but in looking around for materials they seemed to be of so mixed a nature, that at the conclusion of my reflections, I found that I was as much disposed to write a satire, which might be placed on the opposite pages of the panegyric; and I am afraid, that as satire is, on most occasions,

caſions, more read than panegyric, I ſhould have done their cauſe more harm than good by this expedient. To miſrepreſent facts is what, I know, they will not require of me. I muſt be more a friend to truth, than even to them, where their intereſts are oppoſite.

I ſhall tell the women what it is our ſex complains of moſt in the married ſtate; and if they be diſpoſed to ſatisfy us in this particular, all the other differences will eaſily be accommodated. If I be not miſtaken, 'tis their love of dominion which is the ground of the quarrel; though it is very likely, that they will think it an unreaſonable love of it in us, which makes us inſiſt ſo much upon that point. However this may be, no paſſion ſeems to have more influence on female minds than this for power: and there is a remarkable inſtance in hiſtory of its prevailing above another paſſion, which is the only one that can be ſuppoſed a proper counterpoize for it. We are told, that all the women in Scythia once conſpired againſt the men, and kept the ſecret ſo well that they executed their deſign before they were ſuſpected. They ſurprized the men in drink, or aſleep; bound them all faſt in chains; and having called a ſolemn council of the whole ſex, it was debated what expedient ſhould be uſed to improve the preſent advantage, and prevent their falling again into ſlavery. To kill all the men did not ſeem to be the reliſh of any part of the aſſembly, notwithstanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleaſed to make a great merit of
of

of this lenity of theirs. It was, therefore, agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male sex, and thereby resign in all future time the vanity which they could draw from their beauty, in order to secure their authority. We must no longer pretend to dress and show, said they ; but then we shall be free from slavery. We shall hear no more tender sighs, but in return we shall hear no more imperious commands. Love must for ever leave us ; but he will carry subjection along with him.

It is regarded by some as an unlucky circumstance, since the women were resolved to maim the men, and deprive them of some of their senses, in order to render them humble and dependent, that the sense of hearing could not serve their purpose, since it is probable the females would rather have attacked that than the sight ; and, I think, it is agreed among the learned, that, in a married state, it is not near so great an inconvenience to lose the former sense as the latter. However this may be, we are told by modern anecdotes, that some of the Scythian women did secretly spare their husbands' eyes ; presuming, I suppose, that they could govern them as well by means of that sense as without it. But so incorrigible and untractable were these men, that their wives were all obliged, in a few years, as their youth and beauty decayed, to imitate the example of their sisters ; which it was no difficult matter to do in a state where the female sex had once got the superiority.

I know

I know not if our Scottish ladies derive any thing of this humour from their Scythian ancestors; but I must confess, that I have often been surprised to see a woman very well pleased to take a fool for her mate, that she might govern with the less controul; and could not but think her sentiments, in this respect, still more barbarous than those of the Scythian women above mentioned; as much as the eyes of the understanding are more valuable than those of the body.

But to be just, and to lay the blame more equally, I am afraid it is the fault of our sex, if the women be so fond of rule; and that if we did not abuse our authority, they would never think it worth while to dispute it. Tyrants, we know, produce rebels; and all history informs us, that rebels, when they prevail, are apt to become tyrants in their turn. For this reason I could wish there were no pretensions to authority on either side, but that every thing was carried on with perfect equality, as between two equal members of the same body. And to induce both parties to embrace those amicable sentiments, I shall deliver to them Plato's account of the origin of Love and Marriage.

Mankind, according to that fanciful philosopher, were not, in their origin, divided into male and female, as at present; but each individual person was a compound of both sexes, and was in himself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature.

creature. This union, no doubt, was very intire, and the parts very well adjusted together, since there resulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inseparable companions. And so great were the harmony and happiness flowing from it, that the *Androgynes* (for so Plato calls them) or men-women, became insolent upon their prosperity, and rebelled against the Gods. To punish them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before so perfect. Hence the origin of men and women, as distinct creatures. But notwithstanding this division, so lively is our remembrance of the happiness which we enjoyed in our primeval state, that we are never at rest in this situation; but each of these halves is continually searching through the whole species to find the other half, which was broken from it; and when they meet, they join again with the greatest fondness and sympathy. But it often happens, that they are mistaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way corresponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as is usual in fractures. In this case the union is soon dissolved, and each part is set loose again to hunt for its lost half, joining itself to every one whom it meets, by way of trial, and enjoying no rest till its perfect sympathy with its partner shews, that it has at last been successful in its endeavours.

Were

Were I disposed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual love betwixt the sexes in so agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had separated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by so severe an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compassion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repose or tranquillity. Such cravings, such anxieties, such necessities arose, as made them curse their creation, and think existence itself a punishment. In vain had they recourse to every other occupation and amusement. In vain did they seek after every pleasure of sense, and every refinement of reason. Nothing could fill that void which they felt in their hearts, or supply the loss of their partner who was so fatally separated from them. To remedy this disorder, and to bestow some comfort, at least, on the human race in their forlorn situation, Jupiter sent down Love and Hymen, to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the best manner possible. These two deities found such a prompt disposition in mankind to unite again in their primeval state, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful success for some time, till, at last, from many unlucky accidents, dissention arose betwixt them. The chief counsellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with prospects of futurity, a settlement, family, children,

children, servants; so that little else was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had chosen Pleasure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counsellor as the other, and would never allow Love to look beyond the present momentary gratification, or the satisfying of the prevailing inclination. These two favourites became, in a little time, irreconcilable enemies, and made it their chief business to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No sooner had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a close union, but Care insinuates himself, and bringing Hymen along with him, dissolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to some other half, which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleasure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and calling Love to his assistance, they underhand contrive to join each half, by secret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious consequences; and such complaints arose before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to summon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both sides, he ordered an immediate reconciliation betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happiness to mankind: and that he might be sure this reconciliation should be durable, he laid his strict injunctions on them never to join any halves without consulting their favourites Care and Pleasure, and obtaining the

the consent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is strictly observed, the Androgyne is perfectly restored, and the human race enjoy the same happiness as in their primeval state. The seam is scarce perceived that joins the two beings: but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

No. I.

ESSAY III.

OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation, of all others, the best suited both to their sex and education, much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement, and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets. Among other important truths, which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose. That our sex, as well as their's, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine, and that Love is not the only passion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition,

bition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be the false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear novels and romances so much to the fair sex, I know not; but must confess, that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for falsehood. I remember I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement to the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage, which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her Plutarch's Lives, assuring her, at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, till she came to the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, whose names she had heard of by accident, and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

I may, indeed, be told, that the fair sex have no such aversion to history, as I have represented, provided it be *secret* history, and contain some memorable transaction proper to excite their curiosity. But as I do not find that truth, which is the basis of history, is at all regarded in these anecdotes, I cannot admit of this as a proof of their passion for that study. However this may be, I see not why the same curiosity might not receive a more proper direction, and lead them to desire accounts of those
who

who lived in past ages, as well as of their contemporaries. What is it to Cleora, whether Fulvia entertains a secret commerce of love with Philander, or not? Has she not equal reason to be pleased, when she is informed, (what is whispered about among historians) that Cato's sister had an intrigue with Cæsar, and palmed her son, Marcus Brutus, upon her husband for his own, though in reality he was her gallant's? And are not the loves of Messalina or Julia as proper subjects of discourse as any intrigue that this city has produced of late years?

But I know not whence it comes, that I have been thus seduced into a kind of raillery against the ladies; unless, perhaps, it proceed from the same cause, which makes the person, who is the favourite of the company, be often the object of their good-natured jests and pleasantries. We are pleased to address ourselves after any manner to one who is agreeable to us, and at the same time presume, that nothing will be taken amiss by a person, who is secure of the good opinion and affections of every one present. I shall now proceed to handle my subject more seriously, and shall point out the many advantages, which flow from the study of history, and shew how well suited it is to every one, but particularly to those who are debarred the severer studies, by the tenderness of their complexion, and the weakness of their education. The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds, as it amuses

amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences: to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection. To remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin. In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises which, during their lifetime, so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders. What spectacle can be imagined, so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures?

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a

great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters: but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, it is impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

There

There is also an advantage in that experience, which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the most delicate sentiments of virtue. And to tell the truth, I know not any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular persons. Machiavel himself discovers a true sentiment of virtue in his history of Florence. When he talks as a politician, in his general reasonings, he considers poisoning, assassination, and perjury, as lawful arts of power; but when he speaks as an historian, in his particular narrations, he shews so keen an indignation against vice, and so warm an approbation of virtue, in many passages that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of Horace, that if you chace away nature, though with ever so great indignity, she will always return upon you. Nor is this combination of historians in favour of virtue, at all difficult to be accounted for. When

a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men, as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves; and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, and he scarce feels the difference between vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium between these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and, at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment.

Vero voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Eliciuntur.

LUCRET.

No. I.

ESSAY IV.

OF AVARICE.

IT is easy to observe, that comic writers exaggerate every character, and draw their fop or coward with stronger features than are any where to be met with in nature. This moral kind of painting for the stage has been often compared to the painting for cupolas and ceilings, where the colours are overcharged, and every part is drawn excessively large, and beyond nature. The figures seem monstrous and disproportioned, when seen too nigh; but become natural and regular, when set at a distance, and placed in that point of view, in which they are intended to be surveyed. For a like reason, when characters are exhibited in theatrical representations, the want of reality removes, in a manner, the personages; and rendering them more cold and unentertaining, makes it necessary to compensate, by the force of colouring, what they want in substance. Thus we find in common life, that when a man once allows himself to depart from truth in his narrations, he never can keep within bounds of probability; but adds still some new circumstance to render his stories more marvellous, and to satisfy his imagination. Two men in buckram suits became eleven to Sir John Falstaff, before the end of his story.

There is only one vice, which may be found in life with as strong features, and as high a colouring as need be employed by any satirist or comic poet; and that is Avarice. Every day we meet with men of immense fortunes, without heirs, and on the very brink of the grave, who refuse themselves the most common necessaries of life, and go on heaping possessions on possessions under all the real pressures of the severest poverty. An old usurer, says the story, lying in his last agonies was presented by the priest with the crucifix to worship. He opens his eyes a moment before he expires, considers the crucifix, and cries, *These jewels are not true; I can only lend ten pistoles upon such a pledge.* This was probably the invention of some epigrammatist; and yet every one, from his own experience, may be able to recollect almost as strong instances of perseverance in avarice. It is commonly reported of a famous miser in this city, that finding himself near death, he sent for some of the magistrates, and gave them a bill of an hundred pounds, payable after his decease, which sum he intended should be disposed of in charitable uses; but scarce were they gone, when he orders them to be called back, and offers them ready money if they would abate five pounds of the sum. Another noted miser in the north, intending to defraud his heirs, and leave his fortune to the building an hospital, protracted the drawing of his will from day to day; and it is thought, that if those interested in it had not paid for the drawing of it, he would have died intestate. In short, none of the most
furious

furious excesses of love and ambition are, in any respect, to be compared to the extremes of avarice.

The best excuse that can be made for avarice is, that it generally prevails in old men, or in men of cold tempers, where all the other affections are extinct; and the mind being incapable of remaining without some passion or pursuit, at last finds out this monstrously absurd one, which suits the coldness and inactivity of its temper. At the same time, it seems very extraordinary, that so frosty, spiritless a passion should be able to carry us farther than all the warmth of youth and pleasure. But if we look more narrowly into the matter, we shall find, that this very circumstance renders the explication of the case more easy. When the temper is warm and full of vigour, it naturally shoots out more ways than one, and produces inferior passions to counterbalance, in some degree, its predominant inclination. It is impossible for a person of that temper, however bent on any pursuit, to be deprived of all sense of shame, or all regard to the sentiments of mankind. His friends must have some influence over him; and other considerations are apt to have their weight. All this serves to restrain him within some bounds. But it is no wonder that the avaritious man, being, from the coldness of his temper, without regard to reputation, to friendship or to pleasure, should be carried so far by his prevailing inclination, and should display his passion in such surprizing instances.

Accordingly we find no vice so irreclaimable as avarice: and though there scarcely has been a moralist or philosopher, from the beginning of the world to this day, who has not levelled a stroke at it, we hardly find a single instance of any person's being cured of it. For this reason, I am more apt to approve of those, who attack it with wit and humour, than of those who treat it in a serious manner. Their being so little hopes of doing good to the people infected with this vice, I would have the rest of mankind, at least, diverted by our manner of exposing it: as indeed there is no kind of diversion, of which they seem so willing to partake.

Among the fables of Monsieur de la Motte, there is one levelled against avarice, which seems to me more natural and easy than most of the fables of that ingenious author. A miser, says he, being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surpris'd to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment, suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. Shall he be chained to the rock with Prometheus? Or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone? No, says Minos, none of these. We must invent some severer

verer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches.

I hope it will not be interpreted as a design of setting myself in opposition to this celebrated author, if I proceed to deliver a fable of my own, which is intended to expose the same vice of avarice. The hint of it was taken from these lines of Mr. Pope :

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

Our old mother Earth once lodged an indictment against Avarice before the courts of heaven, for her wicked and malicious counsel and advice in tempting, inducing, persuading, and traitorously seducing the children of the plaintiff to commit the detestable crime of parricide upon her, and, mangling her body, ransack her very bowels for hidden treasure. The indictment was very long and verbose ; but we must omit a great part of the repetitions and synonymous terms, not to tire our readers too much with our tale. Avarice, being called before Jupiter to answer to this charge, had not much to say in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact, indeed, was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When, therefore, the plaintiff demanded justice, Jupiter very readily gave sentence in her favour ; and his decree was to this purpose—That, since dame Avarice,

rice, the defendant, had thus grievously injured dame Earth, the plaintiff, she was hereby ordered to take that treasure, of which she had feloniously robbed the said plaintiff by ransacking her bosom, and restore it back to her without diminution or retention. From this sentence it will follow, says Jupiter to the bye-standers, that in all future ages, the retainers of Avarice shall bury and conceal their riches, and thereby restore to the earth what they take from her.

No. I.

ESSAY V.

OF ESSAY WRITING.

THE elegant part of mankind, who are not immersed in mere animal life, but employ themselves in the operations of the mind, may be divided into the *learned* and *conversible*. The learned are such as have chosen for their portion the higher and more difficult operations of the mind, which require leisure and solitude, and cannot be brought to perfection, without long preparation and severe labour. The conversible world join to a sociable disposition, and a taste for pleasure, an inclination for the easier and more gentle exercises of the understanding, for obvious reflections on human affairs, and the duties of common

common life, and for observation of the blemishes or perfections of the particular objects that surround them. Such subjects of thought furnish not sufficient employment in solitude, but require the company and conversation of our fellow creatures, to render them a proper exercise for the mind; and this brings mankind together in society, where every one displays his thoughts and observations in the best manner he is able, and mutually gives and receives information, as well as pleasure.

The separation of the learned from the conversable world seems to have been the great defect of the last age, and must have had a very bad influence both on books and company: for what possibility is there of finding topics of conversation fit for the entertainment of rational creatures, without having recourse sometimes to history, poetry, politics, and the more obvious principles, at least, of philosophy? Must our whole discourse be a continued series of gossiping stories and idle remarks? Must the mind never rise higher, but be perpetually

Stun'd and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan did that.

This would be to render the time spent in company the most unentertaining, as well as the most unprofitable, part of our lives.

On the other hand, learning has been as great a
loser

loser by being shut up in colleges and cells, and secluded from the world and good company. By that means every part of what we call *belles lettres* became totally barbarous, being cultivated by men without any taste for life or manners, and without that liberty and facility of thought and expression which can only be acquired by conversation. Even philosophy went to wreck by this moping reclusive method of study, and became as chimerical in her conclusions, as she was unintelligible in her style and manner of delivery: and, indeed, what could be expected from men who never consulted experience in any of their reasonings, or who never searched for that experience, where alone it is to be found, in common life and conversation?

It is with great pleasure I observe that men of letters in this age, have lost, in a great measure, that shyness and bashfulness of temper, which kept them at a distance from mankind; and, at the same time, that men of the world are proud of borrowing from books their most agreeable topics of conversation. It is to be hoped, that this league between the learned and conversible worlds, which is so happily begun, will be still farther improved to their mutual advantage; and to that end, I know nothing more advantageous than such Essays as those, with which I endeavour to entertain the public. In this view, I cannot but consider myself as a kind of resident or ambassador from the dominions of learning to those of conversation, and shall

I shall think it my constant duty to promote a good correspondence betwixt these two states, which have so great a dependance on each other. I shall give intelligence to the learned of whatever passes in company, and shall endeavour to import into company whatever commodities I find in my native country proper for their use and entertainment. The balance of trade we need not be jealous of, nor will there be any difficulty to preserve it on both sides. The materials of this commerce must chiefly be furnished by conversation and common life: the manufacturing of them alone belongs to learning.

As it would be an unpardonable negligence in an ambassador not to pay his respects to the sovereign of the state where he is commissioned to reside; so it would be altogether inexcusable in me not to address myself with a particular respect to the fair sex, who are the sovereigns of the empire of conversation. I approach them with reverence; and were not my countrymen, the learned, a stubborn independent race of mortals, extremely jealous of their liberty, and unaccustomed to subjection, I should resign into their fair hands, the sovereign authority over the republic of letters. As the case stands, my commission extends no farther than to desire a league, offensive and defensive, against our common enemies, against the enemies of reason and beauty, people of dull heads and cold hearts. From this moment let us pursue them with the severest vengeance: let no quarter be given, but to those of sound understandings

standings and delicate affections; and these characters, it is to be presumed, we shall always find inseparable.

To be serious, and to quit the allusion before it be worn thread-bare, I am of opinion, that women, that is, women of sense and education (for to such alone I address myself) are much better judges of all polite writing than men of the same degree of understanding; and that it is a vain panic, if they be so far terrified with the common ridicule that is levelled against learned ladies, as utterly to abandon every kind of books and study to our sex. Let the dread of that ridicule have no other effect than to make them conceal their knowledge before fools, who are not worthy of it, nor of them. Such will still presume upon the vain title of the male sex to affect a superiority above them; but my fair readers may be assured, that all men of sense, who know the world, have a great deference for their judgment of such books as lye within the compass of their knowledge, and repose more confidence in the delicacy of their taste, though unguided by rules, than in all the dull labours of pedants and commentators. In a neighbouring nation, equally famous for good taste, and for gallantry, the ladies are, in a manner, the sovereigns of the *learned* world, as well as of the *conversable*; and no polite writer pretends to venture before the public, without the approbation of some celebrated judges of that sex. Their verdict is, indeed, sometimes complained of; and, in particular, I find, that the admirers

mirers of Corneille, to save that great poet's honour upon the ascendant that Racine began to take over him, always said, that it was not to be expected, that so old a man could dispute the prize, before such judges, with so young a man as his rival. But this observation has been found unjust, since posterity seems to have ratified the verdict of that tribunal: and Racine, though dead, is still the favourite of the fair sex, as well as of the best judges among the men.

There is only one subject of which I am apt to distrust the judgment of females, and that is concerning books of gallantry and devotion, which they commonly affect as high flown as possible; and most of them seem more delighted with the warmth, than with the justness of the passion. I mention gallantry and devotion as the same subject, because, in reality, they become the same when treated in this manner; and we may observe, that they both depend upon the very same complexion. As the fair sex have a great share of the tender and amorous disposition, it perverts their judgment on this occasion, and makes them be easily affected, even by what has no propriety in the expression or nature in the sentiment. Mr. Addison's elegant discourses on religion have no relish with them, in comparison of books of mystic devotion: and Otway's Tragedies are rejected for the rakes of Mr. Dryden.

Would the ladies correct their false taste in this particular, let them accustom themselves a little
more

more to books of all kinds; let them give encouragement to men of sense and knowledge to frequent their company; and finally, let them concur heartily in that union I have projected betwixt the learned and conversible worlds. They may, perhaps, meet with more complaisance from their usual followers than from men of learning; but they cannot reasonably expect so sincere an affection: and, I hope, they will never be guilty of so wrong a choice, as to sacrifice the substance for the shadow.

No. I.

ESSAY VI.

OF MORAL PREJUDICES.

THERE is a set of men lately sprung up amongst us, who endeavour to distinguish themselves by ridiculing every thing, that has hitherto appeared sacred and venerable in the eyes of mankind. Reason, sobriety, honour, friendship, marriage, are the perpetual subjects of their insipid raillery; and even public spirit, and a regard to our country, are treated as chimerical and romantic. Were the schemes of these anti-reformers to take place, all the bonds of society must be broken, to make way for the indulgence of a licentious mirth and gaiety; the companion of our drunken frolics must be preferred to a friend or brother; dissolute prodigality must

must be supplied at the expence of every thing valuable, either in public or private; and men shall have so little regard to any thing beyond themselves, that, at last, a free constitution of government must become a scheme perfectly impracticable among mankind, and must degenerate into one universal system of fraud and corruption.

There is another humour which may be observed in some pretenders to wisdom, and which, if not so pernicious as the idle petulant humour above mentioned, must, however, have a very bad effect on those who indulge it. I mean that grave philosophic endeavour after perfection, which, under pretext of reforming prejudices and errors, strikes at all the most endearing sentiments of the heart, and all the most useful biases and instincts, which can govern a human creature. The Stoics were remarkable for this folly among the ancients; and I wish some of more venerable characters in later times had not copied them too faithfully in this particular. The virtuous and tender sentiments, or prejudices, if you will, have suffered mightily by these reflections; while a certain sullen pride or contempt of mankind has prevailed in their stead, and has been esteemed the greatest wisdom; though, in reality, it be the most egregious folly of all others. Statilius being solicited by Brutus to make one of that noble band who struck the God-like stroke for the liberty of Rome, refused to accompany them, saying, *that all men were fools or mad, and did not deserve that a wise man should trouble his head about them.*

My learned reader will here easily recollect the reason, which an ancient philosopher gave, why he would not be reconciled to his brother, who solicited his friendship. He was too much a philosopher to think that the connexion of having sprung from the same parent, ought to have any influence on a reasonable mind, and expressed his sentiment after such a manner as I think not proper to repeat. When your friend is in affliction, says Epictetus, you may counterfeit a sympathy with him, if it give him relief; but take care not to allow any compassion to sink into your heart, or disturb that tranquillity, which is the perfection of wisdom. Diogenes being asked by his friends in his sickness, what should be done with him after his death? Why, says he, *throw me out into the fields—What,* replied they, *to the birds or beasts?—No: place a cudgel by me, to defend myself withal.—To what purpose?* say they, *you will not have any sense, nor any power of making use of it. Then if the beasts should devour me,* cries he, *shall I be any more sensible of it?—I know none of the sayings of that philosopher,* which shews more evidently both the liveliness and ferocity of his temper.

How different from these are the maxims by which Eugenius conducts himself? In his youth, he applied himself, with the most unwearied labour, to the study of philosophy; and nothing was ever able to draw him from it, except when an opportunity offered of serving his friends, or doing a pleasure to some man of merit. When he was about thirty years of age, he was determined to quit the
free

free life of a bachelor (in which otherwise he would have been inclined to remain), by considering that he was the last branch of an ancient family, which must have been extinguished had he died without children. He made choice of the virtuous and beautiful Emira for his consort, who, after being the solace of his life for many years, and having made him the father of several children, paid at last the general debt to nature. Nothing could have supported him under so severe an affliction, but the consolation he received from his young family, who were now become dearer to him on account of their deceased mother. One daughter in particular is his darling, and the secret joy of his soul; because her features, her air, her voice, recal every moment the tender memory of his spouse, and fill his eyes with tears. He conceals this partiality as much as possible; and none but his intimate friends are acquainted with it. To them he reveals all his tenderness; nor is he so affectedly philosophical, as even to call it by the name of weakness. They know that he still keeps the birth-day of Emira with tears, and a more fond and tender recollection of past pleasures, in like manner as it was celebrated in her lifetime, with joy and festivity. They know that he preserves her picture with the utmost care, and has one picture in miniature, which he always wears next to his bosom: that he has left orders in his last will, that, in whatever part of the world he shall happen to die, his body shall be transported, and laid in the

same grave with her's; and that a monument shall be erected over them, and their mutual love and happiness celebrated in an epitaph, which he himself has composed for that purpose.

A few years ago I received a letter from a friend, who was abroad on his travels, and shall here communicate it to the public. It contains such an instance of a philosophic spirit, as I think pretty extraordinary, and may serve as an example, not to depart too far from the received maxims of conduct and behaviour, by a refined search after happiness or perfection. The story I have been since assured of as matter of fact.

Sir,

Paris, Aug. 2, 1737.

I know you are more curious of accounts of men than of buildings, and are more desirous of being informed of private history than of public transactions; for which reason I thought the following story, which is the common topic of conversation in this city, would be no unacceptable entertainment to you.

A young lady of birth and fortune, being left entirely at her own disposal, persisted long in a resolution of leading a single life, notwithstanding several advantageous offers that had been made to her. She had been determined to embrace this resolution, by observing the many unhappy marriages

riages among her acquaintances, and by hearing the complaints which her female friends made of the tyranny, inconstancy, jealousy, or indifference of their husbands. Being a woman of strong spirit and an uncommon way of thinking, she found no difficulty either in forming or maintaining this resolution, and could not suspect herself of such weakness, as ever to be induced, by any temptation to depart from it. She had, however, entertained a strong desire of having a son, whose education she was resolved to make the principal concern of her life, and by that means supply the place of those other passions, which she was resolved for ever to renounce. She pushed her philosophy to such an uncommon length, as to find no contradiction betwixt such a desire and her former resolution; and accordingly looked about with great deliberation to find among all her male acquaintance, one whose character and person were agreeable to her, without being able to satisfy herself on that head. At length, being in the playhouse one evening, she sees in the parterre, a young man of a most engaging countenance and modest deportment; and feels such a prepossession in his favour, that she had hopes this must be the person she had long sought for in vain. She immediately dispatches a servant to him; desiring his company at her lodgings next morning. The young man was overjoyed at the message, and could not command his satisfaction, upon receiving such an advance from a lady of so great beauty, reputation, and quality. He was, therefore, much disappointed, when he found a wo-

man, who would allow him no freedoms ; and amidst all her obliging behaviour, confined and overawed him to the bounds of rational discourse and conversation. She seemed, however, willing to commence a friendship with him ; and told him, that his company would always be acceptable to her, whenever he had a leisure hour to bestow. He needed not much entreaty to renew his visits, being so struck with her wit and beauty, that he must have been unhappy had he been debarred her company. Every conversation served only the more to inflame his passion, and gave him more occasion to admire her person and understanding, as well as to rejoice in his own good fortune. He was not, however, without anxiety, when he considered the disproportion of their birth and fortune ; nor was his uneasiness allayed, even when he reflected on the extraordinary manner in which their acquaintance had commenced. Our philosophical heroine, in the mean time, discovered, that her lover's personal qualities did not belye his physiognomy ; so that judging there was no occasion for any farther trial, she takes a proper opportunity of communicating to him her whole intention. Their intercourse continued for some time, till at last her wishes were crowned, and she was now mother of a boy, who was to be the object of her future care and concern. Gladly would she have continued her friendship with the father ; but finding him too passionate a lover to remain within the bounds of friendship, she was obliged to put a violence upon herself. She sends him a letter, in
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which she had inclosed a bond of annuity for a thousand crowns; desiring him, at the same time, never to see her more, and to forget, if possible, all past favours and familiarities. He was thunder-struck at receiving this message; and having tried, in vain, all the arts that might win upon the resolution of a woman, resolved at last to attack her by her foible. He commences a law suit against her before the parliament of Paris; and claims his son, whom he pretends a right to educate as he pleased, according to the usual maxims of the law in such cases. She pleads, on the other hand, their express agreement before their commerce, and pretends that he had renounced all claim to any offspring that might arise from their embraces. It is not yet known, how the parliament will determine in this extraordinary case, which puzzles all the lawyers, as much as it does the philosophers. As soon as they come to any issue, I shall inform you of it, and shall embrace any opportunity of subscribing myself, as I do at present,

Sir,

Your most humble servant.

No. I.

ESSAY VII.

OF THE MIDDLE STATION OF LIFE.

THE moral of the following fable will easily discover itself, without my explaining it. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest amity, with noisy haughtiness and disdain thus bespoke him—"What, brother! still in the same state! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed, when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and shall shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue, which have favoured my banks, but neglected yours."—"Very true," replies the humble rivulet: "You are now, indeed, swoln to a great size; but methinks you are become withal, somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity."

Instead of commenting upon this fable, I shall take occasion from it to compare the different stations of life, and to persuade such of my readers as are placed in the middle station to be satisfied with it, as the most eligible of all others. These form the most numerous rank of men that can be supposed susceptible of philosophy; and, therefore, all discourses of morality ought principally to be addressed

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ed to them. The great are too much immerfed in pleasure; and the poor too much occupied in providing for the neceffities of life, to hearken to the calm voice of reason. The middle ftation, as it is moft happy in many refpects, fo particularly in this, that a man, placed in it, can, with the greateft leifure, confider his own happinefs, and reap a new enjoyment, from comparing his fituation with that of perfons above or below him.

Agur's prayer is fufficiently noted—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me, vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; leſt I be full and deny thee, and fay, who is the Lord? or leſt I be poor, and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain."—The middle ftation is here juſtly recommended, as affording the fulleſt ſecurity for virtue; and I may alſo add, that it gives opportunity for the moſt ample exerciſe of it, and furniſhes employment for every good quality which we can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of. Thoſe who are placed among the lower ranks of men, have little opportunity of exerting any other virtue, beſides thoſe of patience, reſignation, induſtry, and integrity. Thoſe who are advanced into the higher ſtations, have full employment for their generoſity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies betwixt theſe two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his ſuperiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality, which the human ſoul is
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susceptible of, may have its turn, and be called up to action ; and a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progress in virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant, and without employment.

But there is another virtue, that seems principally to lye among equals, and is, for that reason, chiefly calculated for the middle station of life. This virtue is friendship. I believe most men of generous tempers are apt to envy the great, when they consider the large opportunities such persons have of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendship and esteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to associate with those whom they have little kindness for ; like people of inferior stations, who are subject to have their proffers of friendship rejected, even where they would be most fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendships, they cannot be so certain of the sincerity of them, as men of a lower rank ; since the favours they bestow may acquire them flattery, instead of goodwill and kindness. It has been very judiciously remarked, that we attach ourselves more by the services we perform than by those we receive, and that a man is in danger of losing his friends by obliging them too far. I should, therefore, chuse to lye in the middle way, and to have my commerce with my friend varied both by obligations given and received. I have too much pride to be willing that all the obligations should

should lye on my side ; and should be afraid, that, if they all lay on his, he would also have too much pride to be entirely easy under them, or have a perfect complacency in my company.

We may also remark of the middle station of life, that it is more favourable to the acquiring of wisdom and ability, as well as of virtue, and that a man so situate has a better chance for attaining a knowledge both of men and things, than those of a more elevated station. He enters with more familiarity into human life, and every thing appears in its natural colours before him : he has more leisure to form observations ; and has, besides, the motive of ambition to push him on in his attainments ; being certain that he can never rise to any distinction or eminence in the world, without his own industry. And here I cannot forbear communicating a remark, which may appear somewhat extraordinary, viz. That it is wisely ordained by Providence, that the middle station should be the most favourable to the improving our natural abilities, since there is really more capacity requisite to perform the duties of that station, than is requisite to act in the higher spheres of life. There are more natural parts, and a stronger genius requisite to make a good lawyer or physician, than to make a great monarch. For let us take any race or succession of kings, where birth alone gives a title to the crown : the English kings, for instance, who have not been esteemed the most shining in history. From the conquest to the succession of his present Majesty,

Majesty, we may reckon twenty-eight sovereigns, omitting those who died minors. Of these, eight are esteemed princes of great capacity, viz. the Conqueror, Harry II., Edward I., Edward III., Harry V. and VII., Elizabeth, and the late King William. Now, I believe, every one will allow, that, in the common run of mankind, there are not eight, out of twenty-eight, who are fitted, by nature, to make a figure either on the bench or at the bar. Since Charles VII. ten monarchs have reigned in France, omitting Francis II. Five of those have been esteemed princes of capacity, viz. Louis XI., XII., and XIV., Francis I., and Harry IV. In short, the governing of mankind well requires a great deal of virtue, justice, and humanity, but not a surprizing capacity. A certain Pope, whose name I have forgot, used to say, *Let us divert ourselves, my friends : the world governs itself.* There are, indeed, some critical times, such as those in which Harry IV. lived, that call for the utmost vigour ; and a less courage and capacity, than what appeared in that great monarch, must have sunk under the weight. But such circumstances are rare ; and even then fortune does at least one half of the business.

Since the common professions, such as law or physic, require equal, if not superior capacity, to what are exerted in the higher spheres of life, it is evident, that the soul must be made of still a finer mould, to shine in philosophy or poetry, or in any of the higher parts of learning. Courage and re-

olution are chiefly requisite in a commander; justice and humanity in a statesman, but genius and capacity in a scholar. Great generals and great politicians are found in all ages and countries of the world, and frequently start up, at once, even amongst the greatest barbarians. Sweden was sunk in ignorance, when it produced Gustavus Ericson, and Gustavus Adolphus: Muscovy, when the Czar appeared: and perhaps Carthage, when it gave birth to Hannibal. But England must pass through a long gradation of its Spencers, Johnsons, Wallers, Drydens, before it arise at an Addison or a Pope. A happy talent for the liberal arts and sciences is a kind of prodigy among men. Nature must afford the richest genius that comes from her hands; education and example must cultivate it from the earliest infancy; and industry must concur to carry it to any degree of perfection. No man needs be surpris'd to see Kouli-Kan among the Persians; but Homer in so early an age among the Greeks is certainly matter of the highest wonder.

A man cannot shew a genius for war, who is not so fortunate as to be trusted with command; and it seldom happens in any state or kingdom, that several at once are placed in that situation. How many Marlboroughs were there in the confederate army, who never rose so much as to the command of a regiment? But I am persuaded, there has been but one Milton in England within these hundred years; because every one may exert the talents of poetry who is possessed of them; and no

one could exert them under greater disadvantages than that divine poet. If no man were allowed to write verses, but the person who was beforehand named to be laureat, could we expect a poet in ten thousand years?

Were we to distinguish the ranks of men by their genius and capacity, more than by their virtue and usefulness to the public, great philosophers would certainly challenge the first rank; and must be placed at the top of mankind. So rare is this character, that, perhaps, there has not, as yet, been above two in the world, who can lay a just claim to it. At least, Galileo and Newton seem to me so far to excel all the rest, that I cannot admit any other into the same class with them.

Great poets may challenge the second place; and this species of genius, though rare, is yet much more frequent than the former. Of the Greek poets that remain, Homer alone seems to merit this character: of the Romans, Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius: of the English, Milton and Pope: Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire, of the French: and Tasso and Ariosto of the Italians.

Great orators and historians are, perhaps, more rare than great poets; but as the opportunities for exerting the talents requisite for eloquence, or acquiring the knowledge requisite for writing history, depend, in some measure, upon fortune, we cannot

cannot pronounce these productions of genius to be more extraordinary than the former.

I should now return from this digression, and shew that the middle station of life is more favourable to happiness, as well as to virtue and wisdom: but as the arguments that prove this seem pretty obvious, I shall here forbear insisting on them.

No. I.

ESSAY VIII.

A CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THERE never was a man, whose actions and character have been more earnestly and openly canvassed than those of the present minister, who having governed a learned and free nation for so long a time, amidst such mighty opposition, may make a large library of what has been wrote for and against him, and is the subject of above half the paper that has been blotted in the nation within these twenty years. I wish, for the honour of our country, that any one character of him had been drawn with such judgment and impartiality, as to have some credit with posterity, and to shew that our liberty has, once at least, been employed to

to good purpose. I am only afraid of failing in the former quality of judgment; but if it should be so, it is but one page more thrown away, after an hundred thousand upon the same subject, that have perished and become useless. In the mean time, I shall flatter myself with the pleasing imagination, that the following character will be adopted by future historians.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, prime minister of Great Britain, is a man of ability, not a genius; good-natured, not virtuous; constant, not magnanimous; moderate, not equitable*. His virtues, in some instances, are free from the alloy of those vices, which usually accompany such virtues. He is a generous friend, without being a bitter enemy. His vices, in other instances, are not compensated by those virtues which are nearly allied to them: his want of enterprize is not attended with frugality. The private character of the man is better than the public; his virtues more than his vices: his fortune greater than his fame. With many good qualities he has incurred the public hatred: with a good capacity he has not escaped ridicule. He would have been esteemed more worthy of his high station, had he never possessed it; and is better qualified for the second than for the first place in any government. His ministry has been more advanta-

* Moderate in the exercise of power, not equitable in engrossing it.

geous to his family than to the public, better for this age than for posterity, and more pernicious by bad precedents than by real grievances. During his time trade has flourished, liberty declined, and learning gone to ruin. As I am a man I love him; as I am a scholar, I hate him; as I am a Briton, I calmly wish his fall. And were I a member of either house, I would give my vote for removing him from St. James's; but should be glad to see him retire to Houghton-Hall, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and pleasure.

N. B. This Essay, in the edition of 1760, was inserted by way of note to the Essay "On Politics as a Science," after the words in the text, "by the violence of their factions," as follows :

"What our author's opinion was of the famous minister here pointed at, may be learned from that Essay, printed in the former editions under the title of *A Character of Sir Robert Walpole*. It was as follow :

* * * * *

"The author is pleased to find, that after animosities are laid, and calumny has ceased, the whole nation almost have returned to the same moderate sentiments with regard to this great man; if they are not rather become more favourable to him, by a very natural transition, from one extreme to another. The author would not oppose these hu-

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mane sentiments towards the dead, though he cannot forbear observing, that the not paying more of our public debts was, as hinted in this character, a great, and the only great, error in that long administration."

No. II.

Letter from Mr. Hume to the Authors of the Critical Review, respecting Mr. WILKIE's Epigoniad, 2d edit.; referred to by him in his Letter to Dr. Adam Smith, of 12 April, 1759.

[By perusing the following article, the reader will perceive, that how subject soever we, the Reviewers, may be to oversights and errors, we are not so hardened in critical pride and insolence, but that, upon conviction, we can retract our censures, and provided we be candidly rebuked, kiss the rod of correction with great humility.]

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

Gentlemen,

April, 1759.

The great advantages which result from literary journals have recommended the use of them all over Europe; but as nothing is free from abuse, it must be confessed, that some inconveniencies have also attended these undertakings. The works of the learned multiply in such a surprising manner, that a journalist, in order to give an account to the public of all new performances, is obliged to pe-

ruse a small library every month ; and as it is impossible for him to bestow equal attention on every piece which he criticizes, he may readily be surprised into mistakes, and give to a book such a character as, on a more careful perusal, he would willingly retract. Even performances of the greatest merit are not secure against this injury, and, perhaps, are sometimes the most exposed to it. An author of genius scorns the vulgar arts of catching applause ; he pays no court to the great ; gives no adulation to those celebrated for learning ; takes no care to provide himself of partizans, or *proneurs*, as the French call them ; and by that means his work steals unobserved into the world ; and it is some time before the public, and even men of penetration, are sensible of its merit. We take up the book with prepossession, peruse it carelessly, are feebly affected by its beauties, and lay it down with neglect, perhaps with disapprobation.

The public has done so much justice to the gentlemen engaged in the Critical Review as to acknowledge that no literary journal was ever carried on in this country with equal spirit and impartiality ; yet I must confess that an article, published in your Review of 1757, gave me great surprise, and not a little uneasiness. It regarded a book called the *Epigoniad*, a poem of the epic kind, which was at that time published with great applause at Edinburgh, and of which a few copies had been sent up to London. The author of that article had surely been lying under strong prepossessions, when he spoke

spoke so negligently of a work which abounds in such sublime beauties, and could endeavour to discredit a poem, consisting of near six thousand lines, on account of a few mistakes in expression and prosody, proceeding entirely from the author's being a Scotchman, who had never been out of his own country. As there is a new edition published of this poem, wherein all or most of these trivial mistakes are corrected, I flatter myself that you will gladly lay hold of this opportunity of retracting your oversight, and doing justice to a performance, which may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the ornaments of our language. I appeal from your sentence, as an old woman did from a sentence pronounced by Philip of Macedon: I appeal from Philip, ill-counselled and in a hurry, to Philip well-advised, and judging with deliberation.

The authority which you possess with the public makes your censure fall with weight, and I question not but you will be the more ready on that account to redress any injury, into which either negligence, prejudice, or mistake, may have betrayed you. As I profess myself to be an admirer of this performance, it will afford me pleasure to give you a short analysis of it, and to collect a few specimens of those great beauties in which it abounds.

The author, who appears throughout his whole work to be a great admirer and imitator of Homer, drew the subject of this poem from the fourth Iliad, where Sthenelus gives Agamemnon a short account

of the sacking of Thebes. After the fall of those heroes celebrated by Statius, their sons, and among the rest Diomede, undertook the siege of that city, and were so fortunate as to succeed in their enterprise, and to revenge on the Thebans and the tyrant Creon, the death of their fathers. These young heroes were known to the Greeks under the title of the Epigoni, or the Descendants; and for this reason the author has given to his poem the title of Epigoniad; a name, it must be confessed, somewhat unfortunately chosen; for as this particular was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the subject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impossible for them to understand.

There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken this second siege of Thebes for the subject of a poem, which is lost; and our author seems to have pleased himself with the thoughts of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the footsteps of his favourite author. The actors are mostly the same with those of the Iliad; Diomede is the hero; Ulysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Merion, even Thersites, all appear in different passages of the poem; and act parts suitable to the lively characters drawn of them by that great master. The whole turn of this new poem would almost lead us to imagine, that the Scottish bard had found the lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had made a faithful

faithful translation of it into English. Longinus imagines, that the *Odyfley* was executed by Homer in his old age; we shall allow the *Iliad* to be the work of his middle age; and we shall suppose that the *Epigoniad* was the essay of his youth, where his noble and sublime genius breaks forth by frequent intervals, and gives strong symptoms of that constant flame which distinguished its meridian.

The poem consists of nine books. We shall open the subject of it in the author's own words.

Ye pow'rs of song! with whose immortal fire
Your bard inraptur'd sung Pelide's ire,
To Greece so fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd, in stern debate, the sovereign power;
By like example teach me now to show
From love no less, what dire disasters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theseus led,
Returned to conquer where their fathers bled,
And punish'd guilty Thebes, by heav'n ordained
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, still partial to the Theban arms,
Tydeus' son seduced by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by passion sway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himself betray'd.

This theme did once your favourite bard employ,
Whose verse immortalized the fall of Troy?
But Time's oblivious gulf, whose circle draws
All mortal things by Fate's eternal laws,
In whose wide vortex worlds themselves are tost,
And rounding swift successively are lost,
This song hath snatch'd. I now resume the strain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,

By this attempt to merit equal praise
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the spring appears,
And in the summer's heat its blossom bears,
But, shriv'ling at the touch of winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more ;
Might match the lofty oak, which long has stood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and desire to trace
His glorious steps, though with unequal pace.
Before me still I see his awful shade,
With garlands crown'd of leaves which never fade ;
He points the path to fame, and bids me scale
Parnassus' slippery height, where thousands fail :
I follow trembling, for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To snatch the poet's wreath with envious claws,
And hiss contempt for merited applause.

The poet supposes that Cassandra, the daughter of the king of Pelignium in Italy, was pursued by the love of Echetus, a barbarous tyrant in the neighbourhood ; and as her father rejected his addresses, he drew on himself the resentment of the tyrant, who made war upon him, and forced him to retire into Etolia, where Diomedes gave him protection. This hero falls himself in love with Cassandra, and is so fortunate as to make equal impressions on her heart ; but before the completion of his marriage, he is called to the siege of Thebes, and leaves, as he supposes, Cassandra in Etolia with her father. But Cassandra, anxious for her lover's safety, and unwilling to part from the object of her affections, had secretly put on a man's habit, had attended him in the camp, and had fought by his

his side in all his battles. Meanwhile the siege of Thebes is drawn out to some length ; and Venus, who favours that city, in opposition to Juno and Pallas, who seek its destruction, deliberates concerning the proper method of raising the siege. The fittest expedient seems to be the exciting in Diomede a jealousy of Cassandra, and persuading him, that her affections were secretly engaged to Echetus, and that the tyrant had invaded Etolia in pursuit of his mistress : for this purpose Venus sends down Jealousy, whom the author personifies under the name of Zelotype. Her person and flight are painted in the most splendid colours that poetry affords.

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air, and mount the rapid winds ;
Aloft they bear her through th' etherial plain,
Above the solid earth and liquid main.
Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
For sight too small, but terrible to feel ;
Rous'd by their smart, the savage lion roars,
And mad to combat rush the tusky boars ;
Of wounds secure ; for where their venom lights,
What feels their pow'r all other torment flights.
A figur'd zone, mysteriously design'd,
Around her waist her yellow robe confin'd :
There dark Suspicion lurk'd, of sable hue ;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew ;
Pale Envy inly pined ; and by her side
Stood Phrenzy, raging with his chains unty'd.
Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burn'd,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turn'd.
All these the artist's curious hand express'd,
The work divine his matchless skill confess'd.

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The virgin last, around her shoulders flung
 The bow ; and by her side the quiver hung :
 Then, springing up, her airy course she bends
 For Thebes ; and lightly o'er the tents descends.
 The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
 In arms complete, reposing on the ground ;
 And, as he slept, the hero thus address'd,
 Her form to fancy's waking eye express'd.

Diomede, moved by the instigations of jealousy, and eager to defend his mistress and his country, calls an assembly of the princes, and proposes to raise the siege of Thebes, on account of the difficulty of the enterprize and dangers which surround the army. Theseus, the general, breaks out into a passion at this proposal ; but is pacified by Nestor. Idomeneus rises, and reproaches Diomede for his dishonourable counsel ; and among other topics upbraids him with his degeneracy from his father's bravery.

Should now, from hence arriv'd, some warrior's ghost,
 Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coast,
 And tell when danger or distress is near,
 That Diomede persuades the rest to fear ;
 He'd shun the synod of the mighty dead,
 And hide his anguish in the deepest shade :
 Nature in all an equal course maintains ;
 The lion's whelp succeeds to awe the plains ;
 Pards gender pards, from tygers tygers spring ;
 No doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing :
 Each parent's image in his offspring lives ;
 But nought of Tydeus in his son survives.

The debate is closed by Ulysses, who informs the
 princes

princes that the Thebans are preparing to march out in order to attack them ; and that it is in vain for them to deliberate any longer concerning the continuance of the war.

We have next the description of a battle between the Thebans under Creon, and the confederate Greeks under Theseus. This battle is full of the spirit of Homer. We shall not trouble our reader with particulars, which would appear insipid in prose, especially if compared to the lively poetry of our author. We shall only transcribe one passage, as a specimen of his happy choice of circumstances.

Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius, died ;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs allied.
And Phomius, whom the gods, in early youth,
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth ;
His gen'rous soul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his bosom burn'd.
Cold through his throat the hissing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.
His fate the Graces mourn'd. The Gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus, bending from the skies,
His fate beheld with sorrow-streaming eyes.
Pallas, alone, unaltered and serene,
With secret triumph saw the mournful scene :
Not hard of heart ; for none of all the powers,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian towers,
Holds equal sympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand bestows relief ;
But conscious that a mind by virtue steel'd,
To no impression of distress will yield ;

That,

That, still unconquered, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.

The battle ends with advantage to the confederate Greeks; but the approach of night prevents their total victory.

Creon, King of Thebes, sends next an embassy to the confederate Greeks, desiring a truce of seven days, in order to bury the dead. Diomedes, impatient to return home, and stimulated by jealousy, violently opposes this overture, but is over-ruled by the other princes; and the truce is concluded. The author, in imitation of Homer, and the other ancient poets, takes here an opportunity of describing games celebrated for honouring the dead. The games he has chosen are different from those which are to be found among the ancients, and the incidents are new and curious.

Diomedes took no share in these games: his impatient spirit could not brook the delay which arose from the truce: he pretends that he consented not to it, and is not included in it: he, therefore, proposes to his troops to attack the Thebans while they are employed in performing the funeral rites of the dead; but is opposed in this design by Deiphobus, his tutor, who represents to him in the severest terms, the rashness and iniquity of his proposal. After some altercation Diomedes, impatient of contradiction in his favourite object, and stung by the free reproaches of his tutor, breaks out into a violent

lent passion, and throws his spear at Deiphobus, which pierced him to the heart.

This incident, which is apt to surprize us, seems to have been copied by our author, from that circumstance in the life of Alexander, where this heroic conqueror, moved by a sudden passion, stabs Clytus, his ancient friend, by whom his life had been formerly saved in battle. The repentance of Diomedes is equal to that of Alexander. No sooner had he struck the fatal blow than his eyes are opened: he is sensible of his guilt and shame: he refuses all consolation: abstains even from food, and shuts himself up alone in his tent. His followers, amazed at the violence of his passion, keep at a distance from him; all but Cassandra, who enters his tent with a potion, which she had prepared for him. While she stands before him alone, her timidity and passion betray her sex; and Diomedes immediately perceives her to be Cassandra, who had followed him to the camp under a warlike disguise. As his repentance for the murder of Deiphobus was now the ruling passion in his breast, he is not moved by tenderness for Cassandra; on the contrary, he considers her as the cause, however innocent, of the murder of his friend and of his own guilt; and he treats her with such coldness that she retires in confusion. She even leaves the camp, and resolves to return to her father in Etolia; but is taken on the road by a party of Thebans, who carry her to Creon. That tyrant determines to make the most political use of this incident:

incident : he sends privately a message to Diomede, threatening to put Cassandra to death, if that hero would not agree to a separate truce with Thebes. This proposal is at first rejected by Diomede, who threatens immediate destruction to Creon, and all his race. Nothing can be more artfully managed by the poet than this incident. We shall hear him in his own words.

Sternly the hero ended, and resign'd
To fierce disorder, all his mighty mind.
Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands,
In fancy saw the tottering turrets fall,
And led his warriors o'er the levell'd wall.
Rous'd with the thought, from his high seat he sprung ;
And grasp'd the sword, which on a column hung ;
The shining blade he balanc'd thrice in air ;
His launces next he view'd, and armour fair.
When, hanging 'midst the costly panoply,
A scarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
Which fair Cassandra's skilful hands had wrought ;
A present for her lord, in secret brought,
That day, when first he led his martial train
In arms, to combat on the Theban plain.
As some strong charm, which magic sounds compose,
Suspends a downward torrent as it flows ;
Checks in the precipice its headlong course,
And calls it trembling upwards to its source :
Such seem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
Made the fair artist in her charms to rise.
His rage suspended in its full career,
To love resigns, to grief and tender fear.
Glad would he now his former words revoke,
And change the purpose which in wrath he spoke ;
From hostile hands his captive fair to gain,
From fate to save her, or the servile chain :

But pride and shame the fond design suppress'd;
Silent he stood, and lock'd it in his breast.
Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
By symptoms sure, each motion of his mind:
With joy he saw the heat of rage suppress'd,
And thus again his artful words address'd.

The truce is concluded for twenty days; but the perfidious Creon, hoping that Diomede would be over-awed by the danger of his mistress, resolves to surprise the Greeks; and accordingly makes a sudden attack upon them, breaks into their camp, and carries every thing before him. Diomede at first stands neuter; but when Ulysses suggests to him, that, after the defeat of the confederate Greeks, he has no security; and that so treacherous a prince as Creon will not spare, much less restore, Cassandra, he takes to arms, assaults the Thebans, and obliges them to seek shelter within their walls. Creon, in revenge, puts Cassandra to death, and shews her head over the walls. The sight so inflames Diomede, that he attacks Thebes with double fury, takes the town by scalade, and gratifies his vengeance by the death of Creon.

This is a short abstract of the story, on which the new poem is founded. The reader may, perhaps, conjecture (what I am not very anxious to conceal) that the execution of the *Epigoniad* is better than the design, the poetry superior to the fable, and the colouring of the particular parts more excellent than the general plan of the whole. Of all the great epic poems which have been the admiration

admiration of mankind, the Jerusalem of Tasso alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to prose, and related without that splendour of versification and imagery by which it is supported; yet, in the opinion of many great judges, the Jerusalem is the least perfect of all these productions; chiefly, because it has least nature and simplicity in the sentiments, and is most liable to the objection of affectation and conceit. The story of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the least essential part of it; the force of the versification, the vivacity of the images, the justness of the descriptions, the natural play of the passions, are the chief circumstances which distinguish the great poet from the prosaic novelist, and give him so high a rank among the heroes in literature: and I will venture to affirm, that all these advantages, especially the three former, are to be found, in an eminent degree, in the *Epigoniad*. The author, inspired with the true genius of Greece, and smit with the most profound veneration for Homer, disdains all frivolous ornaments; and relying entirely on his sublime imagination, and his nervous and harmonious expression, has ventured to present to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges for his partizans all the admirers of genuine antiquity.

There is one circumstance in which the poet has carried his boldness of copying antiquity beyond the practice of many, even judicious moderns. He has drawn his personages, not only with all the simplicity of the Grecian heroes, but also with
some

some degree of their roughness, and even of their ferocity. This is a circumstance which a mere modern is apt to find fault with in Homer, and which, perhaps, he will not easily excuse in his imitator. It is certain, that the ideas of manners are so much changed since the age of Homer, that though the *Iliad* was always among the ancients conceived to be a panegric on the Greeks, yet the reader is now almost always on the side of the Trojans, and is much more interested for the humane and soft manners of Priam, Hector, Andromache, Sarpedon, Æneas, Glaucus, nay, even of Paris and Helen, than for the severe and cruel bravery of Achilles, Agamemnon, and the other Grecian heroes. Sensible of this inconvenience, Fenelon, in his elegant romance, has softened extremely the harsh manners of the heroic ages, and has contented himself with retaining that amiable simplicity by which these ages were distinguished. If the reader be displeased, that the British poet has not followed the example of the French writer, he must, at least, allow, that he has drawn a more exact and faithful copy of antiquity, and has made fewer sacrifices of truth to ornament.

There is another circumstance of our author's choice, which will be liable to dispute. It may be thought, that by introducing the heroes of Homer, he has lost all the charms of novelty, and leads us into fictions, which are somewhat stale and threadbare. Boileau, the greatest critic of the French nation, was of a very different opinion :

La fable offre à l'esprit mille agrémens divers
 Là tous les noms heureux semblent nés pour les vers :
 Ulyffe, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idomenée,
 Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée.

It is certain, that there is in that poetic ground a kind of enchantment, which allures every person of a tender and lively imagination: nor is this impression diminished, but rather much increased, by our early introduction to the knowledge of it in our perusal of the Greek and Latin classics.

The same great French critic makes the apology of our poet in his use of the ancient mythology:

Ainsi dans cet amas de nobles fictions,
 Le poete s'egaye en mille inventions,
 Orne, eleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choses,
 Et trouve sous sa main des fleurs toujours ecloses.

It would seem, indeed, that if the machinery of the heathen gods be not admitted, epic poetry, at least all the marvellous part of it, must be entirely abandoned. The christian religion, for many reasons, is unfit for the fabulous ornaments of poetry: the introduction of allegory, after the manner of Voltaire, is liable to many objections; and though a mere historical epic poem, like Leonidas, may have its beauties, it will always be inferior to the force and pathos of tragedy, and must resign to that species of poetry, the precedence which the former

former composition has always challenged among the productions of human genius. But with regard to these particulars, the author has himself made a sufficient apology in the judicious and spirited preface which accompanies his poem.

But though our poet has, in general, followed so successfully the footsteps of Homer, he has, in particular passages, chosen other ancient poets for his model. His seventh book contains an episode, very artfully inserted, concerning the death of Hercules; where he has plainly had Sophocles in his view, and has ventured to engage in a rivalry with that great master of the tragic scene. If the sublimity of our poet's imagination, and the energy of his style, appear any where conspicuous, it is in this episode, which we shall not scruple to compare with any poetry in the English language. Nothing can be more pathetic than the complaints of Hercules, when the poison of the centaur's robe begins first to prey upon him.

Sovereign of heaven and earth ! whose boundless sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey !
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form, you sought Alcmena's love ;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth ;
Whence, from a course of spotless glory run,
Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched ? Better, that before
Some monster fierce had drunk my streaming gore ;
Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to Gods and men,
My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den :

Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
 To fall subdu'd by female arts, at last.
 O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
 From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
 And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
 Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
 For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
 And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
 Now bending from the skies, O wife of Jove!
 Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
 For fate, by me, the Thund'ier's guilt atones,
 And punish'd in her son Alcmena groans.
 The object of your hate shall soon expire;
 Fix'd on my shoulders preys a net of fire:
 Whom nor the toils nor dangers could subdue,
 By false Eurystheus dictated from you;
 Nor tyrants lawless, nor the monstrous brood,
 Which haunts the desert or infests the flood,
 Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
 Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye;
 A woman has o'erthrown! ye Gods! I yield
 To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
 My arms—alas! are these the same that bow'd
 Antœus, and his giant force subdu'd?
 That dragg'd Nemea's monster from his den;
 And slew the dragon in his native fen?
 Alas, alas! their mighty muscles fail,
 While pains infernal ev'ry nerve assail.
 Alas, alas! I feel in streams of woe
 These eyes dissolv'd, before untaught to flow.
 Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
 Patient in toils, in deaths untterrify'd:
 Rouse to my aid; nor let my labours past,
 With fame atchieved, be blotted by the last:
 Firm and unmov'd, the present shock endure,
 Once triumph, and for ever rest secure.

Our poet, though his genius be in many re-
 spects very original, has not disdained to imitate
 even

even modern poets. He has added to his heroic poem a dream, in the manner of Spencer, where the poet supposes himself to be introduced to Homer, who censures his poem in some particulars, and excuses it in others. This poem is, indeed, a species of apology for the *Epigoniad*, wrote in a very lively and elegant manner: it may be compared to a well-polished gem, of the purest water, and cut into the most beautiful form. Those who would judge of our author's talents for poetry, without perusing his larger work, may satisfy their curiosity, by running over this short poem. They will see the same force of imagination and harmony of numbers, which distinguish his longer performance; and may thence, with small application, receive a favourable impression of our author's genius.

No. III.

EXPOSÉ SUCCINCT

DE LA

CONTESTATION,

QUI S'EST ÉLEVÉ ENTRE

M. HUME ET M. ROUSSEAU,

AVEC

LES PIÈCES JUSTIFICATIVES.

(Tirée de la Supplement à la Collection des Ouvres de J. J. Rousseau, Citoyen de Geneve, tome 2, qui forme tome 14, de même Collection. Imprimé à Geneve, 1782.)

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AVERTISSEMENT

DES

ÉDITEURS.

LE nom & les Ouvrages de M. Hume sont connus depuis longtemps de toute l'Europe : ceux qui connoissent sa personne, ont vu en lui des mœurs douces & simples, beaucoup de droiture, de candeur & de bonté ; & la modération de son caractère se peint dans ses écrits.

Il a employé les grands talens qu'il a reçus de la nature & les lumières qu'il a acquises par l'étude, à chercher la vérité & à inspirer l'amour des hommes ; jamais il n'a prodigué son temps & compromis son repos dans aucune querelle, ni littéraire ni personnelle. Il a vu cent fois ses écrits censurés avec amertume par la fanatisme, l'ignorance & l'esprit de parti, sans avoir jamais répondu à un seul de ses adversaires.

Ceux même qui ont attaqué ses Ouvrages avec le plus de violence ont toujours respecté son caractère. Son amour pour la paix est si connu, qu'on lui a plus d'une fois apporté des critiques faites
contre

contre lui-même, pour le prier de les revoir & de les corriger. On lui remit un jour une critique de ce genre, où il étoit traité d'une manière fort dure, & même injurieuse : il le fit remarquer à l'Auteur, qui effaça les injures en rougissant & en admirant la force de *l'esprit polémique* qui l'avoit ainsi emporté, sans qu'il s'en apperçut, au-delà des bornes de l'honnêteté.

Avec des dispositions si pacifiques, ce n'est qu'avec une extrême répugnance que M. Hume a pu consentir à laisser paroître l'écrit qu'on va lire. Il fait que les querelles des gens de lettres sont le scandale de la philosophie, & personne n'étoit moins fait que lui pour donner un pareil scandale, si consolant pour les fots ; mais les circonstances l'ont entraîné malgré lui à cet éclat fâcheux.

Tout le monde fait que M. Rousseau, pros crit de tous les lieux qu'il avoit habités, s'étoit enfin déterminé à se réfugier en Angleterre, & que M. Hume, touché de sa situation & de ses malheurs, s'étoit chargé de l'y conduire, & étoit parvenu à lui procurer un asyle sûr, commode & tranquille. Mais peu de gens savent combien de chaleur, d'activité, de délicatesse même M. Hume a mis dans cet acte de bienfaisance ; quel tendre attachement il avoit pris pour ce nouvel Ami, que l'humanité lui avoit donné ; avec quelle adresse il cherchoit à prévenir ses besoins, sans blesser son amour-propre ; avec quel zèle enfin il s'occupoit à justifier aux yeux des autres les singularités de M. Rousseau, & à défendre

dre son caractère contre ceux qui n'en jugeoient pas aussi favorablement que lui,

Dans le tems même que M. Hume travailloit à rendre à M. Rousseau le service le plus essentiel, il reçut de lui la lettre la plus outrageante. Plus le coup étoit inattendu, plus il devoit être sensible. M. Hume écrivit cette aventure à quelques-uns de ses amis à Paris ; & il s'exprima dans ses lettres avec toute l'indignation que lui inspiroit un si étrange procédé. Il se crut dispensé d'avoir aucun ménagement pour un homme, qui après avoir reçu de lui les marques d'amitié les plus constantes & les moins équivoques, l'appelloit, motifs, faux, traître, & le plus méchant des hommes.

Cependant le démêlé de ces deux hommes célèbres ne tarda pas à éclater. Les plaintes de M. Hume parvinrent bientôt à la connoissance du public, qui eut d'abord de la peine à croire que M. Rousseau fût coupable de l'excès d'ingratitude dont on l'accusoit. Les amis même de M. Hume craignirent que dans un premier moment de sensibilité, il ne se fût laissé emporter trop loin, & qu'il n'eût pris pour les défauts du cœur les délires de l'imagination, ou les travers de l'esprit. Il crut devoir éclaircir cette affaire, en écrivant un précis de tout ce qui s'étoit passé entre lui & M. Rousseau, depuis leur liaison jusqu'à leur rupture. Il envoya cet écrit à ses amis ; quelques uns lui conseillèrent de le faire imprimer, en lui disant que ses accusations contre M. Rousseau étant devenues publiques, les preuves

preuves devoient l'être aussi. M. Hume ne se rendit pas à ces raisons, & aima mieux courir le risque d'un jugement injuste, que de se résoudre à un éclat si contraire à son caractère ; mais un nouvel incident a vaincu sa résistance.

M. Rousseau a adressé à un libraire de Paris une lettre, où il accuse sans détour M. Hume de s'être ligué avec ses ennemis pour le trahir & le diffamer, & où il le défie hautement de faire imprimer les pièces qu'il a entre les mains. Cette lettre a été communiquée, à Paris, à un très-grand nombre de personnes ; elle a été traduite en Anglois, & la traduction est imprimée dans les papiers de Londres. Une accusation & un défi si publics ne pouvoient rester sans réponse ; & un plus long silence de la part de M. Hume auroit été interprété d'une manière peu favorable pour lui.

D'ailleurs, la nouvelle de ce démêlé s'est répandue dans toute l'Europe, & l'on en a porté des jugemens fort divers. Il seroit plus heureux sans doute que toute cette affaire eût été ensevelie dans un profond secret ; mais puisqu'on n'a pu empêcher le public de s'en occuper, il faut du moins qu'il sache à quoi s'en tenir. Les amis de M. Hume se sont réunis pour lui représenter toutes ces raisons. Il a senti la nécessité d'en venir enfin à une extrémité qu'il redoutoit si fort, & a consenti à laisser imprimer son mémoire. C'est l'ouvrage que nous donnons ici. Le récit & les notes sont traduits de l'Anglois. Les lettres de M. Rousseau, qui

qui servent de pieces justificatives aux faits, sont des copies exactes des originaux.

Cette brochure offrira des traits de bizarerie assez étranges a ceux qui prendront la peine de la lire ; mais ceux qui ne s'en soucieront pas feront encore mieux ; tant ce qu'elle renferme importe peu à ceux qui n'y sont pas intéressés.

Au reste, M. Hume, en livrant au public les pieces de son procès, nous a autorisés à déclarer qu'il ne reprendra jamais la plume sur ce sujet. M. Rousseau peut revenir à la charge ; il peut produire des suppositions, des interprétations, des inductions, des déclamations nouvelles ; il peut créer & réaliser de nouveaux phantômes & envelopper tout cela des nuages de sa rhétorique, il ne fera plus contrédit. Tous les faits sont actuellement sous les yeux du public. M. Hume abandonne sa cause au jugement des esprits droits & des cœurs honnêtes.

EXPOSÉ SUCCINCT, &c.

MA liaison avec M. Rousseau commença en 1762, lorsqu'il fut décrété de prise de corps, à l'occasion de son *Emile*, par un arrêt du Parlement de Paris. J'étois alors à Edinbourg. Une personne de mérite m'écrivit de Paris que M. Rousseau avoit le dessein de passer en Angleterre pour y chercher un asyle, & me demanda mes bons offices pour lui. Comme je supposai que M. Rousseau avoit exécuté cette résolution, j'écrivis à plusieurs de mes amis à Londres, pour leur recommander ce célèbre exilé, & je lui écrivis à lui-même pour l'assurer de mon zele & de mon empressement à le servir. Je l'invitois en même temps à venir à Edinbourg, si ce séjour pouvoit lui convenir, & je lui offrois une retraite dans ma maison pour tout le temps qu'il daigneroit la partager avec moi. Je n'avois pas besoin d'autre motif pour être excité à cet acte d'humanité, que l'idée que m'avoit donnée du caractère de M. Rousseau la personne qui me l'avoit recommandé, & la célébrité de son génie, de ses talens, & sur-tout de ses malheurs, dont la cause même étoit une raison de plus pour s'intéresser à lui. Voici la réponse que je reçus.

M. ROUSSEAU

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

A Motiers-Travers, le 19 Février 1763.

“ Je n’ai reçu qu’ici, Monsieur, & depuis peu, la lettre dont vous m’honoriez à Londres, le 2 Juillet dernier, supposant que j’étois dans cette capitale. C’étoit sans doute dans votre nation, & le plus près de vous qu’il m’eût été possible, que j’aurois cherché ma retraite, si j’avois prévu l’accueil qui m’attendoit dans ma patrie. Il n’y avoit qu’elle que je pusse préférer à l’Angleterre, & cette prévention, dont j’ai été trop puni, m’étoit alors bien pardonnable ; mais, à mon grand étonnement, & même à celui du public, je n’ai trouvé que des affronts & des outrages où j’esperois, sinon de la reconnoissance, au moins des consolations. Que de choses m’ont fait regretter l’asyle & l’hospitalité philosophique qui m’attendoient près de vous ! Toutefois mes malheurs m’en ont toujours rapproché en quelque maniere. La protection & les bontés de Mylord Mareschal, votre illustre & digne compatriote, m’ont fait trouver, pour ainsi dire, l’Ecosse au milieu de la Suisse ; il vous a rendu présent à nos entretiens ; il m’a fait faire avec vos vertus la connoissance que je n’avois faite encore qu’avec vos talens ; il m’a inspiré la plus tendre amitié pour vous & le plus ardent desir d’obtenir la vôtre, avant que je fusse que vous étiez disposé à me l’accorder. Jugez, quand je trouve ce penchant réciproque, combien j’aurois de plaisir à m’y livrer ! Non, Monsieur, je ne vous rendois que la moitié
de

de ce qui vous étoit dû, quand je n'avois pour vous que de l'admiration. Vos grandes vues, votre étonnante impartialité, votre génie, vous élèveroient trop au-deffus des hommes si votre bon cœur ne vous en rapprochoit. Mylord Mareschal, en m'apprenant à vous voir encore plus aimable que sublime, me rend tous les jours votre commerce plus désirable, & nourrit en moi l'empressement qu'il m'a fait naître de finir mes jours près de vous. Monsieur, qu'une meilleure santé, qu'une situation plus commode ne me met-elle à portée de faire ce voyage comme je le désirerois ! Que ne puis-je espérer de nous voir un jour rassemblés avec Mylord dans votre commune patrie, qui deviendrait la mienne ! Je bénirois dans une société si douce les malheurs par lesquels j'y fus conduit, & je croirois n'avoir commencé de vivre que du jour qu'elle aurait commencé. Puisse-je voir cet heureux jour plus désiré qu'espéré ! Avec quel transport je m'écrierois en touchant l'heureuse terre où sont nés David Hume & le Mareschal d'Ecosse :

Salve, fatis mihi debita tellus !

Hæc domus, hæc patria est.

J. J. R.

Ce n'est point par vanité que je publie cette lettre ; car je vais bientôt mettre au jour une rétraction de tous ces éloges ; c'est seulement pour compléter la suite de notre correspondance & pour faire voir qu'il y a longtemps que j'ai été disposé à rendre service à M. Rousseau.

Notre commerce avoit entierement cessé jusqu'au milieu de l'été dernier (1765) lorsque la circonstance suivante le renouvela. Une personne qui s'intéresse à M. Rousseau, étant allée faire un voyage dans une des provinces de France qui avoisinent la Suisse, profita de cette occasion pour rendre visite au Philosophe solitaire, dans sa retraite à Motiers-Travers. Il dit à cette personne que le séjour de Neufchâtel lui devenoit tres-désagréable, tant par la superstition du peuple que par la rage dont les prêtres étoient animés contre lui ; qu'il craignoit d'être bientôt dans la nécessité d'aller chercher un asyle ailleurs, & que dans ce cas l'Angleterre lui paroïsoit, par la nature de ses loix & de son gouvernement, le seul endroit où il pût trouver une retraite assurée : il ajouta que Mylord Mareschal, son ancien Protecteur, lui avoit conseillé de se mettre sous sa *protection* (c'est le terme dont il voulut bien se servir) ; & qu'en conséquence il étoit disposé à s'adresser à moi, s'il croyoit que cela ne me donneroit pas trop d'embarras.

J'étois alors chargé des Affaires d'Angleterre à la Cour de France ; mais comme j'avois la perspective de retourner bientôt à Londres, je ne rejettai point une proposition qui m'étoit faite dans de semblables circonstances par un homme que son génie & ses malheurs avoient rendu célèbre. Dès que je fus informé de la situation & des intentions de M. Rousseau, je lui écrivis pour lui offrir mes services, & il me fit la réponse suivante.

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

A Strasbourg, le 4 Décembre, 1765.

“Vos bontés, Monsieur, me pénètrent autant qu’elles m’honorent. La plus digne réponse que je puisse faire à vos offres, est de les accepter, & je les accepte. Je partirai dans cinq ou six jours pour aller me jeter entre vos bras. C’est le conseil de Mylord Marechal, mon protecteur, mon ami, mon pere; c’est celui de Madame de ***, * dont la bienveillance éclairée me guide autant qu’elle me console; enfin, j’ose dire que c’est celui de mon cœur qui se plaît à devoir beaucoup au plus illustre de mes contemporains, dont la bonté surpasse la gloire. Je soupire après une retraite solitaire & libre où je puisse finir mes jours en paix. Si vos soins bienfaisans me la procurent, je jouirai tout ensemble & du seul bien que mon cœur désire, & du plaisir de le tenir de vous. Je vous salue, Monsieur, de tout mon cœur.”

J. J. R.

Je n’avois pas attendu ce moment pour m’occuper des moyens d’être utile à M. Rousseau. M. Clairaut, quelques semaines avant sa mort, m’avoit communiqué la lettre suivante.

* La personne que M. Rousseau nomme ici a exigé qu’on supprimât son nom. *Note des Editeurs.*

M. ROUSSEAU

M. ROUSSEAU,

M. ROUSSEAU À M. CLAIRAUT.

De Motiers-Travers, le 3 Mars, 1765.

“ Le souvenir, Monsieur, de vos anciennes bontés pour moi vous cause une nouvelle importunité de ma part. Il s'agiroit du vouloir bien être, pour la seconde fois, censeur d'un de mes ouvrages. C'est une très-mauvaise rapsodie que j'ai compilée il y a plusieurs années, sous le nom de *Dictionnaire de Musique*, & que je suis forcé de donner aujourd'hui pour avoir du pain. Dans le torrent des malheurs qui m'entraîne, je suis hors d'état de revoir ce recueil. Je fais qu'il est plein d'erreurs & de bevue. Si quelqu'intérêt pour le sort du plus malheureux des hommes vous portoit à voir son ouvrage avec un peu plus d'attention que celui d'une autre, je vous ferois sensiblement obligé de toutes les fautes que vous voudriez bien corriger chemin faisant. Les indiquer sans les corriger ne feroit rien faire, car je suis absolument hors d'état d'y donner la moindre attention, & si vous daignez en user comme de votre bien, pour changer, ajouter, ou retrancher, vous exercerez une charité très-utile & dont je serai très-reconnoissant. Recevez, Monsieur, mes très-humbles excuses & mes salutations.”

J. J. R.

Je le dis avec regret, mais je suis forcé de le dire: je fais aujourd'hui avec certitude que cette affectation de misère & de pauvreté extrême, n'est qu'une

petite charlatanerie que M. Rousseau emploie avec succès pour se rendre plus intéressant & exciter la commisération du public ; mais j'étois bien loin de soupçonner alors un semblable artifice. Je sentis s'élever dans mon cœur un mouvement de pitié, mêlé d'indignation, en imaginant qu'un homme de lettres, d'un mérite si éminent, étoit réduit, malgré la simplicité de sa manière de vivre, aux dernières extrémités de l'indigence, & que cet état malheureux étoit encore aggravé par la maladie, par l'approche de la vieillesse, & par la rage implacable des dévots persécuteurs.

Je savois que plusieurs personnes attribuoient l'état fâcheux où se trouvoit M. Rousseau, à son orgueil extrême qui lui avoit fait refuser les secours de ses amis ; mais je crus que ce défaut, si c'en étoit un, étoit un défaut respectable. Trop de gens de lettres ont avili leur caractère en s'abaissant à solliciter les secours d'hommes riches ou puissans, indignes de les protéger ; & je croyois qu'un noble orgueil, quoique porté à l'excès, méritoit de l'indulgence dans un homme de génie qui, soutenu par le sentiment de sa propre supériorité & par l'amour de l'indépendance, bravoit les outrages de la fortune & l'insolence des hommes. Je me proposai donc de servir M. Rousseau à sa manière. Je priai M. Clairaut de me donner sa lettre, & je la fis voir à plusieurs des amis & des protecteurs que M. Rousseau avoit à Paris. Je leur proposai un arrangement par lequel on pouvoit procurer des secours à M. Rousseau sans qu'il s'en doutât. C'étoit d'engager le

le libraire qui se chargeroit de son *Dictionnaire de Musique* à lui en donner une somme plus considérable que celle qu'il en auroit offerte de lui-même, & de rembourser cet excédent au libraire. Mais ce projet, pour l'exécution duquel les soins de M. Clairaut étoient nécessaires, échoua par la mort inopinée de ce profond & estimable savant.

Comme je conservois toujours la même idée de l'extrême pauvreté de M. Rousseau, je conservai aussi la même disposition à l'obliger, & dès que je fus assuré de l'intention où il étoit de passer en Angleterre sous ma conduite, je formai le plan d'un artifice à-peu-près semblable à celui que je n'avois pu exécuter à Paris. J'écrivis sur le champ à mon ami, M. Jean Stewart, de Buckingham-Street, que j'avois une affaire à lui communiquer, d'une nature si secrète & si délicate que je n'osois même la confier au papier, mais qu'il en apprendroit les détails de M. Elliot (aujourd'hui le Chevalier Gilbert Elliot) qui devoit bientôt retourner de Paris à Londres.

Voici ce plan, que M. Elliot communiqua en effet quelque temps après à M. Stewart, en lui recommandant le plus grand secret. M. Stewart devoit chercher dans le voisinage de sa maison de campagne quelque fermier honnête & discret qui voulût se charger de loger & nourrir M. Rousseau & sa gouvernante, & leur fournir abondamment toutes les commodités dont ils auroient besoin, moyennant une pension, que M. Stewart pouvoit por-

ter jusqu'à cinquante ou soixante livres * sterlings par an ; mais le Fermier devoit s'engager à garder exactement le secret & à ne recevoir de M. Rousseau que vingt ou vingt-cinq livres sterlings par an, & je lui aurois tenu compte du surplus.

M. Stewart m'écrivit bientôt après qu'il avoit trouvé une habitation qu'il croyoit convenable ; je le priaï de faire meubler l'appartement, à mes frais, d'une manière propre & commode. Ce plan, dans lequel il n'entroit assurément aucun motif de vanité, puisque le secret en faisoit une condition nécessaire, n'eut pas lieu, parce qu'il se présenta d'autres arrangements plus commodes & plus agréables. Tout ce fait est bien connu de M. Stewart & du Chevalier Gilbert Elliot.

Il ne fera peut-être pas hors de propos de parler ici d'un autre arrangement que j'avois concerté dans les mêmes intentions. J'avois accompagné M. Rousseau à une campagne très-agréable, dans le Comté de Surry, où nous passâmes deux jours chez le Colonel Webb. M. Rousseau me parut épris des beautés naturelles & solitaires de cet endroit. Aussi-tôt, par l'entremise de M. Stewart, j'entrai en marché avec le Colonel Webb, pour acheter sa maison avec un petit bien qui y appartenoit, afin d'en faire une établissement pour M. Rousseau. Si, après ce qui s'est passé, il y avoit

* La livre sterling vaut environ 22 liv. 10s. de notre monnoie.

de la sûreté à citer le témoignage de M. Rousseau sur quelque fait, j'en appellerois à lui-même pour la vérité de ceux que j'avance. Quoiqu'il en soit, ils sont connus de M. Stewart, du Général Clarke & en partie du Colonel Webb.

Je vais reprendre mon récit où je l'ai interrompu. M. Rousseau vint à Paris, muni d'un passeport que ses amis avoient obtenu. Je le conduisis en Angleterre. Pendant plus de deux mois, j'employai tous mes soins & ceux de mes amis pour trouver quelque arrangement qui pût lui convenir. On se prêtoit à tous ses caprices ; on excusoit toutes ses singularités ; on satisfaisoit toutes ses fantaisies ; on n'épargna enfin ni temps ni complaisance pour lui procurer ce qu'il désiroit ; &, quoique plusieurs des projets que j'avois formés pour son établissement eussent été rejettés, je me trouvois assez récompensé de mes peines par la reconnoissance & la tendresse même dont il paroissoit recevoir mon zele & mes bons offices.

Enfin on lui proposa l'arrangement auquel il est aujourd'hui fixé. M. Davenport, gentilhomme distingué par sa naissance, sa fortune and son mérite, lui a offert une maison, appelée Wootton, qu'il a dans le Comté de Derby, & qu'il habite rarement ; & M. Rousseau lui paie pour lui & pour sa gouvernante une modique pension.

Dès que M. Rousseau fut arrivé à Wootton, il m'écrivit la lettre suivante.

G g 4

M. ROUSSEAU

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

A Wootton, le 22 Mars, 1766.

“ Vous voyez déjà, mon cher patron, par la date de ma lettre, que je suis arrivé au lieu de ma destination. Mais vous ne pouvez voir tous les charmes que j’y trouve; il faudroit connoître le lieu & lire dans mon cœur. Vous y devez lire au moins les sentimens qui vous regardent & que vous avez si bien mérités. Si je vis dans cet agréable asyle aussi heureux que je l’espere, une des douceurs de ma vie sera de penser que je vous les dois. Faire un homme heureux c’est mériter de l’être. Puissiez-vous trouver en vous-même le prix de tout ce que vous avez fait pour moi! Seul, j’aurois pu trouver de l’hospitalité, peut-être; mais je ne l’aurois jamais aussi bien goûtée qu’en la tenant de votre amitié. Conservez-la moi toujours, mon cher patron, aimez-moi pour moi qui vous dois tant; pour vous-même; aimez-moi pour le bien que vous m’avez fait. Je sens tout le prix de votre sincere amitié; je la désire ardemment; j’y veux répondre par toute la mienne, & je sens dans mon cœur de quoi vous convaincre un jour qu’elle n’est pas non plus sans quelque prix. Comme, pour des raisons dont nous avons parlé, je ne veux rien recevoir par la poste, je vous prie, lorsque vous ferez la bonne œuvre de m’écrire, de remettre votre lettre à M. Davenport. L’affaire de ma voiture n’est pas arrangée, parce que je fais qu’on m’en a imposé: c’est une petite faute qui peut n’être que l’ouvrage d’une vanité obligeante, quand elle ne revient pas
deux

deux fois. Si vous y avez trempé, je vous conseille de quitter une fois pour toutes ces petites ruses qui ne peuvent avoir un bon principe quand elles se tournent en pièges contre la simplicité. Je vous embrasse, mon cher patron, avec le même cœur que j'espère & désire trouver en vous."

J. J. R.

Peu de jours après, je reçus de lui une autre lettre dont voici la copie.

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

A Wootton le 29 Mars, 1766.

"Vous avez vu, mon cher patron, par la lettre que M. Davenport a dû vous remettre, combien je me trouve ici placé selon mon goût. J'y ferois peut-être plus à mon aise si l'on y avoit pour moi moins d'attentions; mais les soins d'un si galant homme sont trop obligeans pour s'en fâcher; & comme tout est mêlé d'inconvéniens dans la vie, celui d'être trop bien est un de ceux qui se tolèrent le plus aisément. J'en trouve un plus grand à ne pouvoir me faire bien entendre des domestiques, ni sur-tout entendre un mot de ce qu'ils me disent. Heureusement Mademoiselle le Vasseur me sert d'interprete, & ses doigts parlent mieux que ma langue. Je troye même à mon ignorance un avantage qui pourra faire compensation, c'est d'écarter les oisifs en les ennuyant. J'ai eu hier la visite de M. le Ministre qui, voyant que je ne lui parlois que François, n'a pas voulu me parler Anglois; de sorte que
l'entrevue

l'entrevue s'est passée à-peu-près sans mot dire. J'ai pris goût à l'expédient ; je m'en servirai avec tous mes voisins, si j'en ai, & dussé-je apprendre l'Anglois, je ne leur parlerai que François, sur-tout si j'ai le bonheur qu'ils n'en sachent pas un mot. C'est à-peu-près la ruse des singes qui, disent les negres, ne veulent pas parler quoiqu'ils le puissent, de peur qu'on ne les fasse travailler.

“ Il n'est point vrai du tout que je sois convenu avec M. Goffet de recevoir un modele en présent. Au contraire, je lui en demandai le prix, qu'il me dit être d'une guinée & demie, ajoutant qu'il m'en vouloit faire la galanterie, ce que je n'ai point accepté. Je vous prie donc de vouloir bien lui payer le modele en question, dont M. Davenport aura la bonté de vous rembourser. S'il n'y consent pas, il faut le lui rendre & le faire acheter par une autre main. Il est destiné pour M. du Peyrou qui depuis long-temps désire avoir mon portrait & en a fait faire un en miniature qui n'est point du tout ressemblant. Vous êtes pourvu mieux que lui, mais je suis fâché que vous m'ayez ôté par une diligence aussi flatteuse le plaisir de remplir le même devoir envers vous. Ayez la bonté, mon cher patron, de faire remettre ce modele à MM. *Guinand & Hankey, Little St. Hellen's Bishopsgate-Street*, pour l'envoyer à M. du Peyrou par la première occasion sûre. Il gèle ici depuis que j'y suis : il a neigé tous les jours : le vent coupe le visage ; malgré cela, j'aimerois mieux habiter le trou d'un des lapins de cette garenne que le plus bel appartement de Londres.

dres. Bon jour, mon cher patron, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur."

J. J. R.

Comme nous étions convenus, M. Rousseau & moi, de ne point nous gêner l'un l'autre par un commerce de lettres suivi, nous n'avions plus d'autre objet de correspondance épistolaire que celui d'une pension qu'il s'agissoit de lui obtenir du Roi d'Angleterre. Voici le récit fidele & succinct de cette affaire.

Un soir que nous causions ensemble à Calais, où nous étions retenus par les vents contraires, je demandai à M. Rousseau s'il n'accepteroit pas une pension du Roi d'Angleterre, au cas que Sa Majesté voulût bien la lui accorder. Il me répondit que cela n'étoit pas sans difficulté, mais qu'il s'en rapporteroit entièrement à l'avis de Mylord Mareschal. Encouragé par cette reponse, je ne fus pas plutôt arrivé à Londres que je m'adressai pour cet objet aux Ministres du Roi, & particulièrement au Général Conway, Secrétaire d'Etat, & au Général Groeme, Secrétaire & Chambellan de la Reine. Ils firent la demande de la pension à leurs Majestés qui y consentirent avec bonté, à condition seulement que la chose resteroit secreete. Nous écrivîmes, M. Rousseau & moi, à Mylord Mareschal, & M. Rousseau marqua dans sa lettre que le secret qu'on demandoit étoit pour lui une circonstance très-agréable. Le consentement de Mylord Mareschal arriva, comme on se l'imagine bien; M.
Rousseau

Rousseau partit peu de jours après pour Wootton, & cette affaire resta quelque temps suspendue, par un dérangement qui survint dans la santé du Général Conway.

Cependant le temps que j'avois passé avec M. Rousseau m'avoit mis à portée de démêler son caractère ; je commençois à craindre que l'inquiétude d'esprit qui lui est naturelle ne l'empêchât de jouir du repos, auquel l'hospitalité & la sûreté qu'il trouvoit en Angleterre l'invitoient à se livrer : je voyois, avec une peine infinie, qu'il étoit né pour le tumulte & les orages, & que le dégoût qui fuit la jouissance paisible de la solitude & de la tranquillité, le rendroit bientôt à charge à lui-même & à tout ce qui l'environnoit ; mais, éloigné du lieu qu'il habitoit de cent cinquante milles, & sans cesse occupé des moyens de lui rendre service, je ne m'attendois guères à être moi-même la victime de cette malheureuse disposition de caractère.

Il est nécessaire que je rappelle ici une lettre qui avoit été écrite à Paris, l'hiver dernier, sous le nom supposé du Roi de Prusse. En voici la copie.

“ Mon cher Jean-Jacques,

“ Vous avez renoncé à Geneve, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits ; la France vous a décrété ; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talens ; je m'amuse de vos rêveries qui (soit dit en passant)

vous

vous occupent trop & trop longtemps. Il faut à la fin être sage & heureux ; vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme : démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun : cela les fâchera sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible : je vous veux du bien & je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez ; je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits ; & , ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

“ Votre bon ami,

“ FREDERICK.”

Cette lettre avoit été composée par M. Horace Walpole, environ trois semaines avant mon départ de Paris ; mais quoique je logeasse dans le même hôtel que M. Walpole & que nous nous vissions très-souvent, cependant, par attention pour moi, il avoit soigneusement caché cette plaisanterie jusqu'après mon départ. Alors il la montra à quelques amis ; on en prit des copies, qui bientôt se multiplierent. Cette petite piece se répandit rapidement dans toute l'Europe, & elle étoit dans les mains de tout le monde lorsque je la vis à Londres pour la première fois.

Tous

Tous ceux qui connoissent la liberté dont on jouit en Angleterre conviendront, je pense, que toute l'autorité du Roi, des Lords, & des Communes, & toute la puissance ecclésiastique, civile & militaire du royaume ne pourroient empêcher qu'on n'y imprimât une plaisanterie de ce genre. Aussi ne fus-je pas étonné de la voir paroître dans le *St. James's Chronicle* ; mais je le fus beaucoup de trouver quelques jours après, dans le même papier, la piece suivante.

M. ROUSSEAU À L'AUTEUR DU ST. JAMES'S
CHRONICLE.

De Wootton, le 7 Avril, 1766.

“ Vous avez manqué, Monsieur, au respect que tout particulier doit aux têtes couronnées, en attribuant publiquement au Roi de Prusse une lettre pleine d'extravagance & de méchanceté, dont par cela seul vous deviez savoir qu'il ne pouvoit être l'auteur. Vous avez même osé transcrire sa signature, comme si vous l'aviez vue écrite de sa main. Je vous apprens, Monsieur, que cette lettre a été fabriquée à Paris, & ce qui navre & déchire mon cœur, que l'imposteur a des complices en Angleterre.

“ Vous devez au Roi de Prusse, à la vérité, à moi, d'imprimer la lettre que je vous écris & que je signe, en réparation d'une faute que vous vous reprocheriez sans doute, si vous saviez de quelles
noirceurs

noirceurs vous vous rendez l'instrument. Je vous fais, Monsieur, mes sinceres salutations."

J. J. R.

Je fus affligé de voir M. Rousseau montrer cet excès de sensibilité pour un incident aussi simple & inévitable que la publication de la prétendue lettre du Roi de Prusse ; mais je me serois cru coupable moi-même de noirceur & de méchanceté, si j'avois imaginé que M. Rousseau me soupçonnoit d'être l'editeur de cette plaisanterie, & que c'étoit contre moi qu'il se dispoisoit à tourner toute sa fureur. C'est cependant ce qu'il m'a appris depuis. Il est bon de remarquer que huit jours auparavant il m'avoit écrit la lettre la plus affectueuse* : c'est celle du 29 Mars. J'étois assurément le dernier homme du monde qui, dans les regles du sens commun, devoit être soupçonné ; cependant, sans la plus légère preuve, sans la moindre probabilité, c'est moi que non-seulement M. Rousseau soupçonne, mais qu'il accuse sans hésiter, d'avoir fait imprimer la satyre dont il se plaint ; &, sans faire aucune recherche, sans entrer dans aucune explication, c'est moi qu'il insulte avec dessein, dans un papier public ; du plus cher de ses amis, me voilà sur le champ converti en ennemi perfide & méchant, & par-là tous mes services passés & présens sont d'un seul trait adroitement effacés.

S'il n'étoit pas ridicule d'employer le raisonne-

* Page 457.

ment sur un semblable sujet & contre un tel homme, je demanderois à M. Rousseau pourquoi il me suppose le dessein de lui nuire. Les faits lui ont, en cent occasions, prouvé le contraire, & ce n'est pas l'usage que les services que nous avons rendus fassent naître en nous de la mauvaise volonté contre celui qui les a reçus. Mais, en supposant que j'eusse dans le cœur une secrète animosité contre M. Rousseau, me ferois-je exposé au risque d'être découvert, en envoyant moi-même aux auteurs des papiers publics une satyre qui faisoit du bruit & qui étant aussi généralement répandue, ne pouvoit manquer de tomber bientôt entre leurs mains ?

Comme je n'avois garde de me croire l'objet d'un soupçon si atroce & si ridicule, je continuai à servir M. Rousseau de la maniere la plus constante & la moins équivoque. Je renouvelai mes sollicitations auprès du Général Conway, dès que l'état de sa santé put lui permettre de s'occuper de quelque chose. Le Général s'adressa de nouveau au Roi pour la pension que nous demandions, & Sa Majesté y donna une seconde fois son consentement. On s'adressa aussi au Marquis de Rockingham, premier lord de la trésorerie, pour arranger cette affaire ; enfin, je la vois heureusement terminée, & plein de la joie la plus vive, j'en mande la nouvelle à mon ami. Je n'en reçus point de réponse ; mais voici la lettre qu'il écrivit au Général Conway,

M. ROUSSEAU

M. ROUSSEAU AU GENERAL CONWAY.

“ Monsieur,

Le 22 Mai, 1766.

“ Vivement touché des graces dont il plaît à Sa Majesté de m'honorer, & de vos bontés qui me les ont attirées, j'y trouve, dès-à-présent, ce bien précieux à mon cœur, d'intéresser à mon sort le meilleur des rois & l'homme le plus digne d'être aimé de lui. Voilà, Monsieur, un avantage dont je suis jaloux & que je ne mériterai jamais de perdre. Mais il faut vous parler avec la franchise que vous aimez. Après tant de malheurs, je me croyois préparé à tous les événemens possibles ; il m'en arrive pourtant que je n'avois pas prévus & qu'il n'est pas même permis à un honnête homme de prévoir. Ils m'en affectent d'autant plus cruellement, & le trouble où ils me jettent m'ôtant la liberté d'esprit nécessaire pour me bien conduire, tout ce que me dit la raison dans un état aussi triste est de suspendre mes résolutions sur toute affaire importante, telle qu'est pour moi celle dont il s'agit. Loin de me refuser aux bienfaits du roi, par l'orgueil qu'on m'impute, je le mettrois à m'en glorifier, & tout ce que j'y vois de pénible est de ne pouvoir m'en honorer aux yeux du public comme aux miens propres. Mais lorsque je les recevrai, je veux pouvoir me livrer tout entier aux sentimens qu'ils m'inspirent, & n'avoir le cœur plein que des bontés de Sa Majesté & des vôtres. Je ne crains pas que cette façon de penser les puisse altérer. Daignez donc, Monsieur, me les conserver pour des temps plus heureux :

H h

vous

vous connoîtrez alors que je ne differe de m'en prévaloir, que pour tâcher de m'en rendre plus digne. Agréez, Monsieur, je vous supplie, mes très-humbles salutations & mon respect."

J. J. R.

Cette lettre parut au Général Conway, comme à moi, un refus net d'accepter la pension tant qu'on en feroit un secret; mais comme M. Rousseau avoit été dès le commencement instruit de cette condition, & que toute sa conduite, ses discours, ses lettres, m'avoient persuadé qu'elle lui convenoit, je jugeai qu'il avoit honte de se rétracter la dessus en m'écrivant, & je crus voir dans cette mauvaise honte la raison d'un silence dont j'étois surpris.

J'obtins du Général Conway qu'il ne prendroit aucune résolution relativement à cette affaire; & j'écrivis à M. Rousseau une lettre pleine d'amitié, dans laquelle je l'exhortai à reprendre sa première façon de penser & à accepter la pension.

Quant à l'accablement profond dont M. Rousseau se plaint dans sa lettre au Général Conway, & qui lui ôtoit, disoit-il, jusqu'à la liberté de son esprit, je fus rassuré à cet égard par une lettre de M. Davenport, qui me marquoit que précisément dans ce temps là son hôte étoit très-content, très-gai & mêmes très-sociable. Je reconnus là cette foiblesse ordinaire de mon ami, qui veut toujours être un objet d'intérêt en passant pour un homme opprimé
par

par l'infortune, la maladie, les persécutions, lors même qu'il est le plus tranquille & le plus heureux. Son affectation de sensibilité extrême étoit un artifice trop souvent répété pour en imposer à un homme qui le connoissoit aussi bien que moi. D'ailleurs, en le supposant même aussi vivement affecté qu'il le disoit, je n'aurois pu attribuer cette disposition qu'à la prétendue lettre du Roi de Prusse dont il avoit témoigné tant de chagrin dans les papiers publics.

J'attendis trois semaines sans avoir de réponse. Ce procédé me parut un peu étrange & je l'écrivis à M. Davenport ; cependant comme j'avois affaire à un homme très-étrange aussi, & que j'attribuois toujours son silence à la petite honte qu'il pouvoit avoir de m'écrire, je ne voulus pas me décourager, & perdre, pour un vain cérémonial, l'occasion de lui rendre un service essentiel. Je renouvelai donc mes sollicitations auprès des ministres, & je fus assez heureux dans mes soins pour être autorisé à écrire la lettre suivante à M. Rousseau : c'est la première dont j'aie conservé une copie.

M. HUME À M. ROUSSEAU.

Londres, le 19 Juin, 1766.

“ Comme je n'ai reçu, Monsieur, aucune réponse de vous, j'en conclus que vous perséverez dans la résolution de refuser les bienfaits de Sa Majesté, tant qu'on en fera un secret. Je me suis en

H h 2

conséquence

conséquence adressé au Général Conway pour faire supprimer cette condition, & j'ai été assez heureux pour obtenir de lui la promesse d'en parler au roi. Il faut seulement, m'a-t'il dit, que nous sachions préalablement de M. Rousseau s'il est disposé à accepter une pension qui lui seroit accordée publiquement, afin que Sa Majesté ne soit pas exposée à un second refus. Il m'a autorisé à vous écrire là-dessus, & je vous prie de me faire savoir votre résolution le plutôt que vous pourrez. Si vous m'envoyez votre consentement, ce que je vous prie instamment de faire, je fais que je peux compter sur les bons offices du Duc de Richmond pour appuyer la demande du Général Conway ; ainsi je ne doute nullement du succès.

“ Je suis, mon cher Monsieur, très-sincèrement tout à vous.”

D. H.

Je reçus au bout de cinq jours la réponse suivante.

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

A Woolton, le 23 Juin, 1766.

“ Je croyois, Monsieur, que mon silence interprété par votre conscience en disoit assez ; mais puisqu'il entre dans vos vues de ne pas l'entendre, je parlerai. Vous vous êtes mal caché, je vous connois, & vous ne l'ignorez pas. Sans liaisons antérieures, sans querelles, sans démêlés, sans nous
connoître

connoître autrement que par la réputation littéraire, vous vous empressez à m'offrir, dans mes malheurs, vos amis & vos soins ; touché de votre générosité, jeme jette entre vos bras ; vous m'amenez en Angleterre, en apparence pour m'y procurer un asyle, & en effet pour m'y déshonorer. Vous vous appliquez à cette nouble œuvre avec un zele digne de votre cœur, & avec un succès digne de vos talens. Il n'en falloit pas tant pour réussir : vous vivez dans le grand monde, & moi dans la retraite ; le public aime à être trompé, & vous êtes fait pour le tromper. Je connois pourtant un homme que vous ne tromperez pas : c'est vous-même. Vous savez avec quelle horreur mon cœur repoussa le premier soupçon de vos desseins. Je vous dis, en vous embrassant, les yeux en larmes, que, si vous n'étiez pas le meilleur des hommes, il falloit que vous en fussiez le plus noir. En pensant à votre conduite secrete, vous vous direz quelquefois que vous n'êtes pas le meilleur des hommes, & je doute qu'avec cette idée vous en foyez jamais le plus heureux.

“ Je laisse un libre cours aux manœuvres de vos amis, & aux vôtres, & je vous abandonne avec peu de regret ma réputation pendant ma vie, bien fûr qu'un jour on nous rendra justice à tous deux. Quant aux bons offices en matiere d'intérêt avec lesquels vous vous masquez, je vous en remercie & vous en dispense. Je me dois de n'avoir plus de commerce avec vous, & de n'accepter pas même à mon avantage, aucune affaire dont vous foyez le médiateur. Adieu, Monsieur, je vous souhaite le

plus vrai bonheur ; mais, comme nous ne devons plus rien avoir à nous dire, voici la dernière lettre que vous recevrez de moi.”

J. J. R.

Je lui fis sur le champ la réponse suivante.

M. HUME À M. ROUSSEAU.

Ce 26 Juin, 1799.

“ Comme la conscience me dit que j’en ai toujours agi avec vous de la manière la plus amicale & que je vous ai donné, en toute occasion, les preuves les plus tendres & les plus actives d’une sincère affection, vous pouvez juger de l’extrême surprise que m’a causée la lecture de votre lettre. Il est aussi impossible de répondre à des accusations si violentes & bornées à de simples généralités, qu’il est impossible de les concevoir. Mais cette affaire ne peut, de doit pas en rester là. Je suppose charitablement que quelqu’infâme calomniateur m’a noirci auprès de vous ; mais en ce cas, le devoir vous oblige, & je suis persuadé que votre propre inclination vous porte à me donner les moyens de connaître mon accusateur & de me justifier ; ce que vous ne pouvez faire qu’en m’instruisant de ce dont on m’accuse. Vous dites que je fais moi-même que je vous ai trahi ; mais, je le dis hautement & je le dirai à tout l’univers : je fais le contraire ; je fais que mon amitié pour vous a été sans bornes & sans relâche ; &, quoique je vous en aie donné des preuves

preuves qui sont universellement connues en France & en Angleterre, le public n'en connoît encore que la plus petite partie. Je demande que vous me nommiez l'homme qui ose affirmer le contraire, & surtout je demande qu'il cite une seule circonstance dans laquelle je vous aie manqué. Vous le devez à moi ; vous le devez à vous-même ; vous le devez à la vérité, à l'honneur, à la justice, à tout ce qu'il y a de sacré parmi les hommes. C'est comme innocent, car je ne dirai pas comme votre ami, je ne dirai pas comme votre bienfaiteur ; c'est, je le répète, comme innocent, que je réclame le droit de prouver mon innocence & de confondre les scandaleuses faussetés qu'on peut avoir forgées contre moi. J'espère que M. Davenport, à qui j'ai envoyé une copie de votre lettre, & qui lira cell-ci avant de vous la remettre, appuiera ma demande, & vous dira qu'elle est juste. J'ai heureusement conservé la lettre que vous m'avez écrite après votre arrivée à Wootton, & où vous me marquez, dans les termes les plus forts, & même dans des termes trop forts, combien vous êtes sensible aux foibles efforts que j'ai faits pour vous être utile. Le petit commerce de lettres que nous avons eu ensuite n'a eu pour objet, de ma part, que des vues dictées par l'amitié. Dites-moi donc ce qui, depuis ce temps-là, a pu vous offenser ; dites-moi de quoi l'on m'accuse ; dites-moi quel est mon accusateur ; & quand vous aurez rempli ces conditions à ma satisfaction & à celle de M. Davenport, vous aurez encore beaucoup de peine à vous justifier d'employer

ployer des expressions si outrageantes contre un homme avec qui vous avez été si étroitement lié, & qui méritoit, à plusieurs titres, d'être traité par vous avec plus d'égards & de décence.

“ M. Davenport fait tout ce qui s'est passé relativement à votre pension, parce qu'il m'a paru nécessaire, que la personne, qui s'est chargée de vous procurer un établissement, connoisse exactement l'état de votre fortune, afin qu'elle ne soit pas tentée d'exercer à votre égard des actes de générosité, qui, en parvenant par hasard à votre connoissance, pourroient vous donner quelque sujet de mécontentement.

“ Je suis, Monsieur, &c.

“ D. H.”

Le crédit de M. Davenport me procura, au bout de trois semaines, l'énorme lettre qu'on va lire, & qui a du moins cet avantage pour moi qu'elle confirme toutes les circonstances importantes de mon récit. J'y joindrai quelques notes* qui ne tomberont que sur des faits que M. Rousseau a présentés peu fidèlement, & je laisserai à mes lecteurs à juger lequel de nous deux mérite le plus de confiance.

* Les notes de M. Hume sont distinguées par des chiffres & imprimées en caractères romains ; celles de M. Rousseau sont distinguées par une étoile & imprimées en caractères italiques.
—*Note des Editeurs.*

M. ROUSSEAU A M. HUME.

A Wootton, le 10 Juillet, 1766.

“ Je suis malade, Monsieur, & peu en état d’écrire; mais vous voulez une explication, il faut vous la donner. Il n’a tenu qu’à vous de l’avoir depuis longtemps ⁽¹⁾: vous n’en voulûtes point alors, je me tus; vous la voulez aujourd’hui, je vous l’envoie. Elle fera longue, j’en suis fâché; mais j’ai beaucoup à dire, & je n’y veux pas revenir à deux fois.

“ Je ne vis point dans le monde; j’ignore ce qui s’y passe; je n’ai point de parti, point d’associé, point d’intrigue; on ne me dit rien, je ne fais que ce que je sens; mais comme on me le fait bien sentir, je le fais bien. Le premier soin de ceux, qui trament des noirceurs, est, de se mettre à couvert des preuves juridiques; il ne feroit pas bon leur intenter procès. La conviction intérieure admet un autre genre de preuves qui reglent les sentimens d’un honnête homme. Vous saurez sur quoi sont fondés les miens.

“ Vous demandez avec beaucoup de confiance qu’on vous nomme votre accusateur. Cet accusa-

(1) M. Rousseau ne m’a assurément jamais donné lieu de lui demander une explication. Si, pendant que nous avons vécu ensemble, il a eu quelques uns des indignes soupçons dont cette lettre est remplie, il les a tenus bien secrets.

teur,

teur, Monsieur, est le seul homme au monde qui, déposant contre vous, pouvoit se faire écouter de moi ; c'est vous-même. Je vais me livrer sans réserve & sans crainte à mon caractère ouvert ; ennemi de tout artifice, je vous parlerai avec la même franchise que si vous étiez un autre en qui j'eusse toute la confiance que je n'ai plus en vous. Je vous ferai l'histoire des mouvemens de mon ame & de ce qui les a produits, & nommant M. Hume en tierce personne, je vous ferai juge vous-même de ce que je dois penser de lui. Malgré la longueur de ma lettre, je n'y suivrai point d'autre ordre que celui de mes idées, commençant par les indices & finissant par la démonstration.

“ Je quittois la Suisse, fatigué de traitemens barbares, mais qui du moins ne mettoient en péril que ma personne & laissoient mon honneur en sûreté. Je suivois les mouvemens de mon cœur pour aller joindre Mylord Marechal ; quand je reçus à Strasbourg de M. Hume l'invitation la plus tendre de passer avec lui en Angleterre, où il me promettoit l'accueil le plus agréable, & plus de tranquillité que je n'y en ai trouvé. Je balançai entre l'ancien ami & le nouveau, j'eus tort ; je préfèrai ce dernier, j'eus plus grand tort : mais le desir de connoître par moi-même une nation célèbre, dont on me disoit tant de mal & tant de bien, l'emporta. Sûr de ne pas perdre George Keith, j'étois flatté d'acquérir David Hume. Son mérite, ses rares talens, l'honnêteté bien établie de son caractère, me faisoient
désirer

désirer de joindre son amitié à celle dont m'honorait son illustre compatriote ; & je me faisois une sorte de gloire de montrer un bel exemple aux gens de lettres dans l'union sincère de deux hommes dont les principes étoient si différens.

“ Avant l'invitation du Roi de Prusse & de Mylord Mareschal, incertain sur le lieu de ma retraite, j'avois demandé & obtenu par mes amis un passeport de la Cour de France, dont je me servis pour aller à Paris joindre M. Hume. Il vit, & vit trop peut-être, l'accueil que je reçus d'un grand prince, &, j'ose dire, du public. Je me prêtai par devoir, mais avec répugnance à cet éclat, jugeant combien l'envie de mes ennemis en feroit irritée. Ce fut un spectacle bien doux pour moi que l'augmentation sensible de bienveillance pour M. Hume, que la bonne œuvre qu'il alloit faire produisit dans tout Paris. Il devoit en être touché comme moi ; je ne fais s'il le fut de la même manière.

“ Nous partons avec un de mes amis, qui, presque uniquement pour moi, faisoit le voyage d'Angleterre. En débarquant à Douvres, transporté de toucher enfin cette terre de liberté, & d'y être amené par cet homme illustre, je lui saute au cou, je l'embrasse étroitement sans rien dire, mais en couvrant son visage de baisers & de larmes qui parloient assez. Ce n'est pas la seule fois ni la plus remarquable où il ait pu voir en moi les saisissemens d'un cœur pénétré. Je ne fais ce qu'il fait de ces souvenirs, s'ils
lui

lui viennent ; j'ai dans l'esprit qu'il en doit quelquefois être importuné.

“ Nous sommes fêtés arrivant à Londres. On s'empresse dans tous les états à me marquer de la bienveillance & de l'estime. M. Hume me présente de bonne grace à tout le monde ; il étoit naturel de lui attribuer, comme je faisois, la meilleure partie de ce bon accueil : mon cœur étoit plein de lui, j'en parlois à tout le monde, j'en écrivois à tous mes amis ; mon attachement pour lui prenoit chaque jour de nouvelles forces ; le sien paroissoit pour moi de plus tendres, & il m'en a quelquefois donné des marques dont je me suis senti très-touché. Celle de faire faire mon portrait en grand ne fut pourtant pas de ce nombre. Cette fantaisie me parut trop affichée, & j'y trouvai je ne fais quel air d'ostentation qui ne me plut pas. C'est tout ce que j'aurois pu passer à M. Hume s'il eût été homme à jeter son argent par les fenêtres, & qu'il eût eu dans une galerie tous les portraits de ses amis. Au reste, j'avouerai sans peine qu'en cela je puis avoir tort⁽²⁾.

(²) Voici le fait. M. Ramsay mon ami, peintre distingué & homme de mérite, me proposa de faire le portrait de M. Rousseau ; & lorsqu'il l'eut commencé, il me dit que son intention étoit de m'en faire présent. Ainsi ce n'est point à moi que l'idée en vint, & ce portrait ne me coûta rien. M. Rousseau s'est donc également mépris, & lorsqu'il me fait un compliment sur cette prétendue galanterie de ma part dans sa lettre du 29 Mars, & lorsqu'il s'en moque dans celle-ci.

“ Mais

“ Mais ce qui me parut un acte d'amitié & de générosité des plus vrais & des plus estimables, des plus dignes en un mot de M. Hume, ce fut le soin qu'il prit de solliciter pour moi de lui-même une pension du roi, à laquelle je n'avois assurément aucun droit d'aspirer. Témoin du zèle qu'il mit à cette affaire, j'en fus vivement pénétré : rien ne pouvoit plus me flatter qu'un service de cette espece, non pour l'intérêt assurément, car trop attaché peut-être à ce que je possède, je ne fais point désirer ce que je n'ai pas ; & ayant par mes amis & par mon travail du pain suffisamment pour vivre, je n'ambitionne rien de plus ; mais l'honneur de recevoir des témoignages de bonté, je ne dirai pas d'un si grand monarque, mais d'un si bon pere, d'un si bon mari, d'un si bon maître, d'un si bon ami, & sur-tout d'un si honnête homme, m'affectoit sensiblement ; & quand je considérois encore dans cette grace, que le ministre, qui l'a voit obtenue, étoit la probité vivante, cette probité si utile aux peuples, & si rare dans son état, je ne pouvois que me glorifier d'avoir pour bienfaiteurs trois des hommes du monde que j'aurois le plus désirés pour amis. Aussi, loin de me refuser à la pension offerte, je ne mis pour l'accepter qu'une condition nécessaire, savoir, un consentement dont, sans manquer à mon devoir, je ne pouvois me passer.

“ Honoré des empressements de tout le monde, je tâchois d'y répondre convenablement. Cependant ma mauvaise santé & l'habitude de vivre à la
compagne

compagne me firent trouver le séjour de la ville incommode. Aussitôt les maisons de campagne se présentent en foule ; on m'en offre à choisir dans toutes les provinces. M. Hume se charge des propositions, il me les fait, il me conduit même à deux ou trois campagnes voisines ; j'hésite longtemps sur le choix ; il augmentoit cette incertitude. Je me détermine enfin pour cette province, & d'abord M. Hume arrange tout ; les embarras s'applanissent ; je pars, j'arrive dans cette habitation solitaire, commode, agréable : le maître de la maison prévoit tout, pourvoit à tout ; rien ne manque. Je suis tranquille, indépendant ; voilà le moment si désiré où tous mes maux doivent finir. Non, c'est-là qu'ils commencent, plus cruels que je ne les avois encore éprouvés.

“ J'ai parlé jusqu'ici d'abondance de cœur, & rendant avec le plus grand plaisir justice aux bons offices de M. Hume. Que ce qui me reste à dire, n'est-il de même nature ! Rien ne me coûtera jamais de ce qui pourra l'honorer. Il n'est permis de marchander sur le prix des bienfaits que quand on nous accuse d'ingratitude, & M. Hume m'en accuse aujourd'hui. J'oserai donc faire une observation qu'il rend nécessaire. En appréciant ses soins par la peine & le temps qu'ils lui coûtoient, ils étoient d'un prix inestimable encore plus par sa bonne volonté : pour le bien réel qu'ils m'ont fait, ils ont plus d'apparence que de poids. Je ne venois point comme un mendiant quêter du pain en Angleterre ;
j'y

j'y apportois le mien ; j'y venois absolument chercher un asyle, & il est ouvert à tout étranger. D'ailleurs je n'y étois point tellement inconnu, qu'arrivant seul, j'eusse manqué d'assistance & de services. Si quelques personnes m'ont recherché pour M. Hume, d'autres aussi m'ont recherché pour moi ; & , par exemple, quand M. Davénport voulut bien m'offrir l'asyle que j'habite, ce ne fut pas pour lui qu'il ne connoissoit point, & qu'il vit seulement pour le prier de faire & d'appuyer son obligeante proposition. Ainsi quand M. Hume tâche aujourd'hui d'aliéner de moi cet honnête homme, il cherche à m'ôter ce qu'il ne m'a pas donné⁽³⁾. Tout ce qui s'est fait de bien, se feroit fait sans lui à peu-près de même, & peut-être mieux ; mais le mal ne se fut point fait ; car pourquoi ai-je des ennemis en Angleterre ? Pourquoi ces ennemis font-ils précisément les amis de M. Hume ? Qui est-ce qui a pu m'attirer leur inimitié ? Ce n'est pas moi qui ne les vis de ma vie & qui ne les connois pas ; je n'en aurois aucun, si j'y étois venu seul⁽⁴⁾.

(3) M. Rousseau me juge mal, & devoit me connoître mieux. Depuis notre rupture, j'ai écrit à M. Davenport pour l'engager à conserver les mêmes bontés à son malheureux hôte.

(4) Etranges effets d'une imagination blessée ! M. Rousseau ignore, dit-il, ce qui se passe dans le monde, & il parle cependant des ennemis qu'il a en Angleterre. D'où le fait-il ? Où les voit-il ? Il n'y a reçu que des marques de bienfaisance & d'hospitalité. M. Walpole seul avoit fait une plaisanterie sur lui, mais n'étoit point pour cela son ennemi. Si M. Rousseau voyoit les choses comme elles sont, il verroit qu'il n'a eu en Angleterre d'autre ami que moi & d'autre ennemi que lui-même.

“ J'ai

“ J’ai parlé jusqu’ici de faits publics & notoires, qui par leur nature & par ma reconnoissance ont eu le plus grand éclat. Ceux qui me restent à dire sont, non seulement particuliers, mais secrets, du moins dans leur cause, & l’on a pris toutes les mesures possibles pour qu’ils restassent cachés au public ; mais, bien connus de la personne intéressée, ils n’en operent pas moins sa propre conviction.

“ Peu de temps après notre arrivée à Londres, j’y remarquai dans les esprits, à mon égard, un changement sourd qui bientôt devint très-sensible. Avant que je vinsse en Angleterre, elle étoit un des pays de l’Europe où j’avois le plus de réputation, j’oserois presque dire de considération. Les papiers publics étoient pleins de mes éloges, & il n’y avoit qu’un cri contre mes persécuteurs. Ce ton se foutint à mon arrivée ; les papiers l’annoncerent en triomphe ; l’Angleterre s’honoroit d’être mon refuge ; elle en glorifioit avec justice ses loix & son gouvernement. Tout à-coup, & sans aucune cause assignable, ce ton change, mais si fort & si vite, que, dans tous les caprices du public, on n’en voit guère de plus étonnant. Le signal fut donné dans un certain *magasin*, aussi plein d’inepties que des mensonges, où l’auteur bien instruit, on feignant de l’être, me donnoit pour fils de musicien. Dès ce moment les imprimés ne parlèrent plus de moi que d’une manière équivoque ou malhonnête. Tout ce qui avoit trait à mes malheurs étoit déguisé, altéré, présenté sous un faux jour, & toujours le moins à
mon

mon avantage qu'il étoit possible. Loin de parler de l'accueil que j'avois reçu à Paris, & qui n'avoit fait que trop de bruit, on ne supposoit pas même que j'eusse osé paroître dans cette ville, & un des amis de M. Hume fut très-surpris quand je lui dis que j'y avois passé.

“ Trop accoutumé à l'inconstance du public pour m'en affecter, encore je ne laissois pas d'être étonné de ce changement si brusque, de ce concert si singulièrement unanime, que pas un de ceux qui m'avoient tant loué absent, ne parut, moi présent, se souvenir de mon existence. Je trouvois bizarre que précisément après le retour de M. Hume qui a tant de crédit à Londres, tant d'influence sur les gens de lettres & les libraires, & de si grandes liaisons avec eux, sa présence eût produit un effet si contraire à celui qu'on en pouvoit attendre ; que, parmi tant d'écrivains de toute espece, pas un de ses amis ne se montrât le mien ; & l'on voyoit bien que ceux qui parloient de moi n'étoient pas ses ennemis, puisqu'en faisant sonner son caractère public, ils disoient que j'avois traversé la France sous sa protection, à la faveur d'un passeport qu'il m'avoit obtenu de la Cour, & peu s'en falloit qu'ils ne fissent entendre que j'avois fait le voyage à sa suite & à ses frais.

“ Ceci ne signifioit rien encore & n'étoit que singulier ; mais ce qui l'étoit davantage fut que le ton de ses amis ne changea pas moins avec moi que celui du public. Toujours, je me fais un plaisir

de le dire, leurs soins, leurs bons offices ont été les mêmes, & très-grands en ma faveur ; mais loin de me marquer la même estime, celui sur-tout dont je veux parler, & chez qui nous étions descendus à notre arrivée, accompagnoit tout cela de propos si durs & quelquefois si choquans, qu'on eût dit qu'il ne cherchoit à m'obliger que pour avoir droit de me marquer du mépris ^(s). Son frere, d'abord très accueillant, très-honnête, changea bientôt avec si peu de mesure qu'il ne daignoit pas même dans leur propre maison me dire un seul mot, ni me rendre le salut, ni aucun des devoirs que l'on rend chez soi aux étrangers. Rien cependant n'étoit survenu de nouveau que l'arrivée de J. J. Rousseau & de David Hume ; & certainement la cause de ces changemens ne vint pas de moi ; à moins que trop de simplicité, de discrétion, de modestie ne soit un moyen de mécontenter les Anglois.

“ Pour M. Hume, loin de prendre avec moi un ton révoltant, il donnoit dans l'autre extrême. Les flagorneries m'ont toujours été suspectes. Il m'en a fait de toutes les façons *, au point de me

(^s) Il s'agit ici de M. Jean Stewart, mon ami, qui a reçu M. Rousseau chez lui & lui a rendu tous les bons offices qu'il a pu lui rendre. En se plaignant de ces procédés, M. Rousseau a oublié qu'il lui a écrit de Wootton même, une lettre pleine des témoignages de reconnoissance les plus expressifs & les plus justes. Ce que M. Rousseau ajoute sur le frere de M. Stewart, n'est ni vrai ni honnête.

* J'en dirai seulement une qui m'a fait rire ; c'étoit de faire en sorte, quand je venois le voir, que je trouvasse toujours sur la table

me forcer, n'y pouvant tenir davantage ⁽⁶⁾ à lui en dire mon sentiment. Sa conduite le dispensoit fort de s'étendre en paroles; cependant, puisqu'il en vouloit dire, j'aurois voulu qu'à toutes ces louanges fades il eût substitué quelquefois la voix d'un ami; mais je n'ai jamais trouvé dans son langage rien qui sentît la vraie amitié, pas même dans la façon dont il parloit de moi à d'autres en ma présence. On eût dit qu'en voulant me faire des patrons il cherchoit à m'ôter leur bienveillance, qu'il vouloit plutôt que j'en fusse assisté qu'aimé; & j'ai quelquefois été surpris du tour révoltant qu'il donnoit à ma conduite près des gens qui pouvoient s'en offenser. Un exemple éclaircira ceci. M. Penneck du Musæum, ami de Mylord Mareschal & pasteur d'une paroisse où l'on vouloit m'établir, vient nous voir. M. Hume, moi présent, lui fait mes excuses de ne l'avoir pas prévenu; le Docteur Maty, lui dit-il, nous avoit invités pour Jeudi au Musæum où M. Rousseau devoit vous voir; mais il préféra d'aller avec Madame Garrick à la comédie; on ne peut pas faire tant de choses en un

un tome de l'Héloïse; comme si je ne connoissais pas assez le goût de M. Hume, pour être assuré que, de tous les livres qui existent, l'Héloïse doit être pour lui le plus ennuyeux.

(6) On peut juger par les deux premières lettres de M. Rousseau, que j'ai publiées à dessein, de quel côté les *flagorneries* ont commencé. Au reste, j'aimois & j'estimois M. Rousseau, & j'avois du plaisir à le lui marquer. Peut-être en effet l'ai-je trop loué, mais je peux assurer qu'il ne s'en est jamais plaint.

jour ('). Vous m'avouerez, Monsieur, que c'étoit là une étrange façon de me capter la bienveillance de M. Penneck.

“ Je ne fais ce qu'avoit pu dire en secret M. Hume à ses connoissances ; mais rien n'étoit plus bizarre que leur façon d'en user avec moi de son aveu, souvent même par son assistance. Quoique ma bourse ne fût pas vuide, que je n'eusse besoin de celle de personne, & qu'il le fût très bien, l'on eût dit que je n'étois là que pour vivre aux dépens du public, & qu'il n'étoit question que de me faire l'aumône, de maniere à m'en sauver un peu l'embarras (²) ; je puis dire que cette affectation continuelle & choquante est une des choses qui m'ont fait prendre le plus en aversion le séjour de Londres. Ce n'est sûrement pas sur ce pied qu'il faut présenter en Angleterre un homme à qui l'on veut attirer un peu de considération : mais cette charité peut-être bénévolement interprétée, & je consens qu'elle soit. Avançons

(¹) Je ne me rappelle pas un mot de toute cette histoire ; mais ce qui me dispense d'y ajouter foi, c'est que je me souviens très-bien que nous avons pris deux jours différens pour visiter le *musæum* & pour aller à la comédie.

(²) J'imagine que M. Rousseau veut parler ici de deux ou trois diners qui lui furent envoyés de la maison de M. Stewart lorsqu'il voulut manger chez lui ; & ce n'étoit pas pour lui épargner la dépense d'un repas, mais seulement parce qu'il n'y avoit pas de traiteur dans le voisinage. Je demande pardon aux lecteurs de les entretenir de semblables détails.

“ On

“ On répand à Paris une fausse lettre du Roi de Prusse, à moi adressée & pleine de la plus cruelle malignité. J'apprends avec surprise que c'est un M. Walpole, ami de M. Hume, qui répand cette lettre; je lui demande si cela est vrai; mais pour toute réponse il me demande de qui je le tiens. Un moment auparavant, il m'avoit donné une carte pour ce même M. Walpole, afin qu'il se chargeât de papiers qui m'importent, & que je veux faire venir de Paris en sûreté.

“ J'apprends que le fils du * Jongleur Tronchin, mon plus mortel ennemi, est non-seulement l'ami, le protégé de M. Hume, mais qu'ils logent ensemble, & quand M. Hume voit que je fais cela, il m'en fait la confidence, m'assurant que le fils ne ressemble pas au pere. J'ai logé quelques nuits dans cette maison chez M. Hume avec ma gouvernante, & à l'air, à l'accueil dont nous ont honorés ses hôtes, qui sont ses amies, j'ai jugé à la façon dont lui ou cet homme qu'il dit ne pas ressembler à son pere, ont pu leur parler d'elle & de moi (°).

“ Ces

* Nous n'avons pas été autorisés à supprimer cette injure; mais elle est trop grossière & trop gratuite pour blesser le célèbre & estimable médecin sur qui elle tombe.—*Note des Editeurs.*

(°) Me voilà donc accusé de trahison parce que je suis l'ami de M. Walpole, qui a fait une plaisanterie sur M. Rousseau; parce que le fils d'un homme, que M. Rousseau n'aime pas, se trouve par hasard logé dans la même maison que moi; parce que mes hôtes, qui ne savent pas un mot de François, ont

“ Ces faits combinés entr’eux & avec une certaine apparence générale me donnent insensiblement une inquiétude que je repousse avec horreur. Cependant les lettres que j’écris n’arrivent pas ; j’en reçois qui ont été ouvertes, & toutes ont passé par les mains de M. Hume⁽¹⁰⁾. Si quelqu’une lui échappe, il ne peut cacher l’ardente avidité de la voir. Un soir, je vois encore chez lui une manœuvre de lettre dont je suis frappé *. Après le souper,

regardé M. Rousseau froidement ! — Au reste, j’ai dit seulement à M. Rousseau que le jeune Tronchin n’avoit pas contre lui les mêmes préventions que son pere.

(10) Ces imputations d’indiscrétion & d’infidélité sont si odieuses, & les preuves en sont si ridicules, que je me crois dispensé d’y répondre.

* Il faut dire ce que c’est que cette manœuvre. J’écrivois sur la table de M. Hume, en son absence, une réponse à une lettre que je venois de recevoir. Il arrive, très-curieux de savoir ce que j’écrivois & ne pouvant presque s’en souvenir d’y lire. Je ferme ma lettre sans la lui montrer, & comme je la mettois dans ma poche, il la demande avidement, disant qu’il l’enverra le lendemain jour de poste. La lettre reste sur sa table. Lord Newnham arrive, M. Hume sort un moment ; je reprends ma lettre, disant que j’aurai le temps de l’envoyer le lendemain. Lord Newnham m’offre de l’envoyer par le paquet de M. l’Ambassadeur de France ; j’accepte. M. Hume rentre tandis que Lord Newnham fait son enveloppe ; il tire son cachet ; M. Hume offre le sien avec tant d’empressement qu’il faut s’en servir par préférence. On sonne, Lord Newnham donne la lettre au laquais de M. Hume pour la remettre au sien qui attend en bas avec son carrosse, afin qu’il la porte chez M. l’Ambassadeur. A peine le laquais de M. Hume étoit hors de la porte que je me dis, je parie que le maître va le suivre : il n’y manqua pas. Ne sachant comment laisser seul Mylord Newnham, j’hésitai quelque temps avant que de suivre à mon tour M. Hume ; je n’appercus rien, mais il vit très-bien.

souper, gardant tous deux le silence au coin de son feu, je m'apperçois qu'il me fixe, comme il lui arrivoit souvent & d'une maniere dont l'idée est difficile à rendre. Pour cette fois, son regard sec, ardent, moqueur & prolongé, devint plus qu'inquietant. Pour m'en débarrasser, j'essayai de le fixer à mon tour; mais en arrêtant mes yeux sur les siens, je sens un frémissement inexplicable, & bientôt je suis forcé de les baisser. La physionomie & le ton du bon David sont d'un bon homme, mais où, grand Dieu! ce bon homme emprunte-t-il les yeux dont il fixe ses amis?

“ L'impression de ce regard me reste & m'agite; mon trouble augmente jusqu'au saisissement: si l'épanchement n'eût succédé, j'étouffois. Bientôt un violent remords me gagne; je m'indigne de moi-même; enfin dans un transport que je me rappelle encore avec délices, je m'élance à son cou, je le serre étroitement; suffoqué de sanglots, inondé de larmes, je m'écrie d'une voix entrecoupée: *Non, non, David Hume n'est pas un traître; s'il n'étoit le meilleur des hommes, il faudroit qu'il en fût le plus noir* (1). David Hume me rend poliment mes embrassemens, & tout en me frappant de

bien que j'étois inquiet. Ainsi quoique je n'aie reçu aucune réponse à ma lettre, je ne doute pas qu'elle ne soit parvenue; mais je doute un peu, je l'avoue, qu'elle n'ait pas été lue auparavant.

(1) Tout le dialogue de cette scene est artificieusement concerté pour préparer & fonder une partie de la fable tissée dans cette Lettre. On verra ce que j'ai à dire sur cet article dans ma réponse à M. Rousseau.

petits coups sur le dos, me répète plusieurs fois d'un ton tranquille : *Quoi, mon cher Monsieur ! Eh mon cher Monsieur ! Quoi donc, mon cher Monsieur !* Il ne me dit rien de plus ; je sens que mon cœur se resserre ; nous allons nous coucher, & je pars le lendemain pour la province.

“ Arrivé dans cet agréable asyle où j'étois venu chercher le repos de si loin, je devois le trouver dans une maison solitaire, commode & riante, dont le maître, homme d'esprit & de mérite, n'épargnoit rien de ce qui pouvoit m'en faire aimer le séjour. Mais quel repos peut-on goûter dans la vie quand le cœur est agité ! Troublé de la plus cruelle incertitude, & ne sachant que penser d'un homme que je devois aimer, je cherchai à me délivrer de ce doute funeste en rendant ma confiance à mon bienfaiteur. Car, pourquoi, par quel caprice inconcevable eût-il eu tant de zèle à l'extérieur pour mon bien-être, avec des projets secrets contre mon honneur ? Dans les observations qui m'avoient inquiété, chaque fait en lui-même étoit peu de chose, il n'y avoit que leur concours d'étonnant, & peut-être instruit d'autres faits que j'ignorois, M. Hume pouvoit-il, dans un éclaircissement, me donner une solution satisfaisante. La seule chose inexplicable étoit qu'il se fût refusé à un éclaircissement que son honneur & son amitié pour moi rendoient également nécessaire. Je voyois qu'il y avoit là quelque chose que je ne comprenois pas & que je mourois d'envie d'entendre. Avant donc de me décider absolument sur son compte, je voulus faire

un

un dernier effort & lui écrire pour le ramener, s'il se laissoit séduire à mes ennemis, ou pour le faire expliquer de maniere ou d'autre. Je lui écrivis une lettre qu'il dut trouver fort naturelle * s'il étoit coupable, mais fort extraordinaire s'il ne l'étoit pas : car, quoi de plus extraordinaire qu'une lettre pleine à la fois de gratitude sur ses services & d'inquiétude sur ses sentimens, & où, mettant, pour ainsi dire, ses actions d'un côté & ses intentions de l'autre, au lieu de parler des preuves d'amitié qu'il m'avoit données, je le prie de m'aimer à cause du bien qu'il m'avoit fait ⁽¹²⁾ ? Je n'ai pas pris mes précautions d'assez loin pour garder une copie de cette lettre ; mais, puisqu'il les a prises lui, qu'il la montre ; & quiconque la lira, y voyant un homme tourmenté d'une peine secrète, qu'il veut faire entendre & qu'il n'ose dire, fera curieux, je m'assure, de savoir quel éclaircissement cette lettre aura produit, sur-tout à la suite de la scene précédente. Aucun, rien du tout. M. Hume se contente en réponse, de me parler des soins obligeans que M. Davenport se propose de prendre en ma faveur. Du reste, pas un mot sur le principal sujet de ma lettre, ni sur l'état de mon cœur dont il devoit si bien voir le tourment. Je fus frappé de ce silence encore plus que je ne l'a-

* Il paroît par ce qu'il m'écrit en dernier lieu qu'il est très-content de cette lettre, & qu'il la trouve fort bien.

(12) Ma réponse à cela est dans la lettre même de M. Rousseau, du 22 Mars, où l'on trouve le ton de la plus grande cordialité, sans aucune réserve, sans la moindre apparence de soupçon.

vois été de son flegme à notre dernier entretien. J'avois tort, ce silence étoit fort naturel après l'autre, & j'aurois dû m'y attendre. Car quand on a osé dire en face à un homme : *je suis tenté de vous croire un traître*, & qu'il n'a pas la curiosité de vous demander *sur quoi* ⁽¹³⁾, l'on peut compter qu'il n'aura pareille curiosité de sa vie, & pour peu que les indices le chargent, cet homme est jugé.

“Après la réception de sa lettre, qui tarda beaucoup, je pris enfin mon parti, & résolu de ne lui plus écrire. Tout me confirma bientôt dans la résolution de rompre avec lui tout commerce. Curieux au dernier point du détail de mes moindres affaires, il ne s'étoit pas borné à s'en informer de mois dans nos entretiens, mais j'appris qu'après avoir commencé par faire avouer à ma gouvernante qu'elle en étoit instruite, il n'avoit pas laissé échapper avec elle un seul tête-à-tête ⁽¹⁴⁾ sans l'interroger jusqu'à l'importunité sur mes occupations, sur mes ressources, sur mes amis, sur mes connoissances, sur leur noms, leur état, leur demeure, & avec une adresse Jésuitique, il avoit demandé séparément les mêmes choses à elle & à moi. On doit prendre intérêt aux affaires d'un ami, mais on doit se contenter de ce qu'il veut nous en dire, sur-tout quand il est

⁽¹³⁾ Tout cela porte sur la même fable. Voyez la 11e Note.

⁽¹⁴⁾ Je n'ai eu qu'un seul tête-à-tête avec sa gouvernante ; ce fut lorsqu'elle arriva à Londres. J'avoue qu'il ne me vint pas dans l'esprit de l'entretenir d'autre chose que de M. Rousseau.

aussi ouvert, aussi confiant que moi, & tout ce petit cailletage de commerce convient, on ne peut pas plus mal, à un philosophe.

“ Dans le même temps je reçois encore deux lettres qui ont été ouvertes. L’une de M. Boswell, dont le cachet étoit en si mauvais état que M. Davenport, en la recevant, le fit remarquer au laquais de M. Hume ; & l’autre de M. d’Ivernois, dans un paquet de M. Hume, laquelle avoit été recachetée au moyen d’un fer chaud qui, maladroitement appliqué, avoit brûlé le papier autour de l’empreinte. J’écrivis à M. Davenport pour le prier de garder par-devers lui toutes les lettres qui lui feroient remises pour moi, & de n’en remettre aucune à personne, sous quelque prétexte que ce fût. J’ignore si M. Davenport, bien éloigné de penser que cette précaution pût regarder M. Hume, lui montra ma lettre ; mais je fais que tout disoit à celui-ci qu’il avoit perdu ma confiance, & qu’il n’en alloit pas moins son train sans s’embarrasser de la recouvrer.

“ Mais que devins-je lorsque je vis dans les papiers publics la prétendue lettre du Roi de Prusse que je n’avois pas encore vue, cette fausse lettre, imprimée en François & en Anglois, donnée pour vraie, même avec la signature du roi, & que j’y reconnus la plume de M. d’Alembert * aussi sûrement que si je la lui avois vu écrire ?

* Voyez là dessus la déclaration de M. d’Alembert imprimée à la fin de cette brochure. — *Notes des Editeurs.*

“ A l’instant un trait de lumière vint m’éclaircir sur la cause secrète du changement étonnant & prompt du public Anglois à mon égard, & je vis à Paris le foyer du complot qui s’exécutoit à Londres.

“ M. d’Alembert, autre ami très-intime de M. Hume, étoit depuis long-temps mon ennemi caché, & n’épioit que les occasions de me nuire sans se commettre ; il étoit le seul des gens de lettres d’un certain nom & de mes anciennes connoissances qui ne me fût point venu voir ⁽¹⁵⁾ ou qui ne m’eût rien fait dire à mon dernier passage à Paris. Je connoissois ses dispositions secrètes, mais je m’en inquiétois peu, me contentant d’en avertir mes amis dans l’occasion. Je me souviens qu’un jour, questionne sur son compte par M. Hume, qui questionna de même ensuite ma gouvernante, je lui dis que M. d’Alembert étoit un homme adroit & rusé. Il me contredit avec un chaleur dont je m’étonnai, ne sachant pas alors qu’ils étoient si bien ensemble, & que c’étoit sa propre cause qu’il défendoit.

“ La lecture de cette lettre m’alarma beaucoup, & sentant que j’avois été attiré en Angleterre en vertu d’un projet qui commençoit à s’exécuter, mais dont j’ignorois le but, je sentoís le péril sans savoir où il pouvoit être ni de quoi j’avois à me garantir ; je me rappelai alors quatre mots effray-

(15) M. Rousseau étoit excédé, disoit-il, des visites qu’il recevoit ; doit-il se plaindre que M. d’Alembert, qu’il n’aimoit pas, ne l’ait pas importuné de la sienne ?

ans de M. Hume, que je rapporterai ci-après. Que penser d'un écrit où l'on me faisoit un crime de mes miseres ; qui tendoit à m'ôter la commisération de tout le monde dans mes malheurs, & qu'on donnoit sous le nom du prince même qui m'avoit protégé, pour en rendre l'effet plus cruel encore ? Que devois-je augurer de la suite d'un tel début ? Le peuple Anglois lit les papiers publics, & n'est pas déjà trop favorable aux étrangers. Un vêtement qui n'est pas le sien suffit pour le mettre de mauvaise humeur. Qu'en doit attendre un pauvre étranger dans ses promenades champêtres, le seul plaisir de la vie auquel il s'est borné, quand on aura persuadé à ces bonnes gens que cet homme aime qu'on le lapide ? ils feront fort tenté de lui en donner l'amusement. Mais ma douleur, ma douleur profonde & cruelle, la plus amere que j'aie jamais ressentie, ne venoit pas du péril auquel j'étois exposé. J'en avois trop bravé d'autres pour être fort ému de celui-là. La trahison⁽¹⁶⁾ d'un faux ami, dont j'étois la proie, étoit ce qui portoit dans mon cœur trop sensible l'accablement, la tristesse & la mort. Dans l'impétuosité d'un premier mouvement, dont jamais je ne fus le maître, & que mes adroits ennemis savent faire naître pour s'en préva-

(16) Ce faux ami, c'est moi, sans doute ; mais cette trahison quelle est-elle ? Quel mal ai-je fait ou ai-je pu faire à M. Rousseau ? En me supposant le projet caché de le perdre, comment pouvois-je y parvenir par les services que je lui rendois ? Si M. Rousseau en étoit cru, on me trouveroit bien plus imbécile que méchant.

loir, j'écris des lettres pleines de désordre où je ne déguise ni mon trouble ni mon indignation.

“ Monsieur, j'ai tant de chose à dire qu'en chemin faisant j'en oublie la moitié. Par exemple, une relation en forme de lettre sur mon séjour à Montmorency fut portée par des libraires à M. Hume qui me la montra. Je consentis qu'elle fût imprimée ; il se chargea d'y veiller ; elle n'a jamais paru. J'avois apporté un exemplaire des lettres de M. du Peyrou contenant la relation des affaires de Neuchâtel qui me regardent ; je les remis aux mêmes libraires à leur priere pour les faire traduire & réimprimer ; M. Hume se chargea d'y veiller ; elles n'ont jamais paru *. Dès que la fausse lettre du Roi de Prusse & sa traduction parurent, je compris pourquoi les autres écrits restoient supprimés (17), & je l'écrivis aux libraires. J'écrivis d'autres lettres qui probablement ont couru dans Londres : enfin j'employai le crédit d'un homme de mérite & de qualité pour faire mettre dans les papiers une déclaration de l'imposture. Dans cette déclaration, je laissois paroître toute ma douleur, & je n'en déguisois pas la cause.

* Les libraires viennent de me marquer que cette édition est faite & prête à paroître. Cela peut-être, mais c'est trop tard, & qui pis est, trop à propos.

(17) Il y a environ quatre mois que M. Becket, libraire, dit à M. Rousseau que c'étoit une maladie survenue au traducteur qui avoit retardé cette publication. Au reste je n'ai jamais promis de donner aucun soin à cet édition. M. Becket m'en est garant.

“ Jusqu'

“ Jusqu’ici M. Hume a semblé marcher dans les ténèbres. Vous l’allez voir désormais dans la lumière & marcher à découvert. Il n’y a qu’à toujours aller droit avec les gens rusés : tôt ou tard ils se décelent par leurs ruses mêmes.

“ Lorsque cette prétendue lettre du Roi de Prusse fut publiée à Londres, M. Hume, qui certainement favoit qu’elle étoit supposée, puisque je le lui avois dit, n’en dit rien, ne m’écrivit rien, se tait & ne songe pas même à faire, en faveur de son ami absent, aucune déclaration de la vérité ⁽¹⁸⁾. Il ne falloit, pour aller au but, que laisser dire & se tenir coi ; c’est ce qu’il fit.

“ M. Hume ayant été mon conducteur en Angleterre, y étoit, en quelque façon, mon protecteur, mon patron. S’il étoit naturel qu’il prît ma défense, il ne l’étoit pas moins qu’ayant une protestation publique à faire, je m’adressasse à lui pour cela. Ayant déjà cessé ⁽¹⁹⁾ de lui écrire, je n’avois garde de recommencer. Je m’adresse à un autre. Premier soufflet sur la joue de mon patron. Il n’en sent rien.

“ En disant que la lettre étoit fabriquée à Paris, il m’importoit fort peu lequel on entendît de

(18) Personne ne pouvoit se méprendre sur la supposition de la lettre, & d’ailleurs M. Walpole étoit connu pour en être l’auteur.

(19) M. Rousseau manque ici de mémoire. Il oublie que seulement huit jours auparavant il m’avoit écrit une lettre très-cordiale. *Voyez la lettre du 29 Mars.*

M. d'Alembert ou de son prête-nom M. Walpole ; mas en ajoutant que ce qui navroit & déchiroit mon cœur étoit que l'impôsteur avoit des complices en Angleterre, je m'expliquois avec la plus grand clarté pour leur ami qui étoit à Londres, & qui vouloit passer pour le mien. Il n'y avoit certainement que lui seul en Angleterre dont la haine pût déchirer & navrer mon cœur. Second soufflet sur la joue de mon patron. Il n'en sent rien.

“ Au contraire, il feint malignement que mon affliction venoit seulement de la publication de cette lettre, afin de me faire passer pour un homme vain qu'une satyre affecte beaucoup. Vain ou non, j'étoit mortellement affligé ; il le savoit & ne m'écrivoit pas un mot. Ce tendre ami, qui a tant à cœur que ma bourse soit pleine, se soucie assez peu que mon cœur soit déchiré.

Un autre écrit paroît bientôt dans les même feuilles de la même main que le premier, plus cruel encore, s'il étoit possible, & où l'auteur ne put déguiser sa rage sur l'accueil que j'avois reçu à Paris⁽²⁰⁾. Cet écrit ne m'affecta plus ; il ne m'apprenoit rien de nouveau. Les libelles pouvoient aller leur train sans m'mouvoir, & le volage public lui-même se laissoit d'être long-temps occupé du même sujet. Ce n'est pas le compte des complotteurs qui, ayant ma réputation d'honnête

(20) Je n'ai aucune connoissance de ce prétendu libelle.

homme à détruire, veulent de maniere ou d'autre en venir à bout. Il fallut changer de batterie.

“ L'affaire de la pension n'étoit pas terminée. Il ne fut pas difficile à M. Hume d'obtenir de l'humanité du Ministre & de la générosité du Prince qu'elle le fut. Il fut chargé de me le marquer, il le fit. Ce moment fut, je l'avoue, un des plus critiques de ma vie. Combien il m'en coûta pour faire mon devoir ! Mes engagements précédens, l'obligation de correspondre avec respect aux bontés du Roi, l'honneur d'être l'objet de ses attentions, de celles de son Ministre, le desir de marquer combien j'y étois sensible, même l'avantage d'être un peu plus au large en approchant de la vieillesse, accablé d'ennemies & de maux, enfin l'embarras de trouver une excuse honnête pour éluder un bienfait déjà presque accepté ; tout me rendoit difficile & cruelle la nécessité d'y renoncer ; car il le falloit assurément, ou me rendre le plus vil de tous les hommes en devenant volontairement l'obligé de celui dont j'étois trahi.

“ Je fis mon devoir, non sans peine ; j'écrivis directement à M. le Général Conway, & avec autant de respect & d'honnêteté qu'il me fut possible, sans refus absolu, je me défendis pour le present d'accepter. M. Hume avoit été le négociateur de l'affaire, le seul même qui en eut parlé ; non seulement je ne lui répondis point, quoique ce fut lui qui m'eût écrit, mais je ne dis pas un mot de lui dans ma lettre. Troisième soufflet sur la joue de

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mon patron, & pour celui-là, s'il ne le sent pas, c'est assurément sa faute : il n'en sent rien.

“ Ma lettre n'étoit pas claire & ne pouvoit l'être pour M. le Général Conway, qui ne favoit pas à quoi tenoit ce refus, mais elle l'étoit fort pour M. Hume qui le favoit très-bien ; cependant il feint de prendre le change tant sur le sujet de ma douleur, que sur celui de mon refus, & dans un billet qu'il m'écrivit, il me fait entendre qu'on me ménagera la continuation des bontés du Roi si je me ravise sur la pension. En un mot il prétend à toute force, & quoi qu'il arrive, demeurer mon patron malgré moi. Vous jugez bien, Monsieur, qu'il n'attendoit pas de réponse & il n'en eut point.

“ Dans cemê me tems à-peu-près, car je ne fais pas les dates, & cette exactitude ici n'est pas nécessaire, parut une lettre de M. de Voltaire à moi adressée avec une traduction Angloise, qui renchérit encore sur l'original. Le noble objet de ce spirituel ouvrage est de m'attirer le mépris & la haine de ceux chez qui je me suis réfugié. Je ne doutai point que mon cher patron n'eût été un des instrumens de cette publication, sur-tout quand je vis qu'en tâchant d'aliéner de moi ceux qui pouvoient en ce pays me rendre la vie agréable, on avoit omis de nommer celui qui m'y avoit conduit. On favoit sans doute que c'étoit un soin superflu & qu'à cet égard rien ne restoit à faire. Ce nom si mal adroitement oublié dans cette lettre, me rap-
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pella ce que dit Tacite du portrait de Brutus omis dans une pompe funebre, que chacun l'y distinguoit, précisément parce qu'il n'y étoit pas.

“ On ne nommoit donc pas M. Hume ; mais il vit avec les gens qu'on nommoit. Il a pour amis tous mes ennemis, on le fait : ailleurs les Tronchin ⁽²¹⁾, les d'Alembert, les Voltaire ; mais il y a bien pis à Londres, c'est que je n'y ai pour ennemis que ses amis. Eh ! pourquoi y en aurois-je d'autres ? Pourquoi même y ai-je ceux-là ? Qu'ai-je fait à Lord Littleton ⁽²²⁾, que je ne connois même pas ? Qu'ai-je fait à M. Walpole que je ne connois pas davantage ? Que savent-ils de moi, sinon que je suis malheureux & l'ami de leur ami Hume ? Que leur a-t-il donc dit, puisque ce n'est que par lui qu'ils me connoissent : Je crois bien qu'avec le rôle qu'il fait, il ne se démasque pas devant tout le monde ; ce ne feroit

(²¹) Je n'ai jamais été assez heureux pour me rencontrer avec M. de Voltaire : il m'a fait seulement l'honneur de m'écrire une lettre il y a environ trois ans. Je n'ai vu de ma vie M. Tronchin, & je n'ai jamais eu le moindre commerce avec lui. Quant à M. d'Alembert, je me fais gloire de son amitié.

(²²) M. Rousseau voyant dans les papiers publics l'annonce d'une lettre qui lui étoit adressée sous le nom de M. de Voltaire, écrivit à M. Davenport, qui étoit alors à Londres, pour le prier de la lui apporter. Je dis à M. Davenport que la copie imprimée étoit très-fautive ; mais que j'en demanderois au Lord Littleton une copie manuscrite qui étoit correcte. Cela suffit à M. Rousseau pour lui faire conclure que le Lord Littleton est son ennemi mortel & mon intime ami, & que nous conspirons ensemble contre lui. Il auroit dû plutôt conclure que la copie, qui avoit été imprimée, ne venoit pas de moi.

plus être masqué. Je crois bien qu'il ne parle pas de moi à M. le Général Conway ni à M. le Duc de Richmond, comme il en parle dans ses entretiens secrets avec M. Walpole, & dans sa correspondance secrète avec M. d'Alembert ; mais qu'on découvre la trame qui s'ourdit à Londres depuis mon arrivée, & l'on verra si M. Hume n'en tient pas les principaux fils.

“ Enfin le moment venu qu'on croit propre à frapper le grand coup, on en prépare l'effet par un nouvel écrit satyrique qu'on fait mettre dans les papiers⁽²³⁾. S'il m'étoit resté jusqu'alors le moindre doute, comment auroit-t'il pu tenir devant cet écrit, puisqu'il contenoit des faits qui n'étoient connus que de M. Hume, chargés, il est vrai, pour les rendre odieux au public.

“ On dit dans cet écrit que j'ouvre ma porte aux grands & que je la ferme aux petits. Qui est-ce qui fait à qui j'ai ouvert ou fermé ma porte, que M. Hume, avec qui j'ai demeuré & par qui sont venus tous ceux que j'ai vus ? Il faut en excepter un grand que j'ai reçu de bon cœur sans le connoître, & que j'aurois reçu de bien meilleur cœur encore si je l'avois connu. Ce fut M. Hume qui me dit son nom quand il fut parti. En l'apprenant j'eus un vrai chagrin que, daignant monter au second étage, il ne fût pas entré au premier.

(23) Je n'ai jamais vu cette pièce, ni avant ni après sa publication, & tous ceux à qui j'en ai parlé n'en ont aucune connoissance.

“ Quant aux petits, je n’ai rien à dire. J’aurois désiré voir moins de monde ; mais, ne voulant déplaire à personne, je me laissois diriger par M. Hume, & j’ai reçu de mon mieux tous ceux qu’il m’a présentés sans distinction de petits ni de grands.

“ On dit dans ce même écrit que je réçois mes parens froidement, *pour ne rien dire de plus.* Cette généralité consiste à avoir une fois reçu assez froidement le seul parent que j’aie hors de Geneve, & cela en présence de M. Hume⁽²⁴⁾. C’est nécessairement ou M. Hume ou ce parent qui a fourni cet article. Or mon cousin, que j’ai toujours connu pour bon parent & pour honnête homme, n’est point capable de fournir à des satyres publiques contre moi. D’ailleurs, borné par son état à la société des gens de commerce, il ne vit pas avec les gens de lettres, ni avec ceux qui fournissent des articles dans les papiers, encore moins avec ceux qui s’occupent à des satyres. Ainsi l’article ne vient pas de lui. Tout au plus puis-je penser que M. Hume aura tâché de le faire jafer, ce qui n’est pas absolument difficile, & qu’il aura tourné ce qu’il lui a dit de la manière la plus favorable à ses vues. Il est bon d’ajouter qu’après ma rupture avec M. Hume j’en avois écrit à ce cousin là.

(24) Je n’étois pas présent, lorsque M. Rousseau reçut son cousin : Je les vis ensuite ensemble, un seul moment, sur la terrasse de Buckingham-Street.

“ Enfin, on dit dans ce même écrit que je suis sujet à changer d'amis. Il ne faut pas être bien fin pour comprendre à quoi cela prépare.

“ Distinguons. J'ai depuis vingt-cinq & trente ans des amis très-solides. J'en ai de plus nouveaux, mais non moins sûrs, que je garderai plus longtemps si je vis. Je n'ai pas en général trouvé la même sûreté chez ceux que j'ai faits parmi les gens de lettres. Aussi j'en ai changé quelquefois, & j'en changerai tant qu'ils me feront suspects ; car je suis bien déterminé à ne garder jamais d'amis par bienfaisance : je n'en veux avoir que pour les aimer.

“ Si jamais j'eus une conviction intime & certaine, je l'ai que M. Hume a fourni les matériaux de cet écrit. Bien plus, non-seulement j'ai cette certitude, mais il m'est clair qu'il a voulu que je l'eusse : car comment supposer un homme aussi fin, assez mal adroit pour se découvrir à ce point, voulant se cacher ?

“ Quel étoit son but ? Rien n'est plus clair encore. C'étoit de porter mon indignation à son dernier terme, pour amener avec plus d'éclat le coup qu'il me préparoit. Il fait que pour me faire bien des sottises il suffit de me mettre en colère. Nous sommes au moment critique qui montrera s'il a bien ou mal raisonné.

“ Il faut se posséder autant que fait M. Hume, il faut avoir son flegme & toute sa force d'esprit pour prendre le parti qu'il prit, après tout ce qui s'étoit passé. Dans l'embarras où j'étois, écrivant à M. le Général Conway, je ne pus remplir ma lettre que de phrases obscures dont M. Hume fit, comme mon ami, l'interprétation qu'il lui plut. Supposant donc, quoiqu'il fût très-bien le contraire, que c'étoit la clause du secret qui me faisoit de la peine, il obtient de M. le Général qu'il voudroit bien s'employer pour la faire lever. Alors cet homme Stoïque & vraiment insensible m'écrivit la lettre la plus amicale, où il me marque qu'il s'est employé pour faire lever la clause, mais qu'avant toute chose il faut savoir si je veux accepter sans cette condition, pour ne pas exposer Sa Majesté à un second refus.

“ C'étoit ici le moment décisif, la fin, l'objet de tous ses travaux. Il lui falloit une réponse, il la vouloit. Pour que je ne pusse me dispenser de la faire il envoya à M. Davenport un duplicata de sa lettre, & non content de cette précaution, il m'écrivit dans un autre billet qu'il ne sauroit rester plus longtemps à Londres pour mon service. La tête me tourna presque en lisant ce billet. De mes jours je n'ai rien trouvé de plus inconcevable.

“ Il l'a donc enfin cette réponse tant désirée, & se presse déjà d'en triompher. Dès qu'il écrivant à M. Davenport, il me traite d'homme féroce & de monstre d'ingratitude. Mais il lui faut plus. Ses

mesures sont bien prises, à ce qu'il pense : nulle preuve contre lui ne peut échapper. Il veut une explication : il l'aura ; & la voici.

“ Rien ne la conclut mieux que le dernier trait qui l'amène. Seul il prouve tout & sans réplique.

“ Je veux supposer, par impossible, qu'il n'est rien revenu à M. Hume de mes plaintes contre lui : il n'en fait rien, il les ignore aussi parfaitement que s'il n'eût été faufile avec personne qui en fût instruit, aussi parfaitement que si durant ce temps il eût vécu à la Chine ⁽²⁵⁾. Mais ma conduite immédiate entre lui & moi ; les derniers mots si frappans que je lui dis à Londres ; la lettre qui suivit pleine d'inquiétude & de crainte ; mon silence obstiné plus énergique que des paroles ; ma plainte amère & publique au sujet de la lettre de M. d'Alembert, ma lettre au Ministre, qui ne m'a point écrit, en réponse à celle qu'il m'écrit lui-même, & dans laquelle je ne dis pas un mot de lui ; enfin mon refus, sans daigner m'adresser à lui, d'acquiescer à une affaire qu'il a traitée en ma faveur, moi le sachant, & sans opposition de ma part ; tout cela parle seul du ton le plus fort, je ne dis pas à tout homme qui auroit quelque sentiment dans l'ame, mais à tout homme qui n'est pas hébété.

(²⁵) Comment aurois-je deviné ces chimériques soupçons ? M. Davenport, la seule personne de ma connoissance qui vit alors M. Rousseau, m'assure qu'il les ignoroit parfaitement lui-même.

“ Quoi,

“ Quoi, après que j’ai rompu tout commerce avec lui depuis près de trois mois, après que je n’ai répondu à pas une de ses lettres, quelque important qu’en fût le sujet, environné des marques publiques & particulières de l’affliction que son infidélité ce beau cet homme éclairé, me cause, génie volontairement si clair-voyant & naturellement si stupide, ne voit rien, n’entend rien, ne sent rien, n’est ému de rien, & sans un seul mot de plainte, de justification, d’explication, il continue à se donner, malgré moi, pour moi les soins les plus grands, les plus pressés ! il m’écrit affectueusement qu’il ne peut rester à Londres plus long-temps pour mon service, comme si nous étions d’accord qu’il y restera pour cela ! Cet aveuglement, cette impassibilité, cette obstination ne sont pas dans la nature, il faut expliquer cela par d’autres motifs. Mettons cette conduite dans un plus grand jour, car c’est un point décisif.

“ Dans cette affaire il faut nécessairement que M. Hume soit le plus grand ou le dernier des hommes, il n’y a pas de milieu. Reste à voir lequel c’est des deux.

“ Malgré tant de marques de dédain de ma part, M. Hume avoit-il l’étonnante générosité de vouloir me servir sincèrement ? Il savoit qu’il m’étoit impossible d’accepter ses bons offices tant que j’aurois de lui les sentimens que j’avois conçus. Il avoit éludé l’explication lui-même. Ainsi me servant

vant sans se justifier il rendoit ses soins inutiles ; il n'étoit donc pas généreux.

“ S'il supposoit qu'en cet état j'accepterois ses soins, il supposoit donc que j'étois un infame. C'étoit donc pour un homme qu'il jugeoit être un infame, qu'il sollicitoit avec tant d'ardeur une pension du Roi ! Peut-on rien penser de plus extravagant ?

“ Mais que M. Hume, suivant toujours son plan, se soit dit à lui-même : voici le moment de l'exécution ; car, pressant Rousseau d'accepter la pension, il faudra qu'il l'accepte ou qu'il la refuse. S'il l'accepte, avec les preuves que j'ai en main, je le déshonore complètement ; s'il la refuse après l'avoir acceptée, on a levé tout prétexte, il faudra qu'il dise pourquoi. C'est-là que je l'attends ; s'il m'accuse il est perdu.

“ Si, dis-je, M. Hume a raisonné ainsi, il a fait une chose fort conséquente à son plan, & par-là même ici fort naturelle, & il n'y a que cette unique façon d'expliquer sa conduite dans cette affaire ; car elle est inexplicable dans toute autre supposition : si ceci n'est pas démontré, jamais rien ne le fera.

“ L'état critique où il m'a réduit me rappelle bien fortement les quatre mots, dont j'ai parlé ci-devant, & que je lui entendis dire & répéter dans un temps où je n'en pénétrois guères la force. C'étoit la première nuit qui suivit notre départ de Paris.

Paris. Nous étions couchés dans la même chambre, & plusieurs fois dans la nuit, je l'entends s'écrier en François avec une véhémence extrême⁽²⁶⁾ : *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau*. J'ignore s'il veilloit ou s'il dormoit. L'expression est remarquable dans la bouche d'un homme qui fait trop bien le François pour se tromper sur la force & le choix des termes. Cependant je pris, & je ne pouvois manquer alors de prendre ces mots dans un sens favorable, quoique le ton l'indiquât encore moins que l'expression : c'est un ton dont il m'est impossible de donner l'idée, & qui correspond très-bien aux regards dont j'ai parlé. Chaque fois qu'il dit ces mots, je sentis un treffaillement d'effroi dont je n'étois pas le maître : mais il ne me fallut qu'un moment pour me remettre & rire de ma terreur. Dès le lendemain tout fut si parfaitement oublié que je n'y ai pas même pensé durant tout mon séjour à Londres & au voisinage. Je ne m'en suis souvenu qu'ici où tant de choses m'ont rappelé ces paroles, & me les rappellent, pour-ainsi-dire, à chaque instant.

“ Ces mots dont le ton retentît sur mon cœur comme s'ils venoient d'être prononcés, les longs & funestes regards tant de fois lancés sur moi, les petits coups sur le dos avec des mots de *Mon cher Monsieur*, en réponse au soupçon d'être un traître ;

(²⁶) Je ne saurois répondre de ce que je dis en rêvant, & je fais encore moins si c'est en François que je rêve ; mais M. Rousseau, qui ne fait pas si je dormois ou si je veillois quand je prononçois ces terribles paroles, avec une si terrible voix, est-il certain d'avoir été bien éveillé lorsqu'il les a entendues ?

tout

tout cela m'affecte à un tel point après le reste, que ces souvenirs, fussent-ils les seuls, fermentoient tout retour à la confiance, & il n'y a pas une nuit où ces mots, *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau*, ne sonnent encore à mon oreille, comme si je les entendois de nouveau.

“ Oui, M. Hume, vous me tenez, je le fais, mais seulement par des choses qui me sont extérieures : vous me tenez par l'opinion, par les jugemens des hommes ; vous me tenez par ma réputation, par ma fureté peut-être ; tous les préjugés sont pour vous ; il vous est aisé de me faire passer pour un monstre, comme vous avez commencé, & je vois déjà l'exultation barbare de mes implacables ennemis. Le public, en général, ne me fera pas plus de grace. Sans autre examen, il est toujours pour les services rendus, parce que chacun est bien aise d'inviter à lui en rendre, en montrant qu'il fait les sentir. Je prévois aisément la suite de tout cela, sur-tout dans les pays où vous m'avez conduit, & où, sans amis, étranger à tout le monde, je suis presque à votre merci. Les gens sensés comprendront, cependant, que, loin que j'aie pu chercher cette affaire, elle étoit ce qui pouvoit m'arriver de plus terrible dans la position où je suis : ils sentiront qu'il n'y a que ma haine invincible pour toute fausseté & l'impossibilité de marquer de l'estime à celui pour qui je l'ai perdue, qui aient pu m'empêcher de dissimuler quand tant d'intérêts m'en faisoient une loi : mais les gens sensés sont en petit nombre & ce ne sont pas eux qui font du bruit.

“ Oui,

“ Oui, M. Hume, vous me tenez par tous les liens de cette vie, mais vous ne me tenez ni par ma vertu ni par mon courage, indépendant de vous & des hommes, & qui me restera tout entier malgré vous. Ne pensez pas m’effrayer par la crainte du fort qui m’attend. Je connois les jugemens des hommes, je suis accoutumé à leur injustice, & j’ai appris à les peu redouter. Si votre parti est pris, comme j’ai tout lieu de le croire, soyez sûr que le mien ne l’est pas moins. Mon corps est affoibli, mais jamais mon ame ne fut plus ferme. Les hommes feront & diront ce qu’ils voudront, peu m’importe ; ce qui m’importe est d’achever, comme j’ai commencé, d’être droit & vrai jusqu’à la fin, quoiqu’il arrive, & de n’avoir pas plus à me reprocher une lâcheté dans mes misères qu’une insolence dans ma prospérité. Quelque opprobre qui m’attende & quelque malheur qui me menace, je suis prêt. Quoiqu’à plaindre, je le ferai moins que vous, & je vous laisse pour toute vengeance le tourment de respecter, malgré vous, l’infortuné que vous accablez.

“ En achevant cette lettre, je suis surpris de la force que j’ai eue de l’écrire. Si l’on mouroit de douleur, j’en serois mort à chaque ligne. Tout est également incompréhensible dans ce qui se passe. Une conduite pareille à la vôtre n’est pas dans la nature, elle est contradictoire, & cependant elle m’est démontrée. Abyme des deux côtés ! Je pèris dans l’un ou dans l’autre. Je suis le plus malheureux des humains si vous êtes coupable, j’en

fuis le plus vil si vous êtes innocent. Vous me faites désirer d'être cet objet méprisable. Oui, l'état où je me verrois proflerné, foulé sous vos pieds, criant miséricorde & faisant tout pour l'obtenir, publiant à haute voix mon indignité & rendant à vos vertus les plus éclatant hommage, feroit pour mon cœur un état d'épanouissement & de joie, après l'état d'étouffement & de mort où vous l'avez mis. Il ne me reste qu'un mot à vous dire. Si vous êtes coupable, ne m'écrivez plus ; cela feroit inutile, & sûrement vous ne me tromperez pas. Si vous êtes innocent, daignez vous justifier. Je connois mon devoir, je l'aime & l'aimerai toujours, quelque rude qu'il puisse être. Il n'y a point d'abjection dont un cœur, qui n'est pas né pour elle, ne puisse revenir. Encore un coup, si vous êtes innocent, daignez vous justifier : si vous ne l'êtes pas, adieu pour jamais."

J. J. R.

Je délibérai quelque temps si je ferois quelque réponse à cet étrange mémoire ; à la fin je me déterminai à écrire la lettre suivante.

M. HUME À M. ROUSSEAU.

" Monsieur,

Le 22 Juillet, 1766.

" Je ne répondrai qu'à un seul article de votre longue lettre ; c'est à celui qui regarde la conversation que nous avons eue ensemble, le soir qui a précédé votre départ. M. Davenport avoit imaginé un

un honnête artifice pour vous faire croire qu'il y avoit une chaise de retour prête à partir pour Wootton ; je crois même qu'il le fit annoncer dans les papiers publics, afin de mieux vous tromper. Son intention étoit de vous épargner une partie de la dépense du voyage, ce que je regardois comme un projet louable ; mais je n'eus aucune part à cette idée ni à son exécution. Il vous vint cependant quelque soupçon de l'artifice, tandis que nous étions au coin de mon feu, & vous me reprochâtes d'y avoir participé : je tâchai de vous appaiser & de détourner la conversation ; mais ce fut inutilement. Vous restâtes quelque tems assis, ayant un air sombre & gardant le silence, ou me répondant avec beaucoup d'humeur ; après quoi vous vous levâtes & fîtes un tour ou deux dans la chambre ; enfin tout d'un coup & à mon grand étonnement vous vîntes vous jeter sur mes genoux, & passant vos bras autour de mon cou, vous m'embrassâtes avec un air de transport, vous baignâtes mon visage de vos larmes & vous vous écriâtes : *Mon cher ami, me pardonnerez-vous jamais cette extravagance ? Après tant de peines que vous avez prises pour m'obliger, après les preuves d'amitié sans nombre que vous m'avez données, se peut-il que je paye vos services de tant d'humeur & de brusquerie ? Mais en me pardonnant, vous me donnerez une nouvelle marque de votre amitié, & j'espère que lorsque vous verrez le fond de mon cœur, vous trouverez qu'il n'en est pas indigne.* Je fus extrêmement touché, & je crois qu'il se passa entre nous une scène très-tendre.

Vous ajoutâtes, sans doute par forme de compliment, que quoique j'eusse d'autres titres plus sûrs pour mériter l'estime de la postérité, cependant l'attachement extraordinaire que je marquois à un homme malheureux & persécuté, feroit peut-être compté pour quelque chose.

“ Cet incident étoit assez remarquable, & il est impossible que vous ou moi l'ayons si promptement oublié ; mais vous avez eu l'assurance de m'en parler deux fois d'une manière si différente, ou plutôt si opposée, qu'en persistant, comme je fais dans mon récit, il s'ensuit nécessairement qu'un de nous deux est un menteur. Vous imaginez peut-être que cette aventure s'étant passée entre-nous & sans témoins, il faudra balancer la crédibilité de votre témoignage & du mien ; mais vous n'aurez pas cet avantage ou ce désavantage, de quelque manière que vous vouliez l'appeller : je produirai contre vous d'autres preuves, qui mettront la chose hors de contestation.

“ 1. Vous n'avez pas fait attention que j'avois une lettre écrite de votre main ⁽¹⁾ qui ne peut pas absolument se concilier avec votre récit, & qui confirme le mien.

(1) C'est celle du 22 Mars, qui est pleine de cordialité & qui prouve que M. Rousseau ne m'avoit jamais laissé entrevoir aucun de ces noirs soupçons de perfidie sur lesquels il insiste à présent. On voit seulement à la fin de sa lettre quelques restes d'humeur sur l'affaire de sa chaise.

“ 2. J'ai

“ 2. J’ai conté le fait le lendemain ou le surlendemain à M. Davenport, dans l’intention d’empêcher qu’il n’eût recours, pour vous obliger dans la fuite, à de semblables fineffes ; il s’en souviendra sûrement.

“ 3. Comme cette aventure me paroïssoit vous faire honneur, je l’ai contée ici à plusieurs de mes amis ; je l’ai même écrite à Madame * la C. de * * à Paris. Personne, je pense, n’imaginera que je préparois d’avance une apologie, au cas que je me brouillasse avec vous, événement que j’aurois regardé alors comme le plus incroyable de tous les événemens humains ; d’autant plus que nous étions peut-être séparés pour jamais, & que je continuois à vous rendre les services les plus essentiels.

“ 4. Le fait, tel que je le rapporte, est conséquent & raisonnable ; mais il n’y a pas le sens commun dans votre récit. Quoi ! parce que dans quelques momens de distraction ou de rêverie, assez ordinaires aux personnes occupées, j’aurai eu un regard fixe, vous me soupçonnez d’être un traître, & vous avez l’assurance de me déclarer cet atroce & ridicule soupçon ? Car vous ne prétendez pas même avoir eu, avant votre départ de Londres, d’autres motifs solides de soupçon contre moi ?

“ Je n’entrerais dans aucun autre détail sur votre lettre ; vous savez trop bien vous-même combien tous les autres articles en sont dénués de fonde-

* Cette Dame a exigé qu’on supprimât son nom.—*Note des Editeur,*

ment. J'ajouterai seulement en général que je goûtois il y a un mois un plaisir très-sensible, en songeant que malgré bien des difficultés j'étois parvenu par ma constance & mes soins, & par de-là même mes plus vives espérances, à assurer votre repos, votre honneur & votre fortune ; mais cette jouissance a bientôt été suivie de déplaisir le plus amer, en vous voyant gratuitement & volontairement repousser ces biens loin de vous, & vous déclarer l'ennemi de votre propre repos, de votre fortune, & de votre honneur ; dois-je-être étonné, après cela, que vous soyez mon ennemi ?

“ Adieu & pour toujours.”

D. H.

Il ne me reste qu'à joindre à tous ces papiers la lettre que M. Walpole m'a écrite & qui prouve que je n'ai eu aucune part à tout ce qui concerne la prétendue lettre du Roi de Prusse.

M. WALPOLE À M. HUME.

Arlington Street, le 26 Juillet, 1766.

“ Je ne peux pas me rappeler avec précision le temps où j'ai écrit la *lettre du Roi de Prusse* ; mais je vous assure, avec la plus grande vérité, que c'étoit plusieurs jours avant votre départ de Paris & avant l'arrivée de Rousseau à Londres ; & je peux vous en donner une forte preuve ; car, non-seulement par égard pour vous, je cachai la lettre tant que vous restâtes à Paris ; mais ce fut aussi la raison pour laquelle, par délicatesse pour moi-même, je ne voulus pas aller le voir, quoique vous me l'eussiez souvent proposé. Je ne trouvois pas qu'il

fût honnête d'aller faire une visite cordiale à un homme, avant dans ma poche une lettre où je le tournois en ridicule. Vous avez pleine liberté, mon cher Monsieur, de faire usage soit auprès de Rousseau, soit auprès de tout autre, de ce que je dis ici pour votre justification : je serois bien fâché d'être cause qu'on vous fît aucun reproche. J'ai un mépris profond pour Rousseau & une parfaite indifférence sur ce qu'on pensera de cette affaire ; mais, s'il y a en cela quelque faute, ce que je suis bien loin le croire, je la prends sur mon compte. Il n'y a point de talens qui m'empêchent de rire de celui qui les possède, s'il est un charlatan ; mais, s'il a de plus un cœur ingrat & méchant, comme Rousseau l'a fait voir à votre égard, il sera détesté par moi comme par tous les honnêtes gens, &c."

H. W.

Je viens de donner une relation, aussi concise qu'il m'a été possible, de cette étrange affaire, qui, à ce qu'on m'a dit, a excité l'attention du public & qui contient plus d'incidens extraordinaires qu'aucune autre aventure de ma vie.

Les personnes, à qui j'ai montré toutes les pieces originales qui établissent l'authenticité des faits, ont pensé diversement, tant sur l'usage que je devois en faire que sur les sentimens actuels de M. Rousseau & sur l'état de son ame. Quelques-uns prétendent qu'il est absolument de mauvaïse foi dans la querelle qu'il me fait & dans l'opinion qu'il a de mes torts : ils croient que tous ses procédés sont dictés par cet orgueil extrême qui forme la base de son

caractere & qui le porte à chercher l'occasion de refuser, avec éclat, un bienfait du Roi d'Angleterre, & en même temps de se débarrasser de l'intolérable fardeau de la reconnoissance en sacrifiant à cela l'honneur, la vérité, l'amitié, & même son propre intérêt. Ils apportent, pour preuve de leur opinion, l'absurdité même de la premiere supposition sur laquelle M. Rousseau fonde son ressentiment ; je veux dire, la supposition que c'est moi qui ai fait imprimer la plaisanterie de M. Walpole, quoique M. Rousseau sache bien lui-même qu'elle étoit répandue par-tout, à Londres comme à Paris. Comme cette supposition est, d'un côté, contraire au sens commun, & de l'autre n'est pas soutenue par la plus légère probabilité, ils en concluent qu'elle n'a jamais en aucune autorité, dans l'esprit même de M. Rousseau. Ils confirment cette idée par la multitude des fictions & des mensonges que M. Rousseau emploie pour justifier sa colere, mensonges qui concernent des faits sur lesquels il lui est impossible de se tromper. Ils opposent aussi sa gaieté & son contentement réels à cette profonde mélancolie dont il feint d'être accablé. Il seroit superflu d'ajouter que la maniere de raisonner qui regne dans toutes ses accusations est trop absurde pour opérer dans l'esprit de qui que ce soit une conviction sincere.

Quoique M. Rousseau paroisse faire ici le sacrifice d'un intérêt fort considerable, il faut observer cependant que l'argent n'est pas toujours le principal mobile des actions humaines : il y a des hommes sur qui la vanité a un empire bien plus puissant, & c'est

& c'est le cas de ce philosophe. Un refus fait avec ostentation de la pension du Roi d'Angleterre ; ostentation qu'il a souvent recherchée à l'égard d'autres princes, auroit pu être seule un motif suffisant pour déterminer sa conduite.

Quelques autres de mes amis traitent toute cette affaire avec plus d'indulgence, & regardent M. Rousseau comme un objet de pitié plutôt que de colere. Ils supposent bien aussi, que l'orgueil & l'ingratitude font la base de son caractère ; mais en même tems ils sont disposés à croire que son esprit, toujours inquiet & flottant, se laisse entraîner au courant de son humeur & de ses passions. L'absurdité de ce qu'il avance n'est pas, selon eux, une preuve qu'il soit de mauvaise foi. Il se regarde comme le seul être important de l'univers, & croit bonnement que tout le genre humain conspire contre lui. Son plus grand bienfaiteur, étant celui qui incommode le plus son orgueil, devient le principal objet de son animosité. Il est vrai qu'il emploie, pour soutenir ses bizarreries, des fictions & des mensonges ; mais c'est une ressource si commune dans ces têtes foibles qui flottent continuellement entre la raison & la folie, que personne ne doit s'en étonner.

J'avoue que je penche beaucoup vers cette dernière opinion, quoiqu'en même temps je doute fort qu'en aucune circonstance de sa vie, M. Rousseau ait joui plus entièrement qu'aujourd'hui de toute sa raison. Même dans les étranges lettres qu'il m'a écrites,

écrites, on retrouve des traces bien marquées de son éloquence & de son génie.

M. Rousseau m'a dit souvent qu'il composoit les Mémoires de sa vie, & qu'il y rendroit justice à lui-même, à ses amis & à ses ennemis. Comme M. Davenport m'a marqué que depuis sa retraite à Wootton il avoit été fort occupé à écrire, j'ai lieu de croire qu'il acheve cet ouvrage. Rien au monde n'étoit plus inattendu pour moi que de passer si soudainement de la classe de ses amis à celle de ses ennemis ; mais cette révolution s'étant faite, je dois m'attendre à être traité en conséquence. Si ses Mémoires paroissent après ma mort, personne ne pourra justifier ma mémoire en faisant connoître la vérité : s'ils sont publiés après la mort de l'auteur, ma justification perdra, par cela même, une grande partie de son authenticité. Cette réflexion m'a engagé à recueillir toutes les circonstances de cette aventure, à en faire un précis que je destine à mes amis, & dont je pourrai faire dans la suite l'usage qu'eux & moi nous jugerons convenable ; mais j'aime tellement la paix qu'il n'y a que la nécessité ou les plus fortes raisons qui puissent me déterminer à exposer cette querelle aux yeux du public.

Perdidi beneficium. Numquid quæ consecravimus perdidisse nos dicimus ? Inter consecrata beneficium est ; etiamsi malè respondit, benè collocatum. Non est ille qualem speravimus ; simus nos quales fuimus, ei dissimiles.

Seneca de Beneficiis, lib. vii. cap. 29.

DÉCLARATION

ADRESSÉE PAR

M. D'ALEMBERT AUX EDITEURS.

“ J’AI appris par M. Hume avec la plus grande surprise, que M. Rousseau m’accuse d’être l’auteur d’une lettre ironique qui lui a été adressée dans les papiers publics, sous le nom du Roi de Prusse. Tout le monde fait, à Paris & à Londres, que cette lettre est de M. Walpole, qui même ne la défavoue pas. Il convient seulement d’avoir été aidé, pour le style, par une personne qu’il ne nomme point, & qui devroit peut-être se nommer. Pour moi, sur qui les soupçons du public ne sont jamais tombés à cet égard, je ne connois nullement M. Walpole : je ne crois pas même lui avoir jamais parlé, ne l’ayant rencontré qu’une fois dans une maison particulière. Non-seulement je n’ai pas la plus légère part, ni directe ni indirecte, à la lettre dont il s’agit, mais je puis citer plus de cent personnes, amies & ennemies de M. Rousseau, qui m’ont entendu la désapprouver beaucoup, par la raison qu’il ne faut point se moquer des malheureux, sur-tout quand ils ne nous ont point fait de mal. D’ailleurs, mon respect pour le Roi de Prusse, & la reconnaissance

fance que je lui dois, pouvoient, ce me semble, faire supposer à M. Rousseau, que je n'aurois pas voulu abuser du nom de ce prince, même pour une plaisanterie.

“ J'atoute que je n'ai jamais été l'ennemi de M. Rousseau, ni déclaré ni même secret, comme il le prétend ; & je défie qu'on apporte la moindre preuve que j'aie jamais cherché à lui nuire en quoi que ce puisse être. Je pourrois prouver au contraire, par les témoignages les plus respectables, que j'ai cherché à l'obliger en ce qui a dépendu de moi.

“ Quant à ma prétendue *correspondence secrète* avec M. Hume, il est très-certain que nous n'avons commencé à nous écrire que cinq à six mois après son départ, à l'occasion de la querelle que M. Rousseau lui a suscitée, & dans laquelle il juge à propos de me mêler si gratuitement.

“ Je crois devoir cette déclaration à moi-même, à la vérité, & à la situation de M. Rousseau : je le plains bien sincèrement de croire si peu à la vertu, & sur-tout à celle de M. Hume.”

D'ALEMBERT,

FIN.

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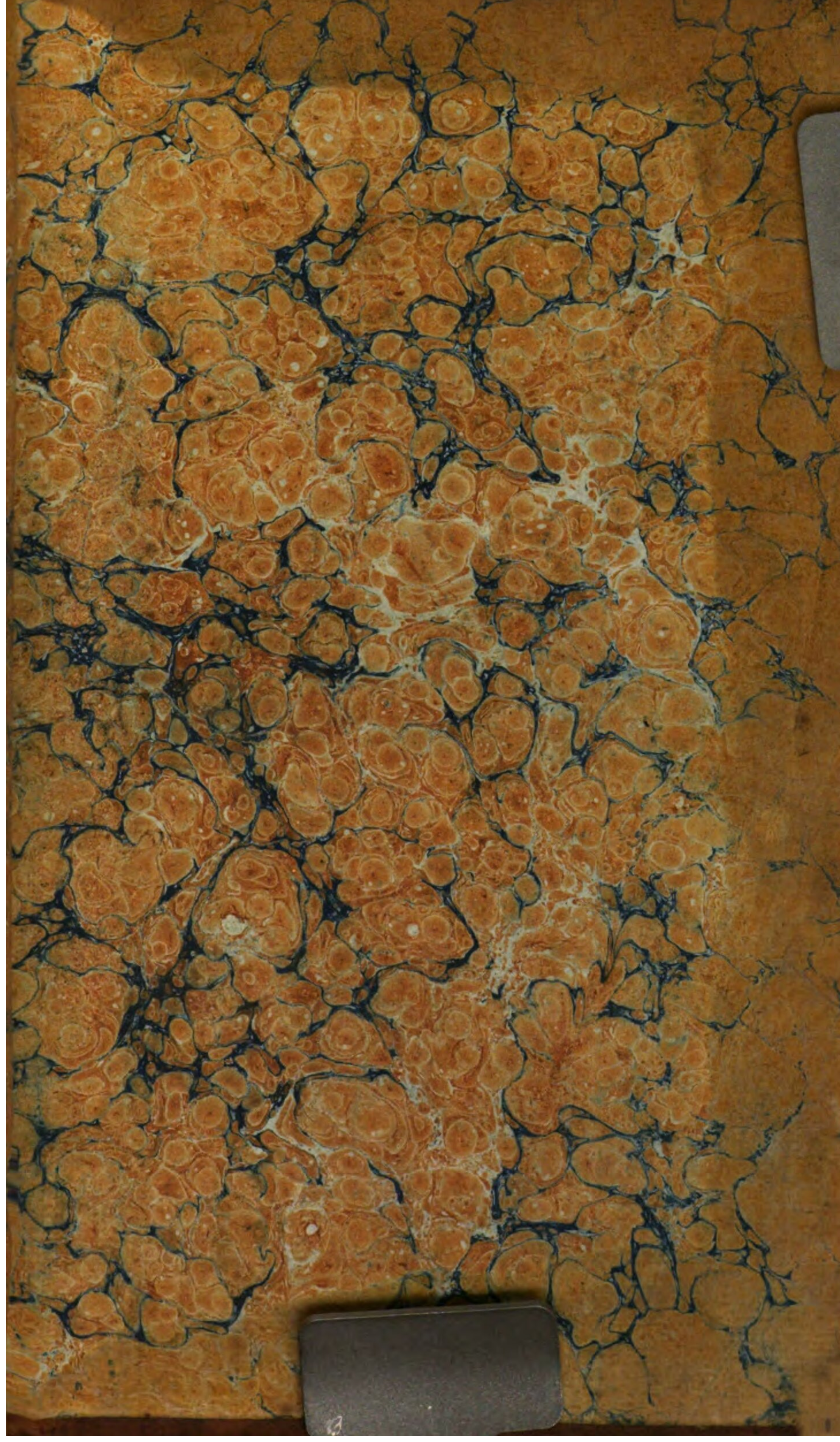
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Ritchie, Thomas Edward

An account of the life and writings of David Hume

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